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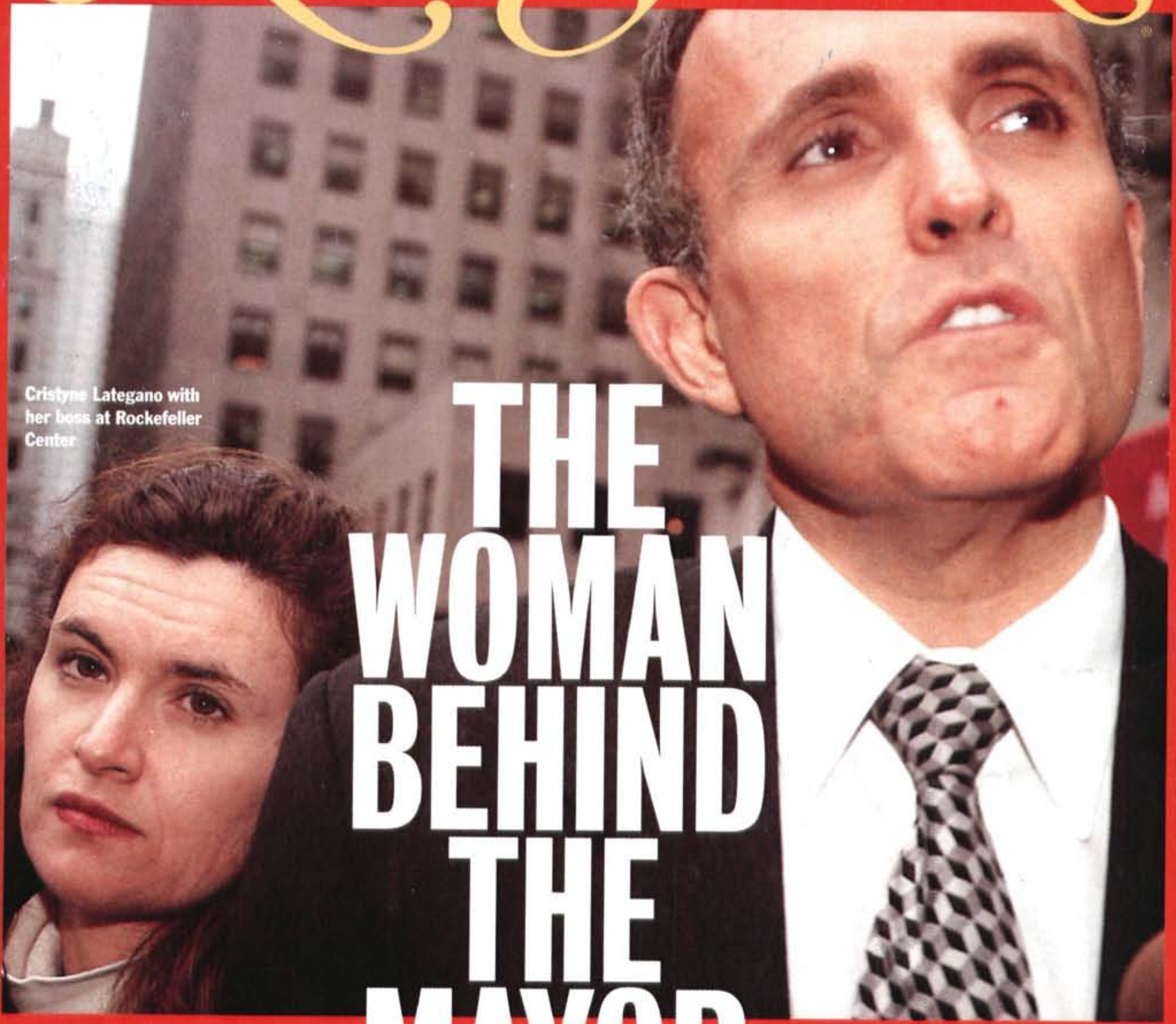

Cristyne Lategano with her boss at Rockefeller Center

THE WOMAN BEHIND THE MAYOR

By Craig Horowitz

The Cristyne Problem Why his P.R. flack is so powerful—and hated

PLUS

The Schools Problem Cortines (egged on by Koch) disses Rudy

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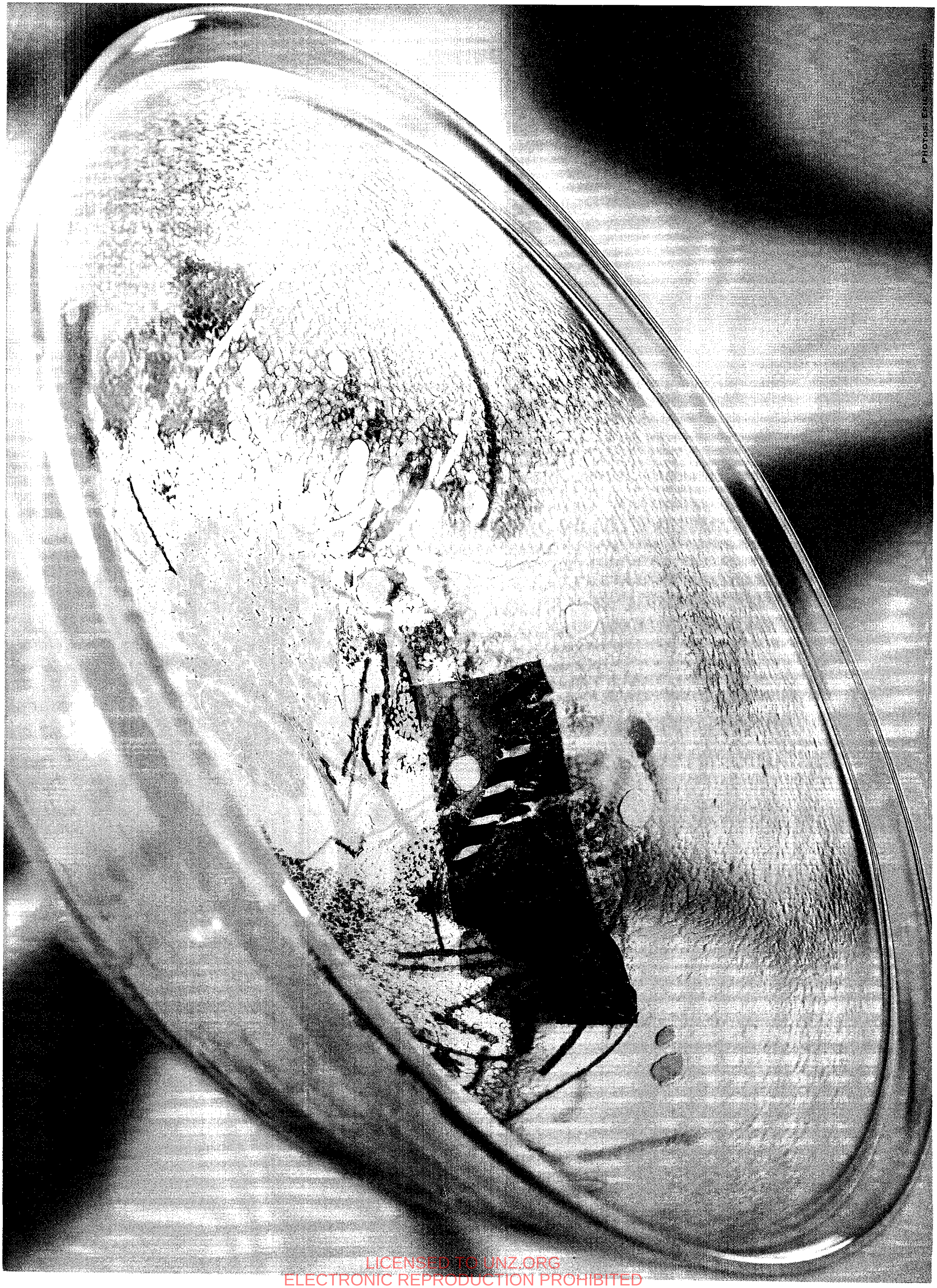

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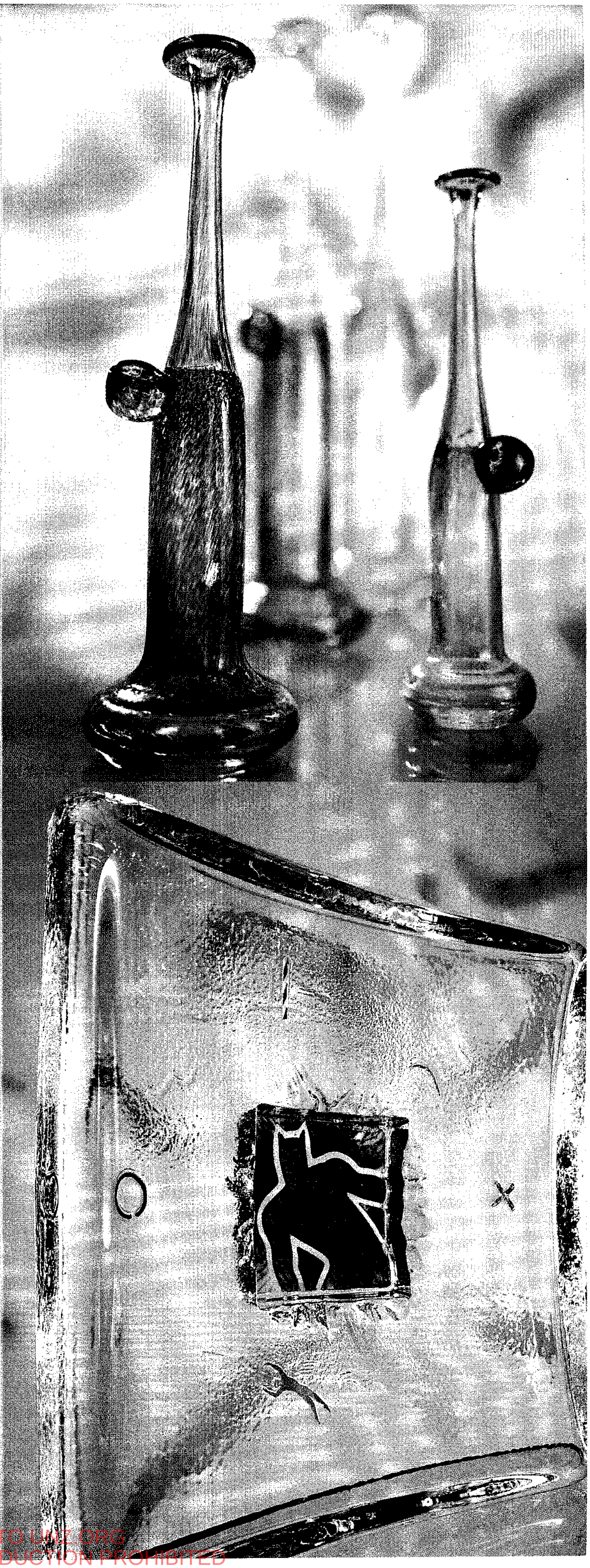

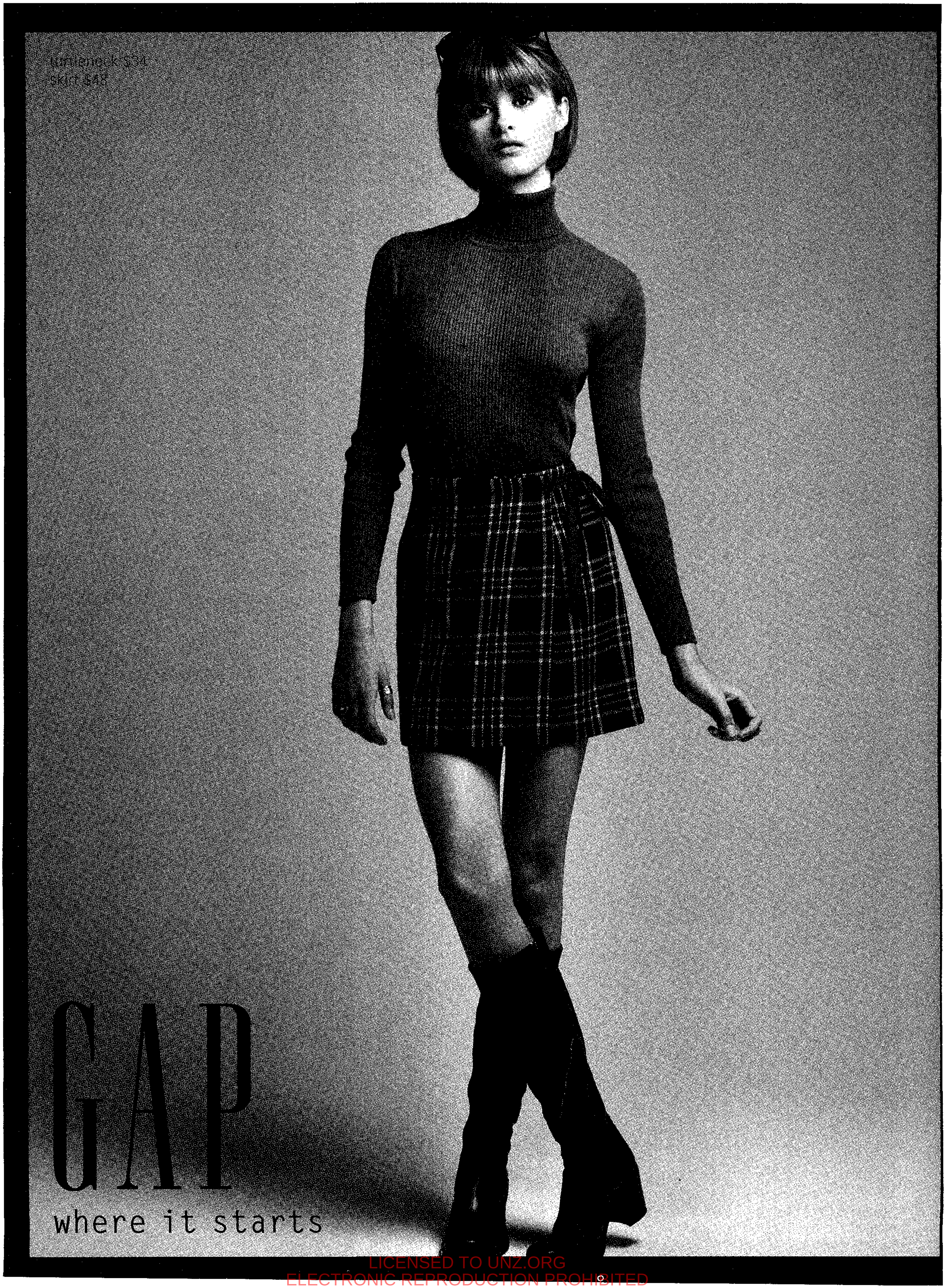

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where it starts

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By Craig Horowitz

You know who Cristyne Lategano is; you know why everyone's saying such awful things about her. Giuliani's combative communications director is the subject of relentless rumor, innuendo, and hostility. But that's not the problem. The problem is that the mayor's closest aide is bad for the mayor. And bad for the city.

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By Maer Roshan

On the eve of his departure, a battle-weary Schools Chancellor Ramon Cortines just wants the city to know this: Giuliani may be benevolent, but he is definitely a despot. An exclusive Q&A, with Ed Koch egging him on. Plus, Michael Tomasky on the mayor vs. the Board of Ed.

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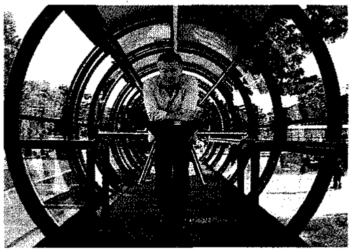
By Bill McKibben

New York, the world's most cosmopolitan city, has one of the slowest, smelliest, least-frequented bus systems around. Curitiba, Brazil, a city of 1.6 million, has very fast and very pleasant buses that more than half the city uses two times daily. An overdue object lesson in urban intelligence.



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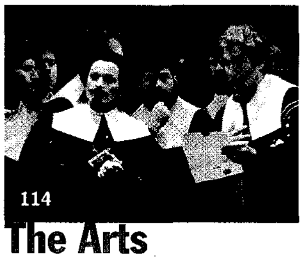

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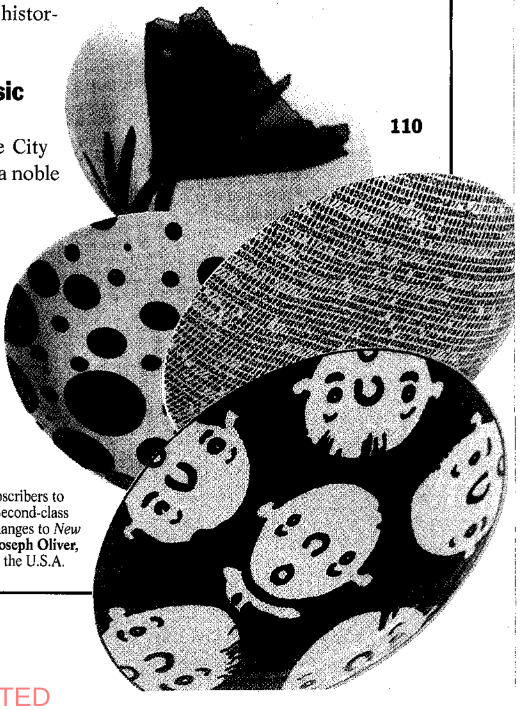

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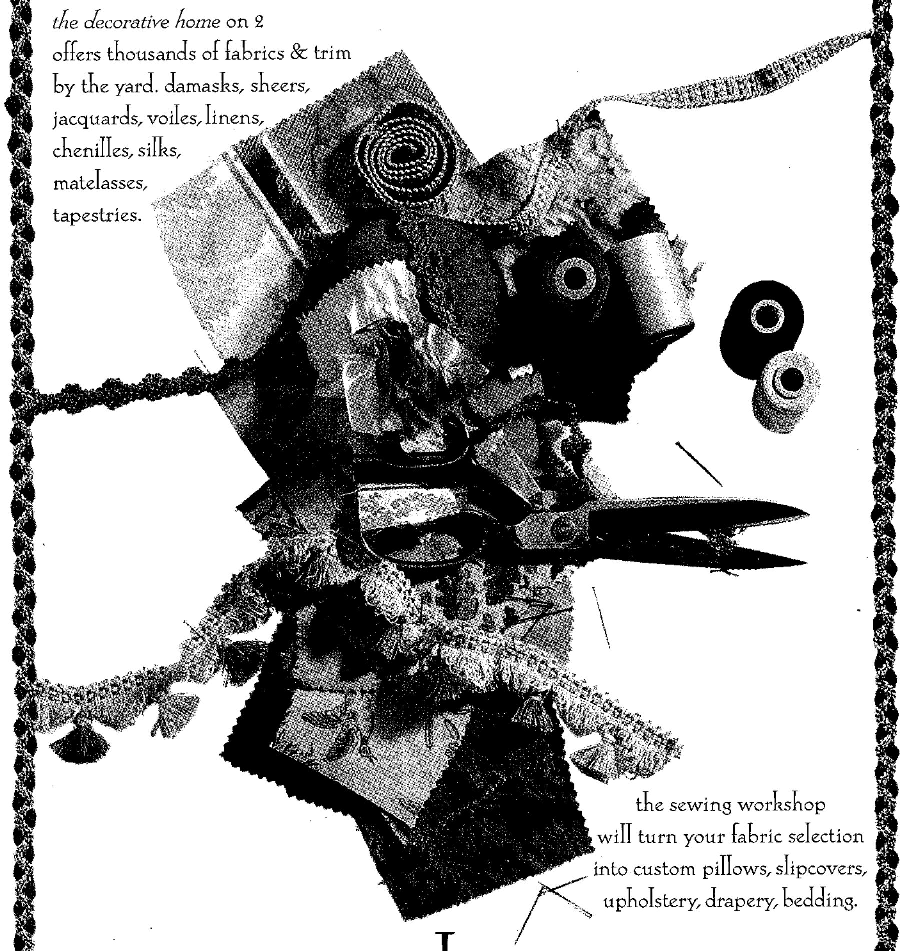

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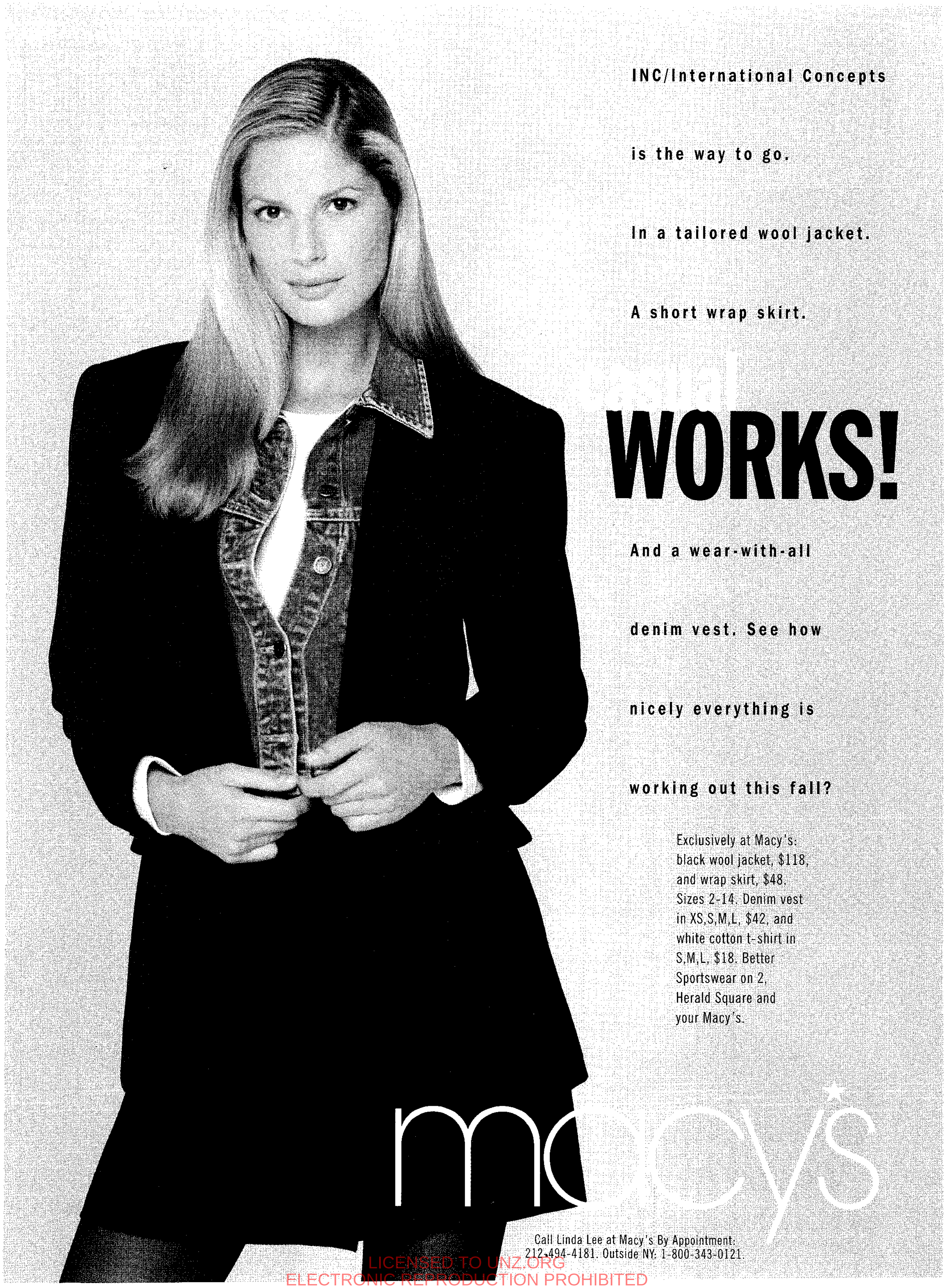

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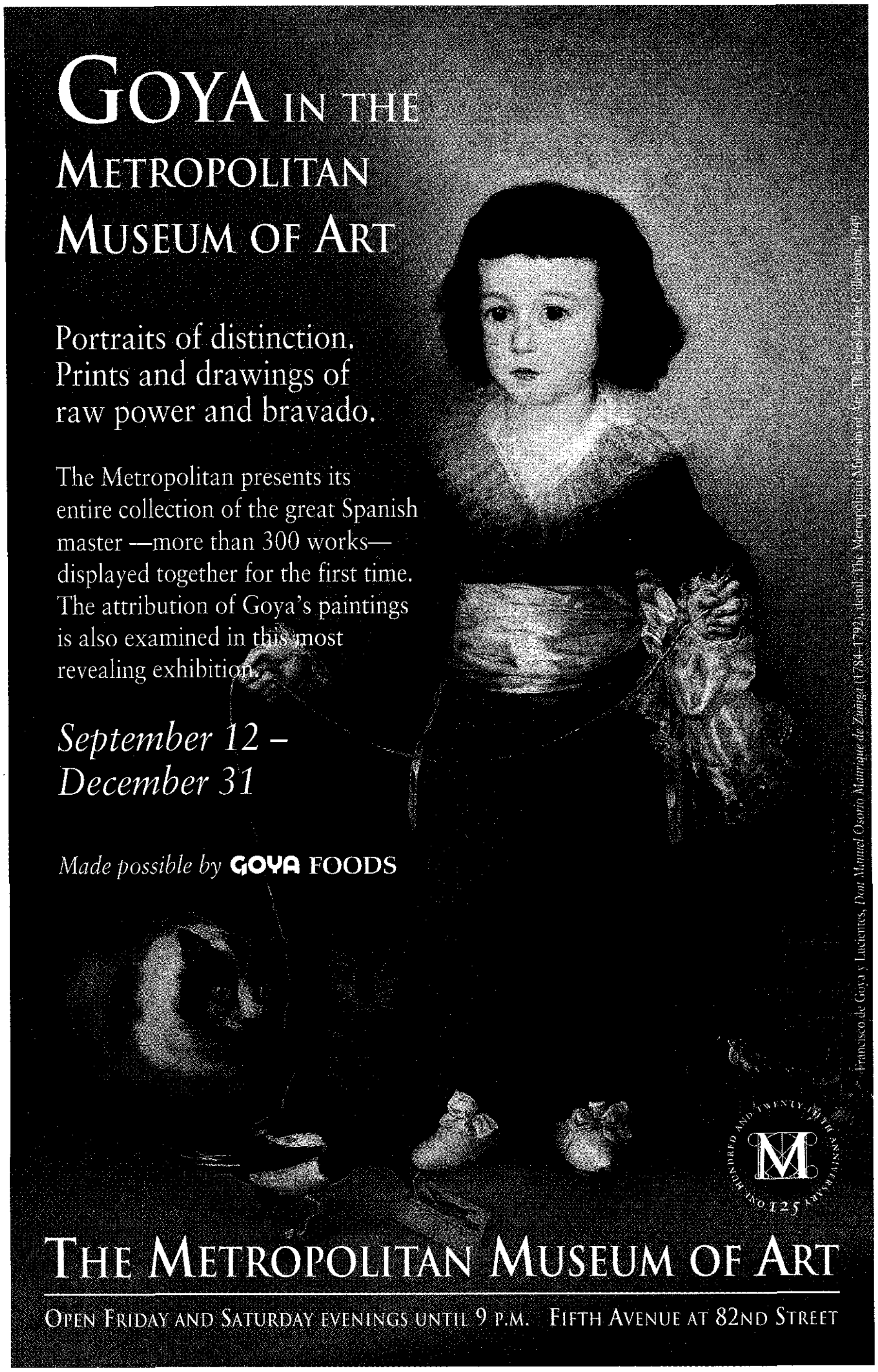

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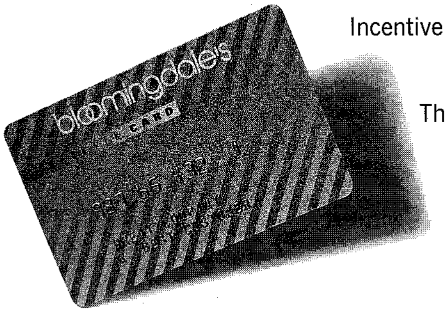

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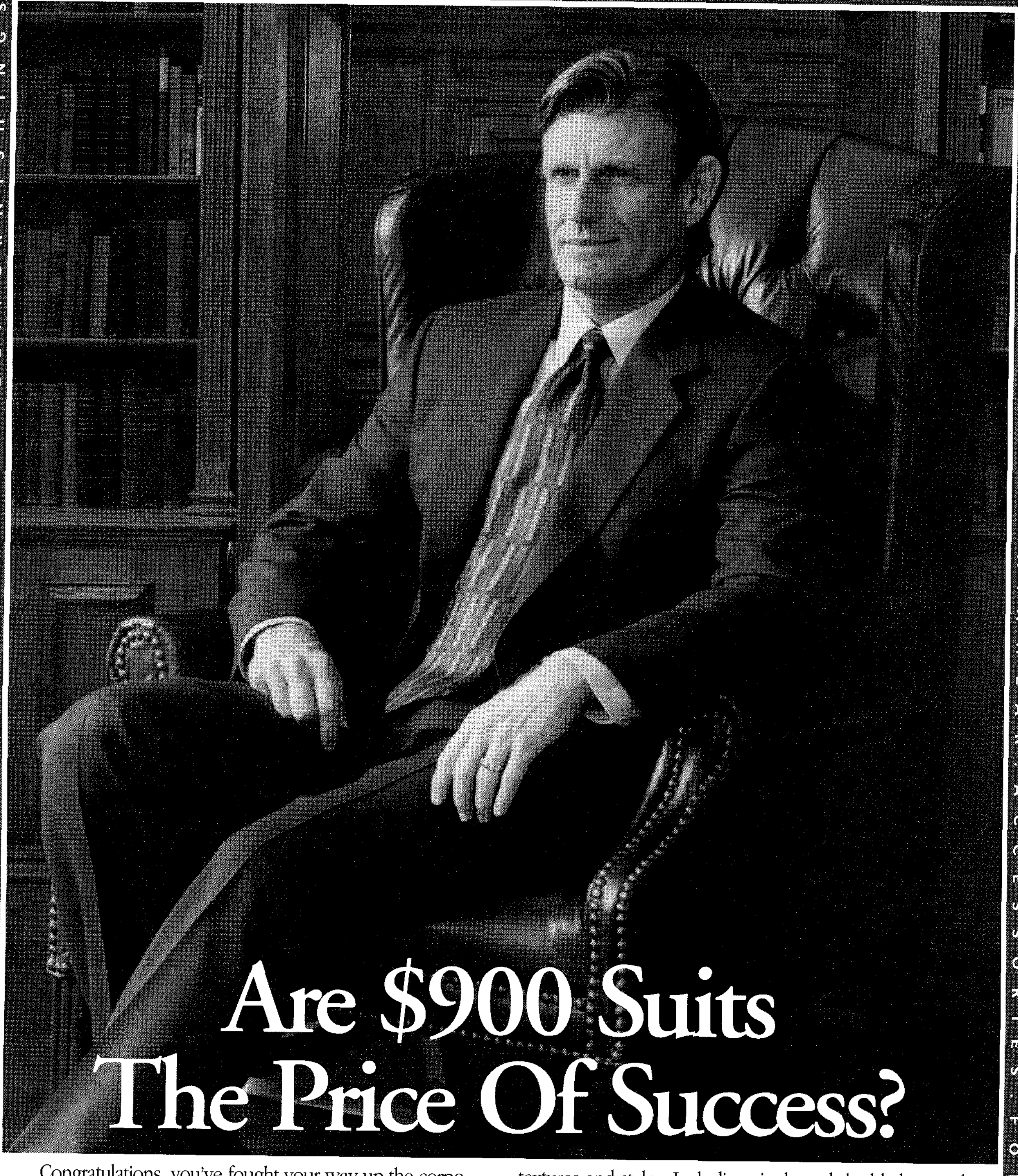

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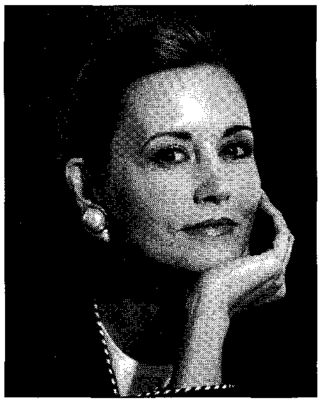

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BETWEEN THE LINES

Follow The Money

JAMES J. CRAMER IS THAT OFten-oxymoronic thing, a writer who makes money. But not like King or Clancy—he does it more schizophrenically. Cramer, 40, gave up full-time journalism years ago to go to law school, then Wall Street: His Cramer & Co. money-management firm invests assets of $200 million for its clients (and is up more than 40 percent so far this year). But he's still ink-stained, reading dozens of newspapers and magazines every day to try to beat the market and issuing dispatches from the front, most recently in *The New Republic* and in a *SmartMoney* column. Now he joins *New York* to write the "Bottom Line" column. "I'm the athlete in the broadcast booth," he says, "but I'm still playing."

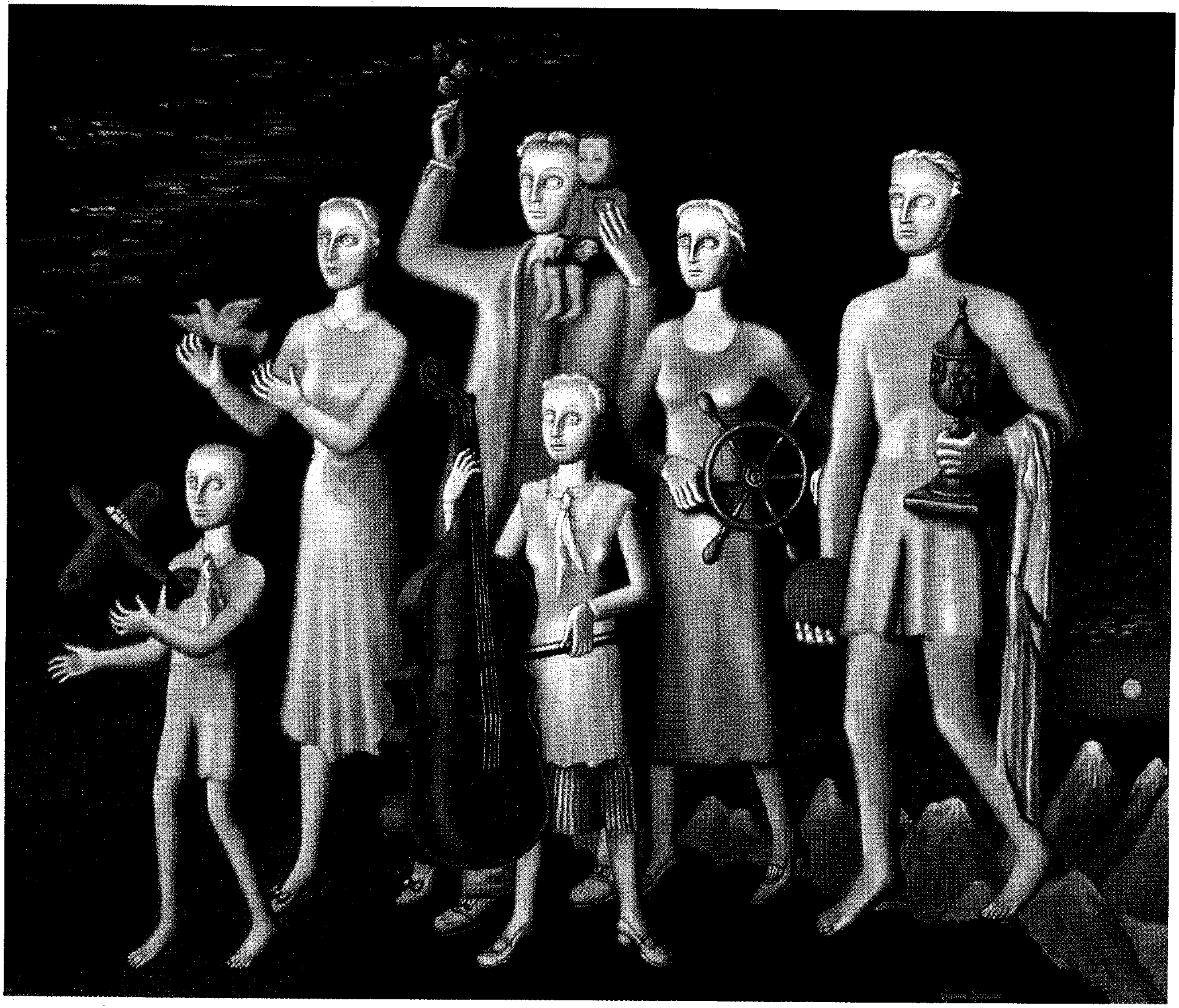
His philosophy? "People think our economy is declining and the stock market is a casino for insiders," he says. "It's not true. Anyone can make a fortune."

But why bother to share his insights? "I feel guilty," he says, "that I only work for rich people."

MICHAEL TOMASKY GREW UP IN MORGANtown, West Virginia—where voters in the nearby hollers have pictures of Bobby Kennedy and FDR on the walls—and comes to us via *The Village Voice* (where they have pictures of . . . we don't know, RuPaul? Malcolm X? Noam Chomsky?), and before that the New York *Observer*. He covered the Cuomo, Koch, and Dinkins years, a period that coincided with the gutting of the American left, not just around the nation but in hegemonically liberal New York. Tomasky's upcoming book on this subject, *Left for Dead*, is due next summer from Free Press. The 34-year-old Tomasky notes, "I was born five weeks before John-John." Now John-John has *George*, and Tomasky takes over our "City Politic" column. ■

Photographs: top, Joyce Ravid; bottom, Andrew Lichtenstein/JB Pictures.

Russian Jewish Artists in a Century of Change: 1890–1990



F&L Plus

The Jewish Museum in New York has succeeded in mounting the first comprehensive exhibition of art created by Jews living in Russia from the end of the Tsarist Empire through the fall of the Soviet Union. More than 300 works by 50 artists will be on view, many of which have never been seen in the West before. They include paintings, sculpture, photographs, porcelain and graphics by such notable figures as Natan Altman, Mark Antokolsky, Léon Bakst, Isaak Brodsky, Eric Bulatov, Marc Chagall, Ilya Kabakov, Anatoly Kaplan, Komar & Melamid, Isaak Levitan, El Lissitzky, Ernst Neizvestny and Oscar Rabin. Rare documents and books illuminate the historic background of the art created during these momentous 100 years. Lufthansa is delighted to have helped make possible this exceptional premiere, again fulfilling its most gratifying mission: bringing people and cultures together across frontiers. **Russian Jewish Artists in a Century of Change, 1890–1990, The Jewish Museum, New York, September 21, 1995 till January 28, 1996.**

For further information, please call 212-423-3230.

Grisha Bruskin, Memorial, 1983,
oil on canvas

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WASP AND THE MAGIC TRICKS

NOVEMBER

Written by Steve Martin
Directed by Barry Edelstein

Master of satirical observation, Steve Martin, takes humor to the edge of reality in a world premiere triple-play about men, women, life and love.

THE SKRIKER

DECEMBER

Written by Caryl Churchill
Directed by Mark Wing-Davey

From Caryl Churchill and director Mark Wing-Davey, comes the story of a young woman seduced into a world of spirits and demons by a mythological shape-shifter called the Skriker.

2 WOMEN IN REP

FEBRUARY

Andrea Martin & Marga Gomez

Andrea Martin, Tony Award-winner and SCTV alum, and Marga Gomez, whose last Public Theater appearance was called "fiercely funny" by the New York Times, take the stage of the Anspacher by storm—performing their one-woman shows in repertory.

DANCING ON HER KNEES

FEBRUARY

Written by Nilo Cruz
Directed by Graciela Daniele

It's All Souls' Day in Miami Beach. Tango Champions Ramona and Frederico face their very last dance—a last chance to sidestep the truth, flirt with delusions and embrace love. A world premiere fantasy from Nilo Cruz and Graciela Daniele.

VENUS

APRIL

Written by Suzan-Lori Parks
Directed by Richard Foreman

Suzan-Lori Parks, whose 'America Play' was called "the most staggering American play imaginable" by the NY Observer, joins fellow Obie Award-winner Richard Foreman in bringing to life the true story of a woman stolen from her homeland and sold into a world that sees her as both fantasy and freak. A co-production with Yale Repertory Theatre.

THE CHANG FRAGMENTS

MAY

By Han Ong
Directed by Marcus Stern

An Asian-American family struggles between the far-fetched American dream that drives them and the reality of the exclusionary society in which they live. This new work from the playwright Vogue calls "the avant-garde leader of the next generation," will receive its world premiere on the Public's stage.

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At that time you can reserve your tickets for the shows and performances of your choice by calling the special membership hotline. You may also choose to order additional tickets at a special membership discount.

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Deepak Responds

Dr. Chopra gives us a piece of his mind; Deadheads say Garcia's music gave them peace of mind.

IN THE AUGUST 14 ISSUE OF *New York* Magazine, you published an article entitled "The Mind-Body Problems" [by Elise Pettus]. The article was unfair and untrue in many respects, and it is important that your readers are made aware of the truth. The most offensive sections are:

1. The mischaracterization of my involvement with the lawsuit by David and Jonie Flint. The article made the Flint suit appear to be aimed at me, when it was not. The lawsuit states nothing more than that I charged David Flint $150 for attendance at a single workshop (which was attended by more than 200 people) and that someone (not me) told him that his attendance at my workshop would be "effective in the treatment of his disease." The lawsuit directly attributes all of the other acts in your article to other persons.
2. The allegation that I used ghostwriters for any published work, which is completely false. I challenge *New York* Magazine or anyone else to produce one page that I have not written from any of my published works.
3. The misreporting of a Washington *Post* article. Your article claimed the Washington *Post* had reported that my book *Ageless Body, Timeless Mind* "apparently lifted" a nine-page passage without attribution to Dan Georgakas. In fact, what happened, and what the *Post* reported, was that a section in my book was not attributed to Dan Georgakas in the right place. Attribution to Mr. Georgakas always appeared in the book, and subsequently the publisher moved the attribution to the proper place in later editions.
4. The insinuation that I practice medicine without a license in California. I have not practiced medicine in California or elsewhere in years. My principal occupation for the past several years has been as an author and a speaker. In that capacity, my mission is to expose as many people as possible to the healing power of the mind-body relationship.

Deepak Chopra
DEL MAR, CALIF.

Letters may be edited for space and clarity. They should be addressed to Letters to the Editor, New York *Magazine, 755 Second Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017-5998 or sent via e-mail to 76702.2510@compuserve.com. Please include a daytime phone number.*

Editor's note: The specific allegation against Deepak Chopra in the lawsuit is as follows: "In October, 1993, [Flint] was given 'primordial sound treatment' by Deepak Chopra, Sharp Institute for human potential and Mind/Body medicine, and the other defendants, at a cost of $150." Chopra's position, as he explains in his letter, is that he never provided medical treatment to Flint, but only taught him a meditation technique in a workshop. *New York* did not intend to imply that Deepak Chopra was not the primary author of works published under his name or that he practiced medicine without a license. *New York* regrets any confusion. The Washington *Post* report was incorrectly summarized in the article. In fact, according to the *Post*'s account, Georgakas claimed that only a portion of the nine-page section of Chopra's book contained unattributed quotations from Georgakas's book *The Methuselah Factors. New York* regrets this error.

Dead-letter Office

WITH HER DEPICTION OF GRATEFUL DEAD concerts as a parade of drug horrors, Amy Pagnozzi ["Gotham: Every Silver Lining Has a Touch of Gray," August 28] joins those journalists who used Jerry Garcia's death as an opportunity to say that drugs are bad and blame Garcia for a mass phenomenon of dangerous drug use. It is true that people smoked a lot of pot at Dead shows, but I have attended 100 or so of them and never witnessed anyone using heroin, or even mentioning heroin except to sadly speculate whether Jerry might be back on the stuff.

Pagnozzi quotes as Garcia's "most famous lyric" the part from "Casey Jones" that goes, "Drivin' that train, high on cocaine." But "Casey Jones" is not, in fact, an advertisement for drugs but a cautionary tale; the quoted words are followed by the advisory "Casey Jones you better watch your speed," and the song is about a train wreck. The Dead never said, "Take drugs"; they certainly never said, "Take heroin." They did say, "Be free," and lots of people did feel free for the hours they spent in the Dead's company.

Jon Garelick
MANHATTAN

PRESIDENTS, CONGRESSMEN, NEWS anchors, stockbrokers, magazine editors. Wow, this Jerry Garcia guy must have been doing something exceptional during his one-man crusade to toxify the nation (as Amy Pagnozzi implied) if he touched all those straight-laced professionals enough to make them publicly mourn his passing.

Anthony Head
LOS ANGELES, CALIF.

I WOULD LIKE TO THANK YOU FOR PUBLISHing Amy Pagnozzi's Jerry Garcia editorial. It was refreshing to read such an insightful piece. Many other writers and magazines have published articles only highlighting and commending the man for his music and failing to acknowledge his illegal drug addiction and its negative influence. Your article reminded the reader that Jerry Garcia could have been a guiding force in the drug-free world.

Laurie E. Falk
MANHATTAN

AMY PAGNOZZI ASKS WHAT IT SAYS THAT the Deadheads have their own twelve-step group: Perhaps it says that, for all their psychotropic predilections, Deadheads are as benign, well-intentioned, self-aware, and responsible an audience as may be found in pop music.

Gerrit Graham
LOS ANGELES, CALIF.

THANK YOU FOR AMY PAGNOZZI'S ARTIcle on the death of Jerry Garcia. She put into words what my family has lived with since December 10, 1985. That was the day my son Peter's body was found in an apartment in the Village. At age 19, he was dead of a heroin overdose—at least, that is what the autopsy said. Peter had followed the Dead all over the country for a couple of years, but had not used hard drugs until a concert at Nassau, where he tried them for the first time.

The Family of Peter J. Wolf Jr.
WILLINGBORO, N.J.

Correction The opening date given in our "Fall Preview" issue ("Movies," September 11) for Castle Rock Entertainment's *The American President* was incorrect. The film opens on November 17.

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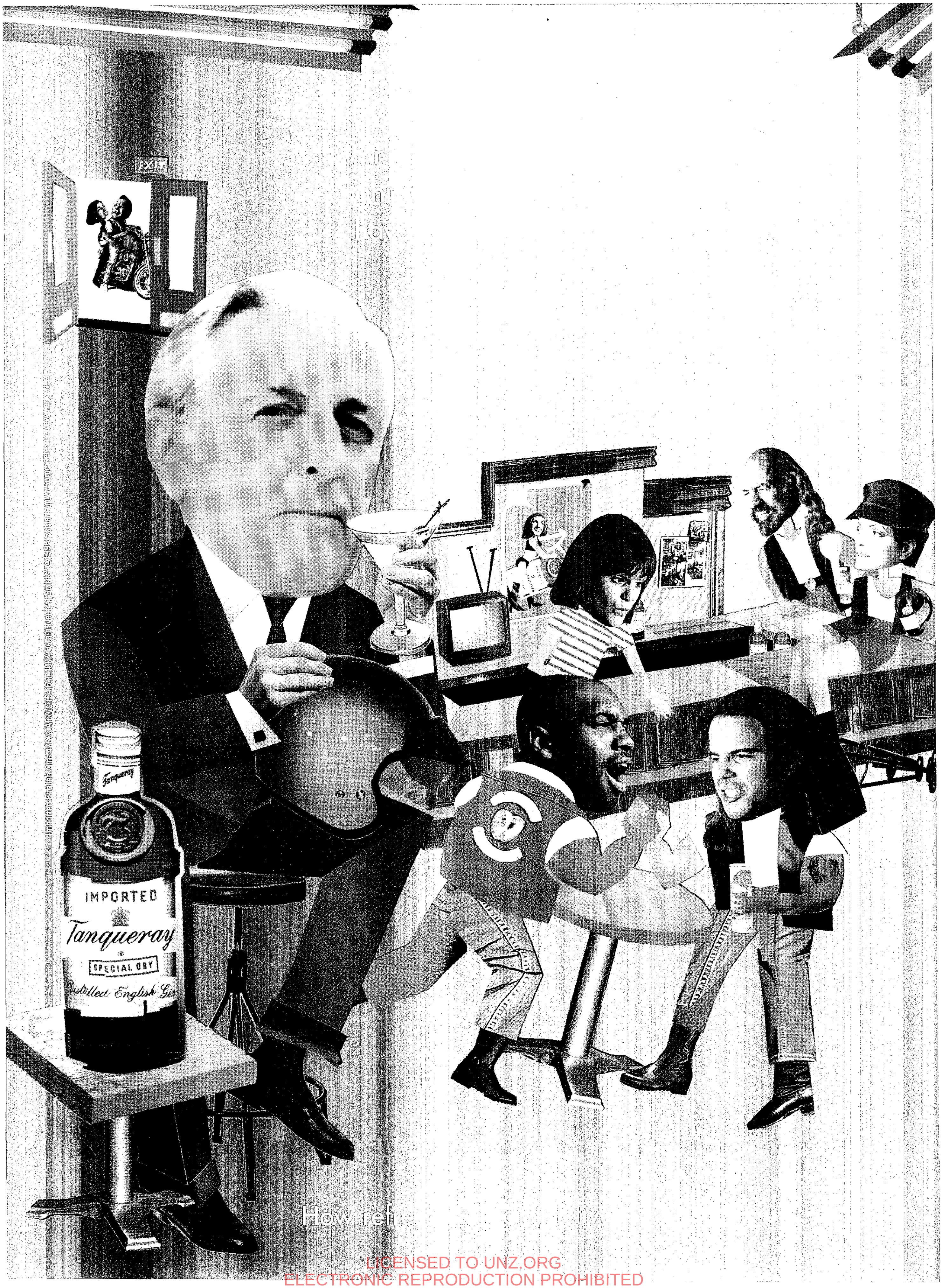
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BY ROGER D. FRIEDMAN WITH BETH LANDMAN

INTELLIGENCER

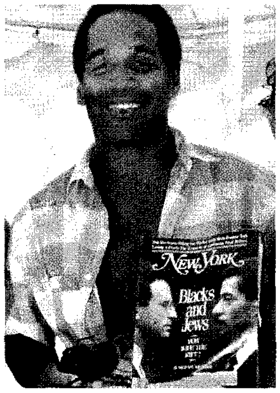
DON SIMPSON: NOWHERE MAN

Don Simpson is missing, and not even his partner, **Jerry Bruckheimer,** seems to know where he is. The producer of such high-octane films as *Days of Thunder, Top Gun,* and the current *Dangerous Minds* evidently dropped out of sight in L.A. several weeks ago, after the corpse of his doctor and friend **Stephen W. Ammerman** was discovered in the shower of Simpson's poolside guest house. "We are quite certain it was a self-induced drug overdose," says LAPD homicide detective **Brad Roberts** of Ammerman's death. "He supposedly had a history of substance abuse." Although rumors abound that Bruckheimer is fed up with Simpson's problematic fast-lane life, a source close to the team insists the partnership will endure for practical reasons. "They have momentum after three hot movies, and neither Jerry nor Don is going to let that slide," says the insider, who has tried fruitlessly to reach Simpson since the doctor's death, but predicts that the producer will resurface on the set of his next picture when it begins shooting in San Francisco next month. Questions were directed to Simpson's specially appointed "crisis" spokesman, celebrity P.I. **Anthony Pellicano.** "The guy has gone into seclusion throughout his career. Why is everyone trying to find out where he is?" asks Pellicano. "That's exactly what I don't want—for people to bother him. I've had a lot of clients who've had people die in their homes. What's the big deal?"

ACQUITTED OR NOT, O.J. MAY HAVE TO PAY

The members of **Nicole Brown Simpson's** estate aren't exactly sitting around waiting for **O. J. Simpson's** verdict to come in. After filing a lawsuit last June against his former son-in-law on behalf of his grandchildren, Sydney and Justin, **Lou Brown,** the estate's executor, has now set a price tag on the damages—$50 million. The suit was filed in Santa Monica, but the Browns have hired New York attorney **John Quinlan Kelly,** who recently handled a similar case. Last year, he represented the family of Bronxville heiress **Anne Scripps Douglas,** who was murdered in 1994 by her husband, **Scott Douglas,** shortly before he took his own life ("Until Death Do Us Part," by Suzanne O'Malley, March 21, 1994). The family of **Ronald Goldman** filed a wrongful-death suit against Simpson last June, but the Browns' suit is different, says Kelly. "It's a case for punitive damages," the lawyer points out. "It's very novel. Several California attorneys said it wouldn't fly." Simpson could still be found guilty in these civil suits and financially liable to both Nicole's estate and the Goldmans, even if he's acquitted in the criminal trial. As for how he thinks the trial is going, Lou Brown says, "I give the defense credit. But I hate them."

Simpson & Bruckheimer: In happier times



O. J. Simpson: Reading *New York* since 1985

FORD MODELS TAKES THE GLOVES OFF

Katie Ford

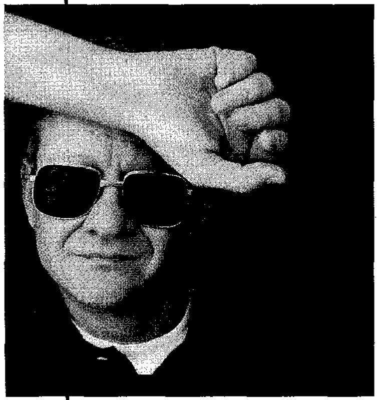
The venerable Ford Models, Inc., is suing the upstart Company Management for luring away **Marion Smith,** one of its longtime top executives. The amount the agency's asking? Fifteen million dollars. On and off for the past year, Ford and Company had been negotiating a merger. Talks broke down finally, says a source, when Ford suspected Company of only being interested in learning the agency's secrets. Company, Ford alleges, retaliated two weeks ago by stealing Smith, a 27-year veteran and stockholder; Smith was eighteen months into a five-year contract as agency co-president. In their suit, the Fords claim that Company used Smith, who managed to squire away only two celebrity models, **Rachel Hunter** and **Jerry Hall,** as a wedge to gain further control of their business. "This is a concerted effort to harm the agency," says Ford attorney **Michael Connery.** The suit is significant because in the past when models or executives have changed agencies, teeth were gritted and vengeance sworn—but, in the end, legal briefs were rarely filed. But then, Ford—which still represents **Kristen McMenamy, Vendela, Christy Turlington,** and **Beverly Peele**—hasn't had the best year. A Ford source says, carefully, "This has been a year of reorganization."

SLEEPERS FILM FLAP FORETOLD?

Lorenzo Carcaterra—$2 million richer for a possible hoax on his publisher, Random House, and the public—may yet be hanged by his own words. Back in 1981, the author of the dubious "memoir" *Sleepers* wrote an essay in the *Daily News* perhaps all too fittingly titled "Romanticizing Real-Life Stories." The essay should be of interest to director **Barry Levinson** (*Rain Man, Tin Men, Diner*), who is currently shooting the film version of Carcaterra's bestseller, starring Robert De Niro. "When it comes to portraying the lives of real people on the big screen," Carcaterra writes, "the movies have never been what could be called accurate. Nor perhaps would we want them to be. If the end result is action! romance! adventure! —so what if the facts are embellished?"

Photographs: top right, Fitzroy Barrett/Globe Photos; center right, courtesy of Michael Weingarten; bottom, Jesse Frohman/Outline.

Colin Powell:
Party guy



Tom Clancy:
The hunt for red-faced lovers

GUESS WHO CAME TO HARRY AND TINA'S?

If you were important, you got invited to the dinner party for **Colin Powell** hosted by **Harold Evans** and **Tina Brown** at the cozy but non-posh i Trulli. Organized by Evans's protégé **Irina Woelfle** (who has now, suddenly, gone to work with Washington lobbyist **Liz Robbins**), it was power-laden. There were rich people—not only **Newhouses** (five, including **S.I.**) but **Barry Diller, Teddy Forstmann,** and **Ron Lauder.** Then there was a quorum of usual suspects from the media elite—ICM chairman **Marvin Josephson,** *Times* executive editor **Joe Lelyveld, Don Hewitt,** and **Tom Brokaw.** Unlike comparable overclass events, however, the Powell celebration included a significant fraction of black people: **Lani Guinier,** Public Theater director **George C. Wolfe, Vernon Jordan, Anna Deveare-Smith,** dance diva **Judith Jamison, Jessye Norman, Charlayne Hunter-Gault,** and Harvard professor **Henry Louis "Skip" Gates.** There were the politician-intellectuals, both Democratic (**Arthur Schlesinger, Bill Bradley**) and Republican (**Betsy McCaughey**). The no-shows were noteworthy: **Norman Pearlstine** didn't come; nor did, shockingly, **Mort Zuckerman. Rudy Giuliani** canceled at the last minute, but Police Commissioner **William Bratton** came—as did Bronx borough president and 1997 Giuliani opponent **Fernando Ferrer.**

Meanwhile, Levinson has said that he stands by the film, fact or fiction. No surprise, if you consider Carcaterra's *News* essay: "It may be too much to ask of filmmakers to seek the truth—look at who we're talking about here."

GRACE PERIOD ENDS AT DEAN & DELUCA

Manhattan's Americanization continues apace: If Lutèce can exist as part of a middlebrow chain, why not Dean & DeLuca? The chichi SoHo grocery may soon have a bite taken out of it by **Leslie Rudd,** the Wichita-born restaurateur who helped start the Lone Star Steakhouse chain and launched Pancho & Lefty's and the Wicked Burrito in North Carolina. A Rudd spokesperson confirms that the company "is considering purchasing a substantial portion of Dean & DeLuca," principally owned by the W. R. Grace company and partners **Giorgio DeLuca** and **Joel Dean.** "Grace has been wanting to divest its shares in Dean & DeLuca for some time," claims a source. "We can't substantiate these street rumors," says a Grace corporate spokesperson. The eponymous grocers, who also have a small chain of Dean & DeLuca espresso bars and cafés, will not speak publicly about the deal.

BARBRA WILL TOUR; RUTH POLL-VAULTS

FOR THE LOVE OF MONEY? Sources close to **Barbra Streisand** say that she is close to announcing that she'll tour again, through most of 1996. Last winter, Streisand raked in big bucks coast to coast with her $350-per-ticket show. "She liked the money," says the source. "She hadn't toured in a long time." Sometime next spring, she'll hit the boards throughout Europe. Her fans will be able to catch her at Madison Square Garden again by early fall.

ENGAGING TOM: Last spring, **Wanda Clancy** filed for divorce from her husband, **Tom Clancy,** 48, using **Raoul Felder** to pry away some of the best-selling author's millions after 25 years of marriage and four children. Since then, say sources at the Bronx D.A.'s office, Tom has been acting like a teenager in love. Recently, he proposed to 26-year-old Assistant District Attorney Katherine Huang in the office of another A.D.A., John Dillon, even though he's not yet divorced from Wanda. "He's up there all the time making a nuisance of himself," says a source.

AND THE SURVEY SAYS: Manhattan borough president **Ruth Messinger** is really, really serious about running for mayor in 1997. She has hired Washington, D.C., pollster **Geoffrey Garin** to start sampling interest in her campaign. Garin's past clients include city comptroller **Alan Hevesi,** also a potential mayoral candidate.

RIPPED OFF: Ripley, the million-dollar cartoon conglomerate, recently rushed cease-and-desist letters concerning parodies of its "Believe It or Not!" cartoons by **Eric Metaxas** in *The New York Times Magazine* and **Walter Thomas** in *Hamptons* magazine. The magazines are not the first to be targeted by Ripley's legal team. In 1990, Taco Bell was forced into a settlement after using a Ripley cartoon on a tray liner.

JULIA PHILLIPS EATS DINNER, ALONE

Was *Lunch* the cause of producer **Julia Phillips**'s (*The Sting, Taxi Driver, Close Encounters*) greatest upset stomach? For years, Phillips worked on bringing **Anne Rice**'s *Vampire* novels to the screen. Just before her hypercranky best-seller, *You'll Never Eat Lunch in This Town Again,* came out, she was in business with megamogul **David Geffen.** When things were good, they hung out together. At one meeting before the book came out, Phillips says, Geffen bragged about buying the **Jack Warner** estate for $47 million. But when Geffen heard about anecdotes concerning him in the book, the end was near. "In Global Geff's world," Phillips writes in her imminent sequel, *Driving Under the Affluence,* "He liking You defined the relationship. Hadn't David Geffen's mother taught her son that just because one liked somebody didn't mean that body had to like one back?!" After the book was published, Phillips was pink-slipped by Geffen's attorney—surprise—for "divulging the contents of confidential meetings." And five years after *Lunch,* Hollywood's professional loose cannon is uncontrite: In *Driving,* Phillips exposes eight years of diary entries detailing a whole bunch of ostensibly confidential show-business meetings.

Photographs: top left, Marc Bryan Brown/Outline; center left, Frank Ockenfels 3/Outline; bottom, Tom Zimberoff/Gamma-Liaison.

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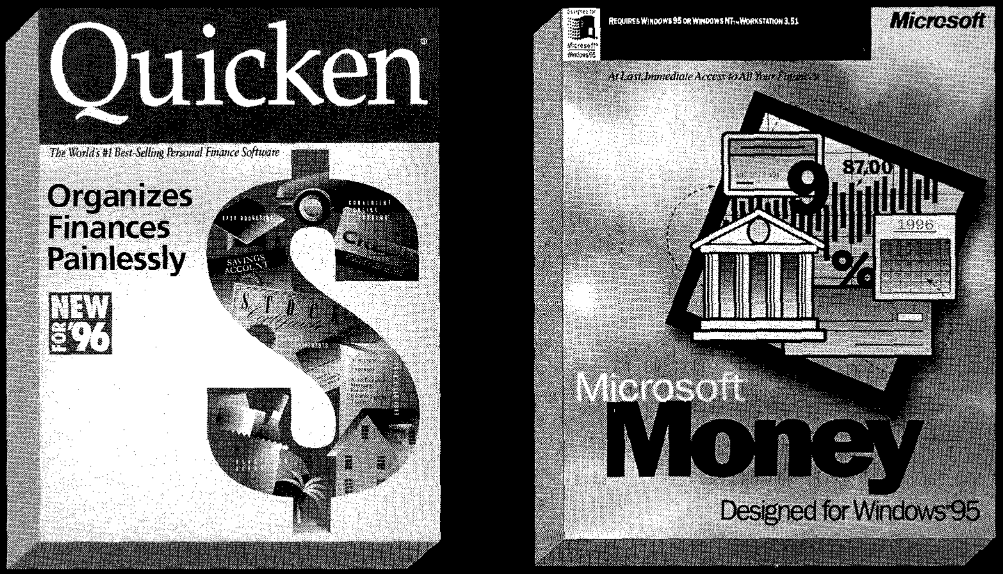
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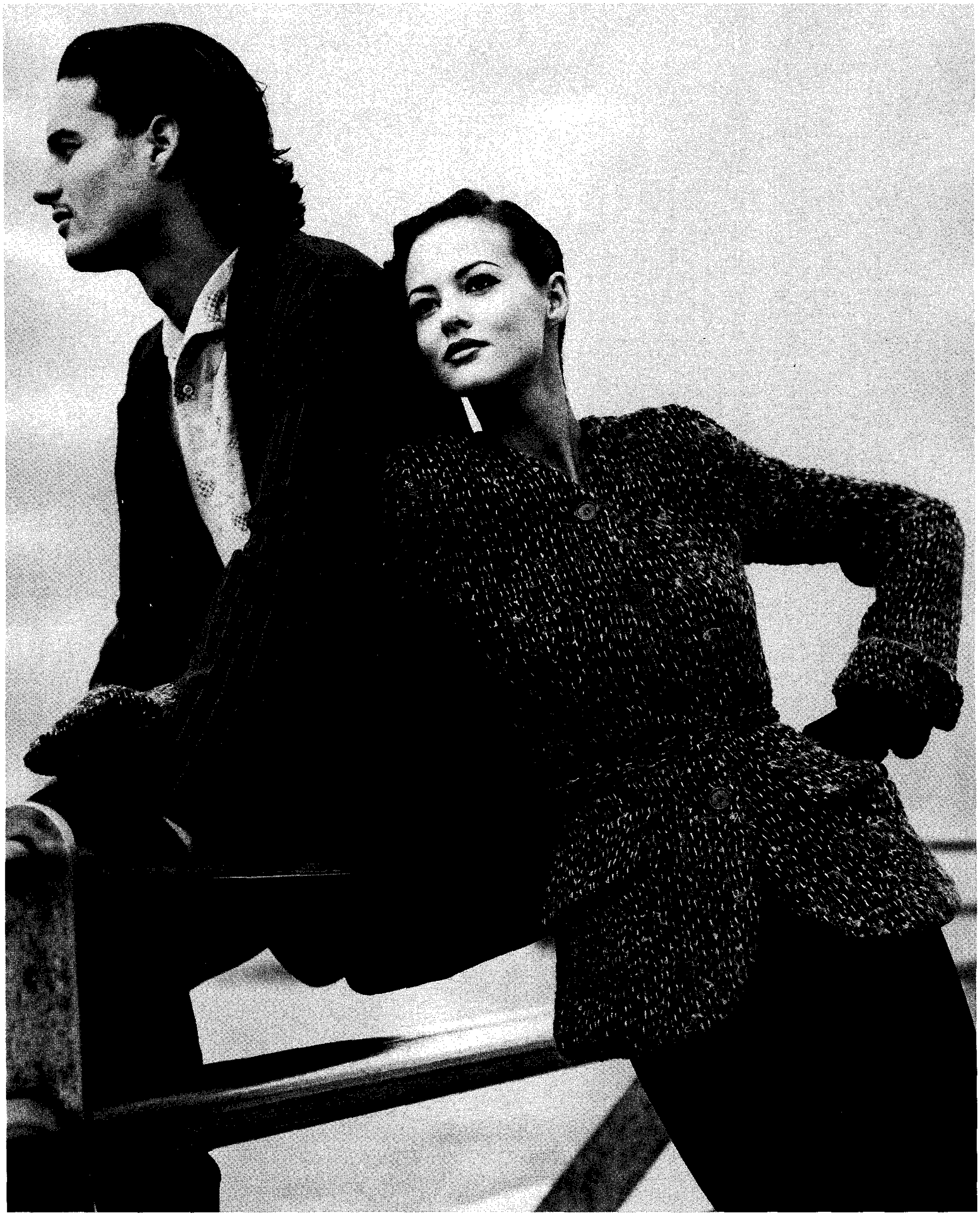

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GOTHAM

York, e o vivis of th —Muriel Spark

THE FRONT PAGE

The 100-Hour Campaign

A nostalgic look back at Colin Powell's run for president.

Colin Powell, who will forever be remembered as the top military administrator in our most efficient war, may also go down in history for two other Megamedia Age achievements: whirlwindiest book tour and shortest presidential campaign.

The main difference between these two accomplishments, of course, is that Powell actually has a book out. It's called *My American Journey,* is published by Random House, costs $35, and contains some violence but no nudity. The book's tour, preceded by a *Time* magazine excerpt last week (the substance of which had been reported in *Newsweek* the week before, and hinted at in another *Time* cover story on Powell two months earlier), officially kicked off on Friday with an interview by Barbara Walters and was to include appearances with Tom Brokaw, Larry King, Jay Leno, and, who knows, maybe delivering a pizza to the Letterman show with the First Armored Division. "The book tour is sort of a coming-out party for me," Powell told *Time,* but then, alas, did not come out, either as deb or gay—either of which might have added some wrinkle of novelty—and also did not, despite what you may have heard, start running for president. The media decided to go ahead with his campaign anyway, and managed to put it through the entire spin cycle in a snappy four days, perhaps even beating the Gulf War by a couple of hours. Here's how it went down in the New York papers:

COLIN A HALE BUT HESITANT HOPEFUL, SEZ DOLE

POWELL: I HAVE SKILLS TO BE PREZ

POWELL "WON'T RULE OUT" PRIMARY RUN AGAINST BILL

COLIN POWELL ON AMERICA ELECTING BLACK PRESIDENT: "THE COUNTRY MAY BE READY"

POWELL SAYS PRESIDENTIAL RACE MAY NEED A 3D MAJOR PARTY

THIRD PARTY MADNESS

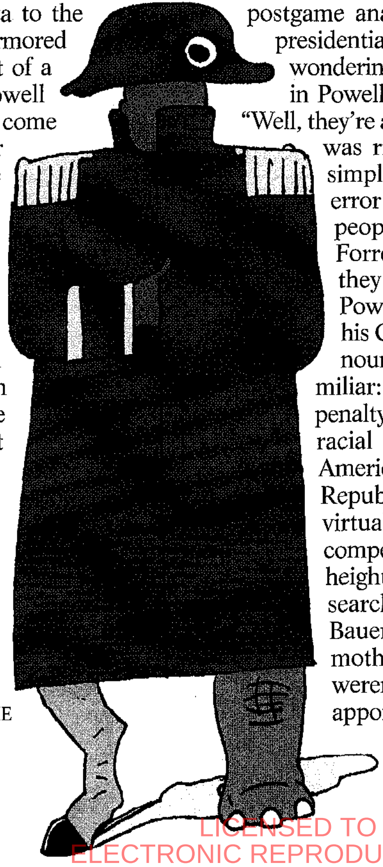
TV INTERVIEW ADDS A FEW PIECES TO THE POWELL PUZZLE

COLIN POWELL: WHERE'S THE BEEF?

WHITE HOUSE RIBS POWELL

DISAPPOINTED CONSERVATIVES: POWELL SOUNDS LIKE CLINTON

SURPRISE! POWELL FACTOR WORKING IN DOLE'S FAVOR



In retrospect, Powell pre-offered the best postgame analysis of why his de facto presidential bid derailed: "People are wondering what 'Forrest Gump' Colin Powell stands for," he told *Time.* "Well, they're about to find out." While he was right to evoke the beloved simpleton, he made a strategic error in failing to recognize that people still don't know what Forrest Gump stands for, and they still love him. Instead, Powell, after looking deep into his Gallup poll, made some pronouncements that may feel familiar: legal abortion, yes; death penalty, yes; gun registration, yes; racial quotas, no. It smells like America, but not necessarily the Republican Party, where the non-virtual candidates have been competitively goose-stepping for height and distance. Family Research Council director Gary Bauer, sounding like a good mother, said that his people weren't angry at Powell, just disappointed.

Next!

ALWAYS A CRITIC **"The Chinese Communists are liars. They lie all the time. They told the world, 'Harry Wu's case is a criminal case.' If anyone believes this, I have two or three bridges now in New York I would like to sell you after the mayor repairs them," the recently released Harry Wu said last week at a reception on the top of the MetLife Building.**

HUNK THE VOTE **According to the city Board of Elections, *New York* has learned, John Kennedy Jr., editor of the new political magazine *George,* has made it to the voting booth a total of seven times in the past eleven years, including the most recent gubernatorial and mayoral elections. But surprisingly, he didn't vote in the 1988 Bush-Dukakis election. "That was seven years ago, and he actually doesn't remember why," says a spokeswoman. Kennedy's still registered to vote at his late mother Jackie's old apartment.**

REALLY BAD HAIR DAY **"If you lose all your hair, that means you don't have any eyebrows either. And you feel weird walking around. And I think that by looking better and having more self-confidence, it helps the healing process. [Even] when you have a pimple, you walk around with your head down all day," Cindy Crawford told *New York* at a benefit for "Look Good...Feel Better," a program to enhance cancer patients' self-image by giving them beauty tips.**

Photographs: top, J. Patrick Forden/Sygma; center, Brooks Kraft/Sygma; bottom, Dana Fineman/Sygma; illustration by Istvan Banyai.

Pat Buchanan, at a restaurant near Wall Street.

gotham

PAT'S SALAD DAYS IN SODOM

PICTURE, NOW, A BAGEL WITH MAYO, OR A *Ren & Stimpy* animation cel hanging on a wall in the Century Club, or Rudy Giuliani cooling his heels at Sylvia's. These are the kinds of images that come to mind when we think of Pat Buchanan in Manhattan. But, of course, you can't run for president and not come to New York City, so down flew Pat last Tuesday for a fund-raiser on Wall Street, in between a New Hampshire morning and an evening back home in Virginia. In the car from La Guardia, an improbably soft-spoken Buchanan reflected on his history with the city.

"You have a phone in here?" he asked the driver. "I was wondering, 'cuz my old friend Bob Grant's on the air. I could give him a buzz and tell him I'm sneaking into the city." There was a phone, but Pat didn't call.

Pat's not quite a stranger, but as you may guess, he and New York didn't mix very well. He lived here for four years—one year while he was at Columbia Journalism School and, later, three years in the mid-sixties as personal assistant to the most famous of the partners in the Wall Street law firm Nixon Mudge Rose Guthrie & Alexander. Today, a year after Nixon's death, the firm, according to last week's papers, is apparently in danger of following him, a bit of news Buchanan hadn't heard but seemed to take in stride. And if portentous ironies are your thing, you may want to know that it was here that Buchanan—and, more important, Nixon—met John Mitchell, whose then-booming career as a bond lawyer gave little indication of what a smashing future he had waiting for him in the justice-obstruction line.

Somewhere around 59th Street, Buchanan looked around him. "Ah, I can't say I like Manhattan," he said in what may be the least newsworthy and at the same time the most honest (and therefore, paradoxically, newsworthy!) statement a presidential candidate will make this season. It was all right when he was in grad school: He had a "tremendous number of buddies" and used to hang out at the West End bar into the wee hours. And it hardly needs saying that he loved working for Nixon; but as a young, single fella on the town, Pat didn't have much going for him. He lived by himself at 50th and Second. His chum and colleague Rosemary Woods—*that* Rosemary Woods—had "a nice apartment" a block away, on Third. He mentioned no other friends.

"Socially, I didn't have any existence at all up here in New York," he said. "I'd come home from work, come up there in a cab at 8:30 or 9, go to Johnny Joyce's pub, and get a couple martinis." Buy the bulldog edition of the *Times,* go to bed, get up, start over again: "I spent three years, basically every chance I got, [I'd] take the train home on the weekend," home being Washington, D.C.

But now, of course, Pat's hoping to make a bigger splash. The New York primary comes next March 7, and even though that's well after Iowa, New Hampshire, and several other primaries, Buchanan fully expects to still be in the race. Said he's running second in some statewide polls. Said—as we neared the Water Club—he'd make the ballot, despite the legal and technical hoops candidates have to jump through to do it. Said Al D'Amato, an early Dole backer who's got the state wired up for his Senate colleague, and closed shut for everyone else, had better watch out: "They ought not to be running basically Bulgarian primaries up here in the greatest"—check that—"one of the great states in the union, you know."

Soon enough, we passed through the East Village. Buchanan seemed genuinely not to understand how some folks in this part of town, not to mention others, would feel threatened by him: "The idea that I represent some threat to the lifestyle of the Village is preposterous! What do they think I'm gonna do? I mean, we're Tenth Amendment all the way. I've said repeatedly, for example—even with regard to West 42nd Street—I've said if New York wants that, if that's what they want, there's nothing we can do about it; but what we want is the right of Salt Lake City or Maclean, Virginia, or somewhere else to set its own standards. . . . If you guys want that up in New York, that's your call. But as long as you're not imposing New York's values on the rest of the country. I even notice, Whatchacallim's trying to shut down these triple-X-rated things, isn't he—Giuliani—or farm them out to the 'burbs?"

Reassured?

Finally, we hit Harry's, a bar near Wall Street, where a smallish afternoon crowd—three—was impressed. As luck would have it, one of the three introduced himself and said he heads the New York chapter of some society with ties to Tom Monaghan, the Domino's pizza man and rich right-wing Catholic. They bonded. Pat ordered a club soda; hasn't touched "the hard stuff" in ten years. Then, off to the stock exchange. Given his pronounced protectionist, pro-working-class message—by this single measure, Buchanan is the only left-wing candidate in either major party—the stock exchange doesn't seem a very Pat-friendly corner of Manhattan, either.

"Well," he joked as he got out of the car, "it's off into the belly of the beast."

MICHAEL TOMASKY

City

SUPERCREEP

NEW YORK HAS PROVIDED THE BACKDROP for many a grand romantic gesture—*Sleepless in Seattle*'s Empire State Building rendezvous, the proverbial Times Square billboard marriage proposal, the Moonies' gang wedding—but most have tended to involve out-of-towners. Native New Yorkers seem to reserve their most passionate creativity for ugly breakups. Consider the creepy poster campaign that debuted downtown the week after Labor Day.

The stark black-and-white MOST-WANTED–style flyers, labeled PUBLIC HEALTH WARNING and bearing the name and photograph of a woman in her early thirties, were securely glued to phone booths, traffic-control boxes, and other unsuspecting objects along lower Broadway. THIS IS A PUBLIC HEALTH WARNING FROM THE N.Y.C. BOARD OF HEALTH, the sloppily spelled, entirely inauthentic flyer reads. *This indivigual has been diagnosed mentally unstable and may present a risk to the public at large. While engaging in oral sex with a homeless vagrant at the age of thirteen this woman contracted herpes simplex and is subject to spells of nymhomania. Family members and black males between the ages of twenty five and fourty five with sexual genitalia measuring ten inches or more are her favorite targets. If you are approached by this individual please call the N.Y.C. Board of Health at 613-2442.*

I first spotted the placard at Bleecker and Broadway on September 6. It

Photograph by Andrew Lichtenstein/JB Pictures.

All(eged) in the Family

Last week, Mayor Giuliani patiently explained to the organizers of Little Italy's San Gennaro festival why they had to open their books so that the city could make sure there were no ties to organized crime: "The purpose of this is to make sure the festival goes forward this year without the questions, allegations, and suggestions that have existed in the past." Keeping that in mind, one wonders exactly what in New York *could* go forward if held to the same new Giuliani standard. **Norman Vanamee**

remove asbestos **alleged ties to organized crime**

concrete supplier,
reputed ties to organized crime,

plumbing **linked to organized-**
crime figures.

Hotel Employees and Restaurant Employees

ties to organized crime.

organized crime ties **transporters of New York City**
school children.

[snow-removal] companies
suspected mob ties

A liquor distributor **ties to**
organized crime.

role of Russian organized crime **sales of fuel oil**

alleged ties to organized crime
window-replacement

Fossil dealers **ties to orga-**
nized crime,

garbage haulers
links to organized
crime **recycling**
outfits,

the city's five organized crime fami-
lies

labor unions, construction, the
fashion industry, garbage carting,
gasoline
newspaper distribution.

mayoral cam-
paigns'
linked to organized crime

seemed too coarse to be remotely credible, but too vicious to be a practical joke. Curious, I called the number and discovered it was indeed the Board of Health. Had they received any other calls about this poster? "Only one, from someone saying a woman was being harassed."

I tracked down the unlucky subject herself. At that point, she'd heard about the poster but hadn't yet seen it; one friend had sighted one as far north as 32nd Street, near where the woman used to work. She would soon determine that the plastering targeted places "I was likely to go"—where she lived, worked, went to the gym.

The photo, she says, is more than a year old, and not a personal one; it had been published in a magazine. But the poster's rant contains enough telltale misspellings and germs of truth—she had dated African-Americans in the past, for instance—that she instantly narrowed her suspect list to one: unsurprisingly, an ex-boyfriend who owns a copy machine.

"It's his way of thinking," she says. "They're quotes he's said."

The culprit, she believes, is a man in his early forties whom she'd dated for two years, lived with for a few months, and broken up with in May. "The relationship wasn't pretty, and neither was the breakup," she says. "It was rocky the entire time. He had another relationship going on [simultaneously]; he was manipulative and controlling. People get into these situations where they know it's bad and it's wrong but you have to see it through—it's like watching a bad movie on TV at 2 A.M. and continuing to watch, wondering, 'How bad can it get?'

"We went to a therapist together," she says. "He was supposed to be getting better."

The woman says that over Labor Day weekend she ran into him at a music festival out of town. "He saw me dancing with a black man, and I didn't acknowledge him, and he left."

The woman went to police last week, who spoke to her ex-boyfriend; he denied everything, then left an angry message on her answering machine. "All

Photographs: top right, Andrew Goldberg; bottom, Archive Photos.

this proves," she says, "is I was right to break up with him."

The woman says she's still afraid what her ex might do, but without a witness he can't be charged, and unless he makes an explicit physical threat against her, she can't get a restraining order. "He's violating my rights and that's a fucking drag," she says. "I don't want to have to change my number, get an unlisted number. I don't want to live that way."

The one positive thing she can say about the experience is when she went out with her current boyfriend on a Friday night to survey the extent of the postering, they saw many strangers crossing out her name and photo or trying to tear the posters down. Still, she says, "it hurts to think somebody I loved would do something like this."

DAVID HANDELMAN

Media

MELROSE PARK WEST

THE CROWD AT JAKE'S DILEMMA IS disappointingly normal, considering everyone has ostensibly gathered to watch the season premiere of *Melrose Place,* that wildly popular, insanely histrionic nighttime soap about a very lovely group of twentysomethings who do very mean things to each other. Many of the middle-aged media types gathered at this Upper West Side bar seem more interested in scoring free drinks than anything else; many of them won't even cop to watching TV, much less *Melrose.* More than a few, however, are happily toting their party favor—copies of *Heather!,* a frothy biography of *Melrose* bitch Heather Locklear that contains such need-to-know info as Locklear's penchant for at-home D.I.Y. bikini waxes.

Watching *Melrose* at a bar on the Upper West Side.

The true *Melrose* freaks are busy being antisocial in the back room, snagging prime real estate in front of the big-screen TV. The room is sparsely populated, though, and it's already 7:30. A little girl named Lisa is propped on an enormous couch that looks like it could swallow her whole. Lisa's all styled out in her best white dress; she looks like she just raced out of her First Communion to catch all the drinking, drugging, fornicating, and attempted murder that your average episode comprises. "I like the show for the same reasons 18-year-olds like the show," she says. Then there's Corrine, a 23-year-old temp from New Jersey who's a bit too invested in the world of nighttime soaps. "This summer, I met one of the girls who's on *Central Park West* out in the Hamptons—I asked her what she did, you know, and she said she was gonna be on the show, and I told her, 'Well, I'm a fan of yours already,' even though I haven't seen it yet!"

Larry and Brad, a mild-mannered, low-key pair, make self-deprecating jokes about their love of the show's abominable acting and loopy plotlines. They are clearly the ones to watch with.

Once the action gets under way, however, the on-screen lunacy immediately alters the behavior of the otherwise polite, mature crowd, who are now packed so tightly together that a commercial bathroom break is just not possible. Much hooting and hollering accompanies scenes like the temporarily blinded recovering alcoholic Alison propped up in her hospital bed, wearing sunglasses for no discernable reason. Brad hastily grabs the remote and cranks up the volume. Then there's sweet Jane, standing with her new love interest at his recently blown-to-bits wife's grave site, attempting to comfort him. "Oh, keep your clothes on, Jane," he grumbles. The crowd erupts, and Brad immediately swivels: *"Quiet!"*

MAUREEN CALLAHAN

CENTRAL PARK *PLACE*

ROBERT ALTMAN CREATES the mediocre film *Ready to Wear* and the fashion industry pillories him. Darren Star creates the worse-than-mediocre TV series *Central Park West* and the magazine industry takes it as a compliment.

Sort of. "I feel mortified," said Linda Wells, the surprisingly down-to-earth editor of the new-generation beauty magazine *Allure,* one of the four Condé Nast magazines hosting a party to "welcome" *CPW* on its premiere night at, where else, the Royalton's "44." Wells is supposed to be the inspiration for *CPW's* tough-but-fair editrix, Stephanie Wells, played by Mariel Hemingway—"I'll say a little bit," cautions Hemingway, "in case she doesn't like my portrayal." "She's taller than me; she's thinner than me," Linda Wells continues. "I'm waiting to see what Darren makes her do next."

Hemingway, with Darren Star in tow, visited the offices of *Allure* and *Vanity Fair,* where, according to an editor, "she asked some really good questions compared to Jennifer Jason Leigh, who came for *Dolores Claiborne.*" (They also did some research at the Hachette-owned *Elle,* but Condé Nast seems more than happy to assume full responsibility.) Dotting the room are large posters of an upcoming six-page "special promotional section" featuring cast members in fashionable poses hatched up by Condé Nast—erasing a bit more of what was left of the line between the entertainment industry and the media that cover it. Guests enter, pause before the cameras, and mingle among the dozen TV monitors set up throughout the room. *Everyone* is dressed New York trendy. "It's a hoot for Condé Nast," says *Allure's* marketing director, Ron Prince. "Everyone wants to know if Mariel Hemingway is one-third-part Linda Wells and two-thirds Anna Wintour, or two-thirds Linda Wells and one-third Anna Wintour."

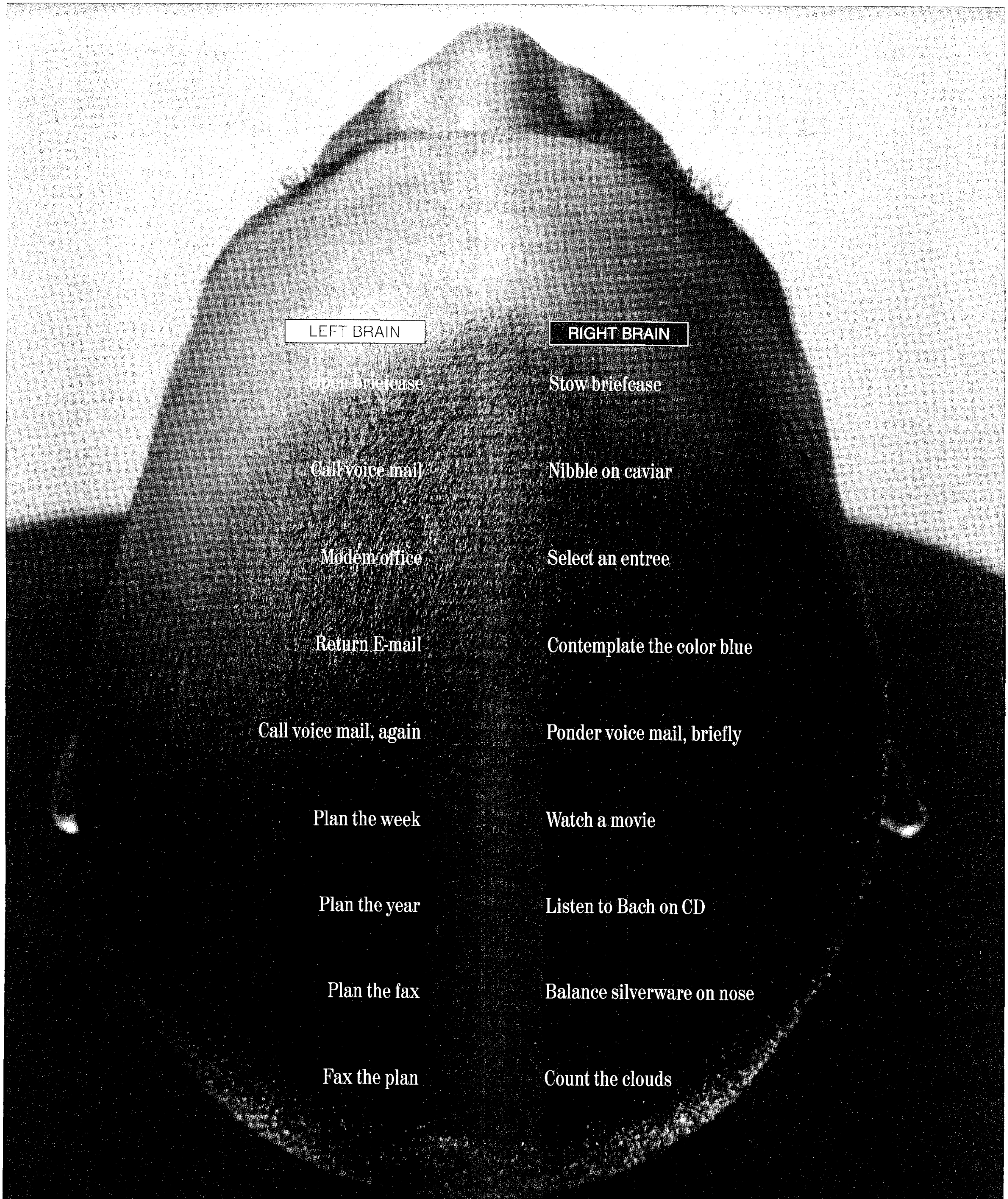
Linda Wells, Darren Star, and Mariel Hemingway.

But Anna's not here tonight—she's reportedly dining with Karl Lagerfeld. "Her schedule is worse than mine," says *Vogue* publisher Ron Galotti, trademark cigar in puss. "But this is great," he says, surveying the room. "We should do this more often. Darren asked me to do a walk-on, but I don't know . . ."

As nine o'clock approaches, Darren Star needs to get something off his chest. "Everyone says that the New York City that I portray doesn't exist," he announces to the crowd of actors, agents, editors, and publishers. "Well, tonight proves that's just *not* the case."

RUTH G. DAVIS

Photographs: left, Michael Ackerman; right, Patrick McMullen.


LEFT BRAIN
RIGHT BRAIN
Open briefcase
Stow briefcase
Call voice mail
Nibble on caviar
Modem office
Select an entree
Return E-mail
Contemplate the color blue
Call voice mail, again
Ponder voice mail, briefly
Plan the week
Watch a movie
Plan the year
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THE BOTTOM LINE JAMES J. CRAMER

Japan Surrenders!

Okay, maybe we still can't make a good VCR, but we're quietly rescuing the Japanese from economic catastrophe.

WHEN THE DOLLAR BLEW BY THE 100-JAPANESE-yen mark last week, the press still wasn't quite ready to concede a simple fact about the recent trade skirmish with Japan. We won—big-time—in a little-appreciated victory that should change our economic relationship with Japan for years to come.

Remember the headlines over the summer when trade czar Mickey Kantor was jousting with Japan, and a Lexus was going to cost more than $100,000? After the deal was done, conventional wisdom held that the U.S. had blinked yet again. Just when it looked like we were finally getting tough, slapping big penalties on luxury Japanese cars to squeeze out trade concessions, we backed down, winning a business-as-usual promise from the Japanese to buy a few auto parts.

Well, that's wrong. For while the pundits focused on a toothless, window-dressing agreement that indeed changes nothing, behind the scenes the U.S. Treasury Department and Japan were reaching an understanding that could send the dollar further northward to 125 yen and bail out the all-but-bankrupt Japanese banking system. Indeed, these things are already happening, and the rising dollar is just the beginning. More important for America, the deal will lead to the first real buying by the Japanese of U.S. products, and it won't stop at a few shock absorbers. In fact, the U.S.'s mammoth trade deficit with the Japanese could dissolve rapidly, and even turn into a possible *surplus* in just a few years.

Earlier this summer, the Japanese, with 1932 staring them in the face, came to our government and said that without our help, their banks might tank. It's in nobody's interest to discuss how precarious the Japanese banks really are, so the agreement was very hush-hush. Who needs a panic, or the ugly noisy Mexican bailout we orchestrated earlier in the year? Nor is it the style of the deal's architect, Treasury Secretary Robert Rubin, to herald his own deal-making.

Moreover, the press remains a prisoner of the eighties stereotype that the Japanese are invincible, that they make everything better than we do except maybe Coca-Cola, and that the trade deficit will never go away. Given this entrenched attitude, it's not easy to reverse one's thinking and acknowledge that the Japanese are in trouble—and that the United States, its once cowed and timid trading partner, is the only country that can save them. It's especially difficult when business reporters often rely on sources who are foreign-exchange traders professionally engaged in betting against the dollar.

But soon you'll be reading that the Japanese will be buying far more American products and manufacturing parts than we ever believed possible. If they don't, Rubin can simply allow the dollar to fall again, thereby pulling the rug out from under Japan's banks. Here's how it works: The key to the Japanese bailout is their banks' buying immense amounts of intermediate-term U.S. Treasury bonds. If the dollar stays strong, they continue their huge buys and save themselves.

What caused the Japanese to change suddenly from being arrogant trading enemies to being mendicants eager to deal? Simple: They ran out of money. We've seen some manifestations of this lately, with Mitsubishi walking away from Rockefeller Center even as buyers come out of the woodwork, and Matsushita bailing out of MCA Inc. at the bottom (they sold at 80 yen).

These Japanese companies are desperate to reliquefy. I trade for a living, both stocks and Treasuries, and in my world it happens every day, as Japanese companies sell long-held stakes in U.S. corporations a million shares at a time. The other day, I bought a big chunk of the stock of Read-Rite, an American computer-components supplier, from Sumitomo Metals before the market opened.

As the Japanese cash out, it's what they're doing with the proceeds that's so interesting. It doesn't make sense for Japanese businesspeople to borrow money to invest in new ventures in Japan because they're high-cost producers with a stalled economy. Japanese interest rates are about as low as they can go before banks start paying *you* to borrow money. And still its economy can't be jump-started. The world's eight largest banks may all be from Japan, but they don't have much money to lend, and there's nothing economically sensible to do with it there. They're in trouble.

In fact, Japan's banks look very much like those of the United States in 1990, when the talk was that they'd go the way of the S&Ls. You may not recall when the combined stock prices of Chase, Citicorp, and Chemical didn't add up to $40—they are quadruple that now—but we came as close then as you'll ever want to get to an old-fashioned Capra-esque run on the banks. Citicorp, now indisputably the world's most powerful bank, was teetering near collapse, with a balance sheet

Illustration by David Pohl.

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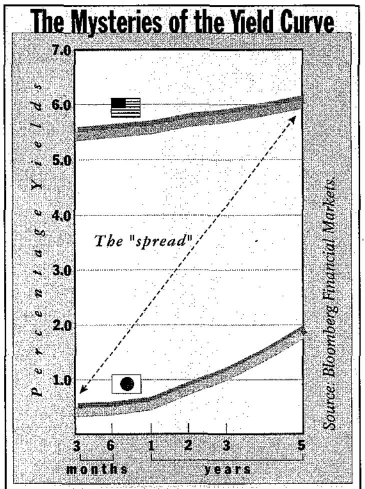
from hell, before Federal Reserve Board chairman Alan Greenspan resurrected it and others with an ingenious plan. He allowed the banks to borrow money from the Fed at an incredibly low rate, then reinvest it in two-to-four-year government bonds to pick up a guaranteed-risk-free 4 percent return. That's peanuts, of course, unless you can use billions to take advantage of the "spread"—the difference between the two rates—and that's just what American banks did, rebuilding their capital rapidly. It was a financial miracle.

The Mysteries of the Yield Curve



Source: Bloomberg Financial Markets.

Japan borrows billions from its government at 0.4%, then buys U.S. Treasury bonds at 6.0%, thereby making money on the "spread."

Now Japan's banks are in the same boat. That means tons of bad loans, mostly real estate, that could wipe out the equity in the whole system if the institutions were forced to recognize them. Making matters worse, most of the banks' equity is tied up in the depressed Japanese stock market.

More important, unlike the U.S. banks in 1990, the Japanese can't use their own Treasury spread, because their yield curve is relatively flat. A yield curve, the single most important piece of geometry in world finance, describes the difference between short-term rates (three to six months) and intermediate rates (three to five years). Given the state of their yield curve, the Japanese banks—even if they borrowed from their government and leveraged up into the only slightly higher intermediate rates—wouldn't be able to make enough money on the spread to save their tattered balance sheets.

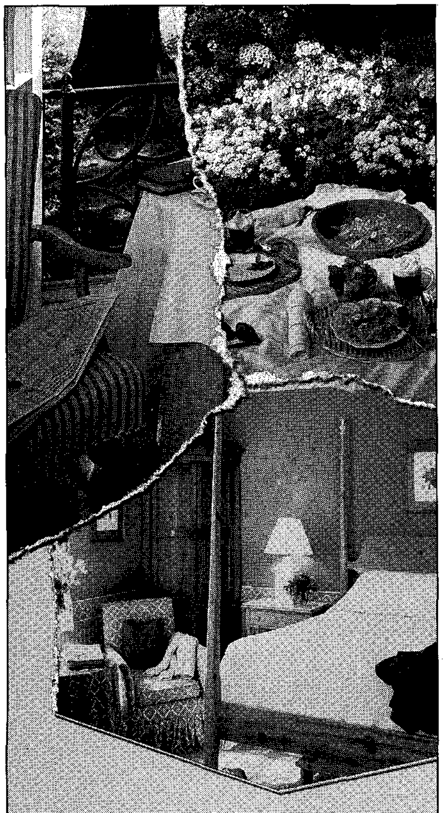
That's where Rubin's deal comes in. Our own yield curve is currently pretty flat, too (as opposed to its attractive steepness in 1990), but the yield on medium-term bonds here is so much higher than Japan's that there's a terrific spread between Japanese short rates, which are hovering near zero, and U.S. three-to-five-year rates, which get you 6 percent. So the U.S. is the only place available in which the Japanese banks can make enough money to reliquefy their holdings. Rubin, in effect, has let the Japanese hop onto our yield curve. This spread would be worthless if the dollar were weak: The Japanese would get killed on the currency differential. So in return for this investment by the Japanese in the U.S., and more importantly, for real free trade between the countries, we and the Japanese agreed to do something that has shocked foreign exchange traders around the globe: We've jointly intervened to support the dollar at far higher levels than anybody in my business thought the U.S. really wanted.

In the last ten years of dollar free fall, we've seen the Treasury repeatedly try to intervene to stabilize the dollar only to fail miserably, leading most traders to believe that the U.S. may not have its heart behind its own currency. Ever since Rubin took over Treasury, he's been saying that he favors a strong dollar. And he means it. He's employing his formidable trading skills, honed from years on Wall Street in equity arbitrage and fixed income, to keep the dollar high enough that the Japanese banks won't lose in currency translation what they've made in the spread. Without Rubin's end of the bargain, keeping the dollar strong, arbitraging the Japanese and U.S. Treasury curves could be a risky nightmare for the Japanese banks. Instead, it's a risk-free paradise.

This previously unheard-of cooperation between the U.S. and Japan was the signal that Japan had capitulated not to Kantor's small trade requests but to the much bigger demand that the Japanese really work to lower their trade surplus with us. That's why the dollar has bottomed out and is now poised to go higher.

In other words, far from creating a hollow agreement that buttresses everybody's belief that the U.S. still can't crack open Japanese markets, Rubin has engineered the first real trade breakthrough with Japan. Much to the Republicans' chagrin, it helps not only Japan but also Rubin's boss, Bill Clinton. The Japanese will buy lots of U.S. Treasuries, thus keeping interest rates low in this country just as we head into the 1996 presidential campaign. The U.S. settles its pathetic, longstanding trade deficit with Japan, meaning more jobs and profits for U.S. industry and its employees. And Japan returns to its proper place in the world: not the all-powerful Japan Inc. still ritualistically hyped in the press, but an important second-tier player in the world of commerce, with major worries about competition from the likes of Korea and China. And most of all, a partner that owes us one. ▬

James Cramer is a money manager who may have open positions and may trade in the stocks he writes about.



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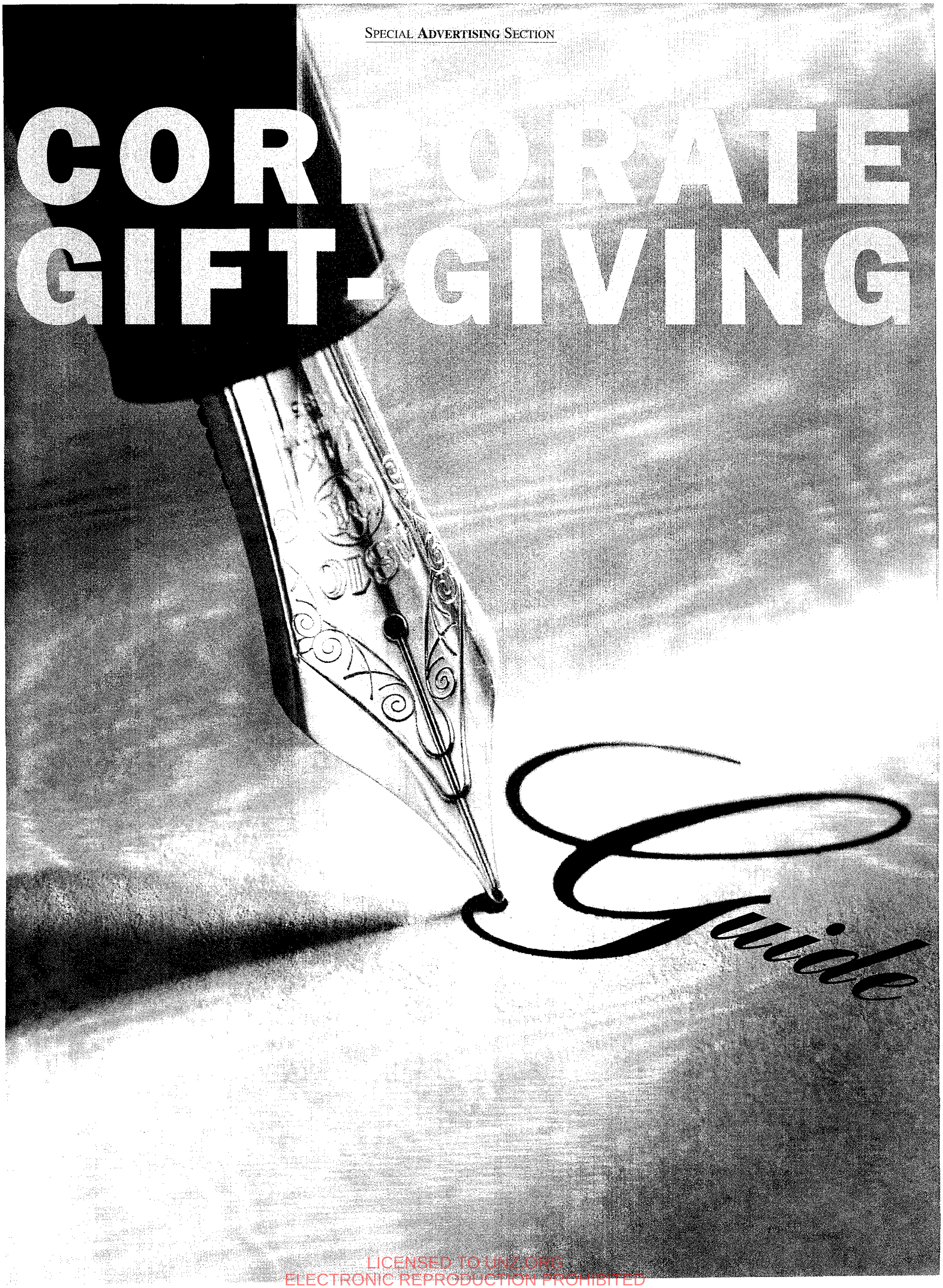
CORPORATE GIFT-GIVING

Guide



1965
(The Mustang)

1979
(Bo Derek)

1995
(Morton's – The Steakhouse)

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THE STEAKHOUSE

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CORPORATE GIFT-GIVING GUIDE

Inspired Choices

By Susan Breslow

While it may only be September, to the people who buy and select corporate gifts the holiday season is upon us. For the most obsessive types—and those whose business it is to have an array of gifts in stock by now—planning starts in February. The zealous spend the succeeding months collecting serendipitous finds...the bibelot bought in quantity here, the European treasures discovered on a business trip there.

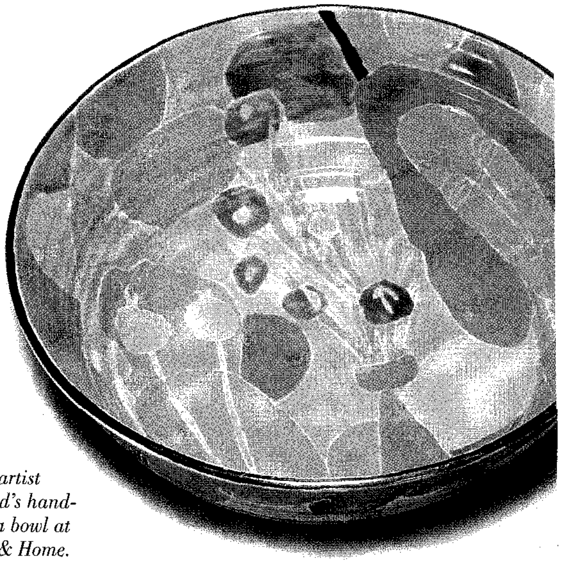
Among those who conscientiously shop for gifts, two guiding principles help them to edit their choices. The first is that the present must be selected with the recipient in mind (as Letitia Baldrige says, "If you don't know someone, why on earth would you be sending them a gift?") The objective is to delight associates with an item chosen with their own tastes and passions in mind.

Find a gift that appeals to the eye. Items that are lovely to look at, delicious to savor, pleasing to the touch, or dashed with fragrance satisfy recipients on many levels. Using recyclable wrapping paper and making a charitable donation says much about you and your company's concern with everyone's well-being.

The following suggestions from well-known gift-givers and sellers may provide inspiration for your own holiday list. Keep in mind that corporate discounts on volume purchases are sometimes available. Choose well, and you pave the way for felicitous business relationships in the coming year.

ABC Carpet & Home

Shopping early leaves time to find the widest selection of merchandise and to special order or personalize a gift. Last year, a record company executive who contacted the store's personal shopping service selected nearly 100 gifts for her staff and the celebrity talent she represents. They ranged from contemporary mantel clocks to mosaic café tables to Italian painted cachepots and antique Turkish terracotta urns.



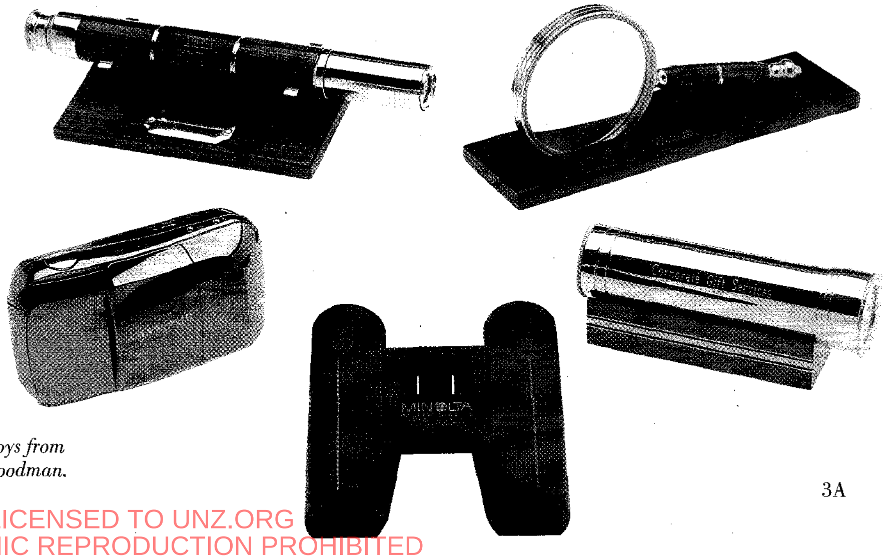
Ceramic artist Jill Rosenwald's hand-painted pasta bowl at ABC Carpet & Home.

Donna Karan,
fashion designer

To me, a gift is an expression of love. What you give says so much. Gifts that are a treat for the senses should look beautiful, feel great in the hand, smell divine, and nourish the spirit.

Bergdorf Goodman

Director of corporate gift services April Marius can provide personal assistance in selecting custom and exclusive gifts. Unique presents appropriate for holiday giving include made-to-order gift baskets in gourmet or bath-and-scent themes ($25 and up), a solid brass kaleidoscope ($120), and a hand-painted porcelain Limoges box ($75-$275).



Executive toys from Bergdorf Goodman.

BEVERLY HOOD ALLEN
MARKETING DIRECTOR

ANGELA GAUDIOSO
EDITOR

RICHARD MANTEL
DESIGN DIRECTOR

SUSAN BRAND
RESEARCH

SCOTT HUNT
INKWELL, INC.
DESIGN PRODUCTION

COVER: MONT BLANC FOUNTAIN PEN
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The California Wine Club

For those who can't personally visit the award-winning "boutique" vineyards of California wine country, the California Wine Club provides a taste of the West. Wine enthusiasts receive two different bottles from one winery each month, along with the company's wine information newsletter, *Uncorked.* A variety of holiday packages are available, with special prices for three, six, nine, and twelve-month gifts.

The California Wine Club is a unique, imaginative, corporate gift choice.

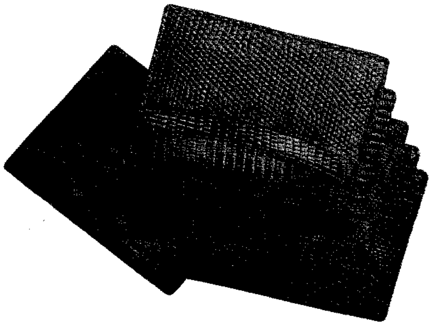
A gold-plated Louis Cartier fountain pen and crystal inkwell.

Cartier

For nearly 150 years, Cartier customers have chosen the store's signature gifts—from fine lead crystal and silverware to writing instruments and timepieces—to mark important occasions. Three of the most well-received corporate gifts include the ribbed silverplate letter opener set with lapis lazuli cabochons ($200); the Louis Cartier fountain or ballpoint pen in gold-plate, black, or bordeaux lacquer, adorned with a cabochon on the cap ($565-$850); and the classic Must Tank watch in vermeil with black Roman numerals on an ivory-colored dial ($1,300-$1,350).

Nicole Miller,
fashion designer

My main concern is giving something to people that I would love to receive myself. Last year we delivered little golden gift boxes of Fatwitch brownies, the best brownies in the whole world. They're individually wrapped, so people were able to share them with others in their office—and everyone got something. The best gift I ever got as thanks for doing business with someone was a year's worth of fine wine; each month a different bottle arrived, and it made me think of the giver every time.



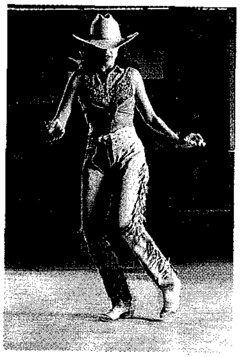
A spectrum of exotic lizard and alligator card cases from Crouch & Fitzgerald.

Crouch & Fitzgerald

Shop early and be aware of what your business associates already have. While calendars and pens are popular gifts, it's important to keep in mind that people may have a type that they strongly prefer. Consider giving a small matte leather or lizard-print calfskin jewel box with key lock ($85-$110), a flap underarm envelope in black or tan harness leather ($250), or Crouch & Fitzgerald's exclusive leather overnighter made in Italy ($1,700).

Denim & Diamonds

A holiday party is the way to thank a staff for a job well done, and the Country-Western motif here puts everyone in the mood to celebrate. A rousing mix of C-W, rock'n'roll, and disco enlivens events, and inspires even wallflowers to take a spin. Guests chow down at a barbeque buffet laden with all the fixin's, and roving shooter gals and guys ensure no one goes thirsty. The club has three semi-private rooms (capacity 15-600), two pool tables, and can accommodate most budgets.



D&D's Gina Paul cuts the Honky-Tonk Attitude.

East River Tennis Club

A gift that provides a place to entertain clients and the opportunity to work out in a haven free of stress stress is likely to be appreciated. This country club in the city features twenty Har-Tru tennis courts, a 70-foot heated outdoor swimming pool and Jacuzzi, and a waterfront bar. Indoors, there's a dining room, fireplace, and lounge. Corporate memberships are available, and the staff matches up tennis partners and organizes events. A shuttle bus leaves hourly from 57th Street and Third Avenue.

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Some executives really do have it all—but they could use a place to keep it. For them, a professional series burglary resistant home or office safe, which starts at $1,300, is a practical gift guaranteed to hold its value. Streamlined in design, and available in a variety of shapes and sizes, most models fit conveniently into closets and alcoves, under desks, and wherever space is limited. Easy to operate, battery powered digital locks make access fast and easy, and allow users to set or change their own private codes.

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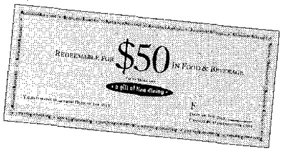

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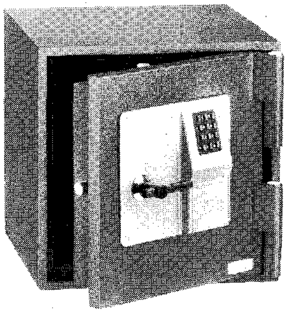

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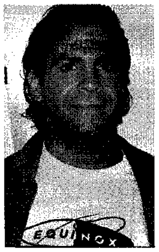
Felissimo

An eclectic selection of the unusual and the unexpected is in store here. This holiday season, choose from the Felissimo CD collection, a set of six classical disks in a kiri wood box ($60), *osenbei* cookies made with real fruit and delivered in a stainless-steel box ($50), or the Felissimo 56 Fragrance and Home Collection inspired by the simplicity of Earl Grey tea ($30-$80), which will also be the store's own gift to special friends in 1995. To ensure a memorable presentation, Felissimo will wrap gifts in *furoshiki*, colorful squares of fabric that are a long-standing Japanese tradition.

Danny Errico,
owner, Equinox Fitness Clubs

I gave a friend of mine, who was about 25 pounds overweight and had never exercised before, a membership to the club and twenty personal-training sessions. In about eighteen months he had dropped all the weight and run a half-marathon.



Goldman's Treasures

A gift that adds to someone's collection is always appreciated. If you don't know of one, look for something you'd like to receive. Consider a ten-inch European crystal vase with a Greek key design ($39), a marble-and-brass bookend set ($45), or a chiseled-glass desk set that includes a pen and picture frame ($36), a pair of full lead crystal, hand-cut, obelisk candlesticks ($60), a crystal globe paperweight ($30), a large crystal rose bowl on a solid brass stand ($70), or a crystal wine cooler ($179).

Raoul Felder,
attorney

A divorce lawyer is thought of with all the happy recollection one reserves for a proctologist. Therefore, we have a dilemma in sending gifts to clients, former clients, and friends at Christmas time. The gift must have a proper mixture of whimsy and self-deprecation. One year we gave umbrellas with our logo, "Sue someone you love" on it. Last year we gave slippers with my face on them. One year we decided not to send gifts altogether and to make a contribution to charity instead.

Goldpfeil

To give a gift special meaning, emboss a small leather good, such as a fine quality agenda ($252-$380), with the recipient's initials in gold and enclose a personalized note. Other products appropriate for the holidays include a cellular phone case ($90), available in a choice of colors, and a textured leather zip-around portfolio with a letter-size pad, pen holders, two open pockets, and four compartments ($552). Travel bags, attaché cases, briefcases, and wallets also make good gifts.

The supple Oxford Collection from Goldpfeil.

Three Little Pigs knows how to put on a spread of natural spinach pâté.

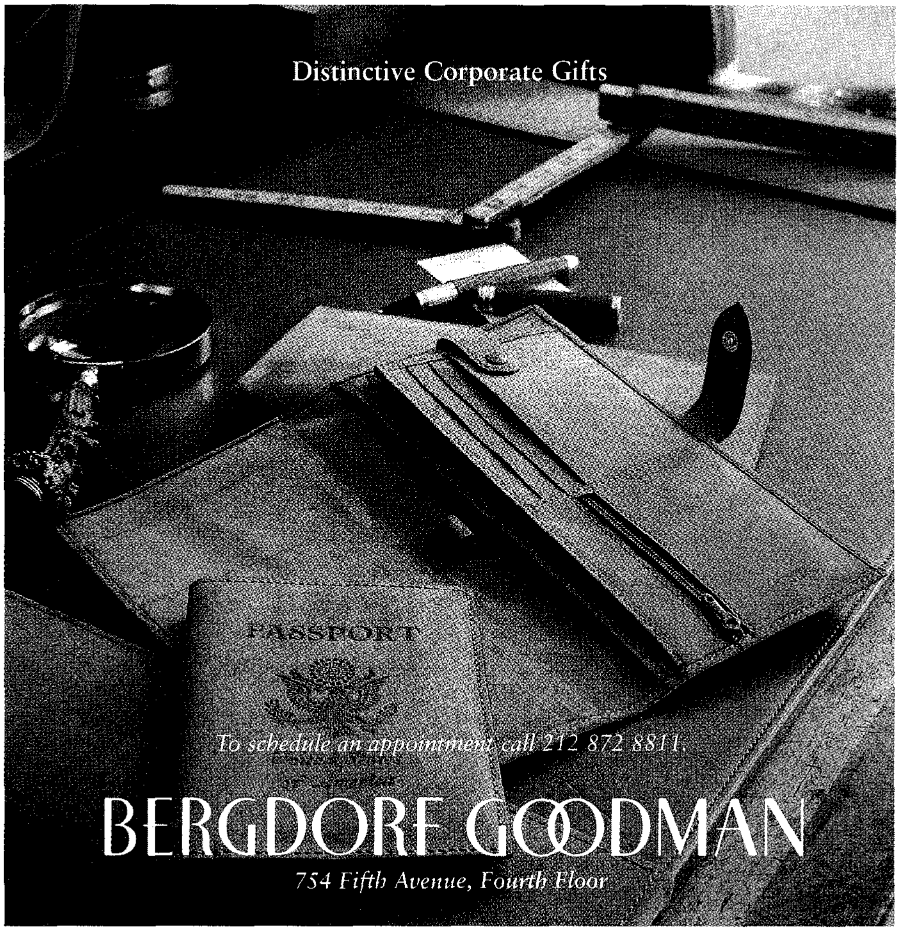
Les Trois Pétits Cochons

No one ever resents a gift that sates the appetite. Pâtés, terrines, and mousses make delightful, periodic indulgences: rich, delicious, and worth every calorie. Made in the manner of classic French charcuterie, *saucisson a l'ail* (garlic sausage; $6 per pound) is an all-natural, spicy complement to many meals, and recipes are provided; *terrine d'epinards au roquefort* (spinach terrine with roquefort, $9 per pound) is delicious as a canapé and can be tossed with pasta; sinfully rich *mousse trufée* ($11 per pound) arrives in an attractive crock.

Letitia Baldrige,

author of "The New Complete Guide to Executive Manners"

If you can buy tickets to the symphony, the theater, the ballet—any of our arts institutions so desperately in need of funding—and give them at Christmas to young people who might not otherwise be able to afford going, it's the greatest thing in the world. To the persons who work with me and for me and to whom I am beholden, such as the messenger service and the travel agency, I send group gifts—a ten-pound box of candy along with plastic bags and ties so everyone can get their rightful share.



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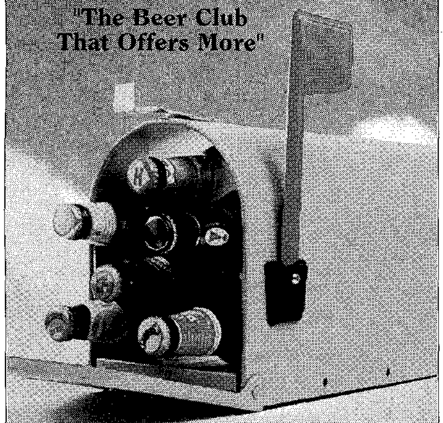

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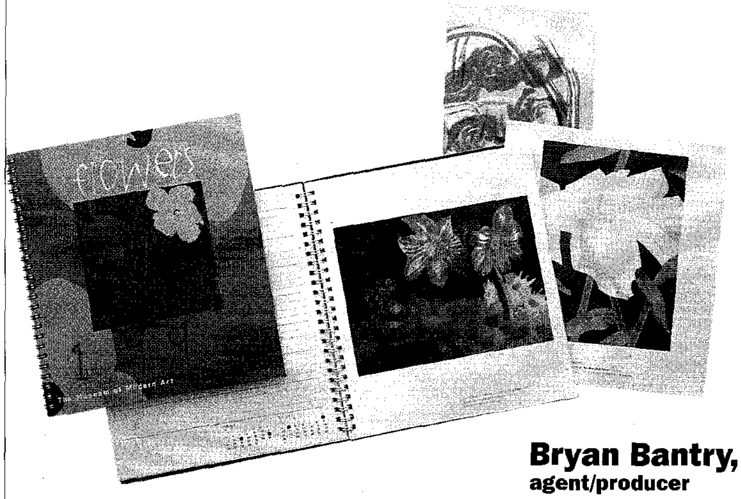
Stunning, seasonal, and shippable.

Custom-cast pewter pig oil lamps are from Morton's.

Morton's of Chicago

A gift certificate is always warmly received, especially when it can be honored nationwide. The steakhouse packages its certificates (available in denominations of $50, $100, or a specified amount) with a gift card. Those who purchase $500 in holiday certificates are entitled to receive another gift certificate of $100 at no charge. Other items available from Morton's of Chicago are a custom-crafted set of oversized steak knives ($49) and a pewter pig oil lamp ($65).



A new year inspired by floral images from MoMA.

Museum of Modern Art

When appropriate, pick something with the theme of the business in mind, and be certain that the gift reflects the taste of both the giver and the recipient. Associates may enjoy receiving the museum's 1996 Flowers engagement calendar ($13) or a ballpoint pencorder that records up to twenty seconds of messages ($50). MoMA's line of holiday cards contains more than 70 styles, many of which can be imprinted with a corporate name or logo.

Bryan Bantry,

agent/producer

I go through such incredible angst over this every year, because I want to do it right and I never think I've done a good enough job. I collect items throughout the year and go to all the gift shows, even in Florence. We start to create a basic gift set—perhaps a book, a candle, Green Goddess bath salts, Czech & Speake fragrances and bath oils, a bottle of champagne, homemade cookies, homegrown amaryllis bulbs, and paperwhites. But I keep adding layers. One year we gave cashmere throws, another year it was a leather-bound atlas.

Vicente Wolf,
interior designer

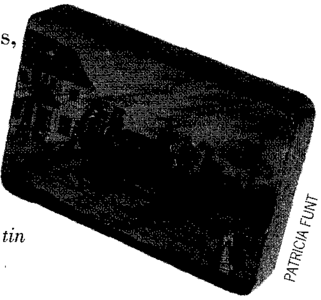
I like Christmas presents that offer something to look at, smell, and taste. Two Christmases ago we sent gifts wrapped in white (tissue paper), natural (a brown shopping bag), and black (ribbon), all recyclable. Inside was a blooming paperwhite plant picked up from the Flower Market, fresh potpourri made from flowers I'd saved throughout the year, and a rich chocolate cake with our logo on it. If the client had a dog, we added biscuits and treats to the gift package.

Restaurant Associates

Delight business associates with a taste of New York in the form of a gift certificate redeemable for food and drinks at Rockefeller Plaza's American Festival Café, The SeaGrill, and Savories, as well as Cafe Centro, Cucina & Co., and Tropica. Panevino Ristorante at Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center, and The Grand Tier at the Metropolitan Opera House (ticket-holders only) are included in the group as well. Gift certificates, available year-round in denominations of $10-$100, may be purchased at any of the restaurants named, or ordered with a charge card.

Wendy Antiques Shows

There are many good reasons to select an antique. It's unique. A well-designed one goes with any home or office decor. And antiques always look more expensive than they are; it's almost impossible to know the price of such a gift. At the New York Armory Antiques Show (September 20-24), view gilt-and-sterling compotes from The Anderson Gallery, majolica from Bonnie Heller, Patricia Funt's collection of "smalls," Barbara Alpren's Victorian and Edwardian picture frames, and much more among the show's 110 dealers.



A Welsh 18th century painted tin tobacco box.

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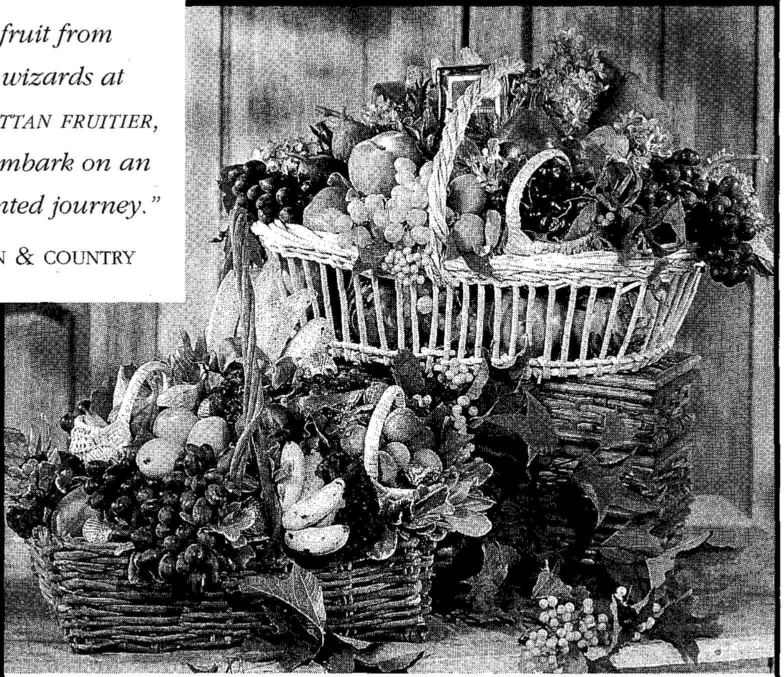

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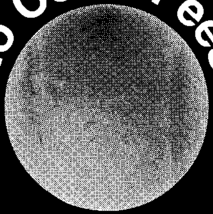

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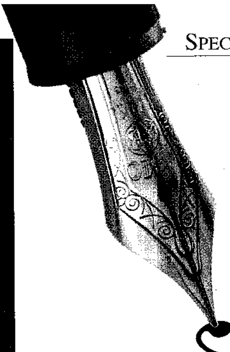

Gift Resources

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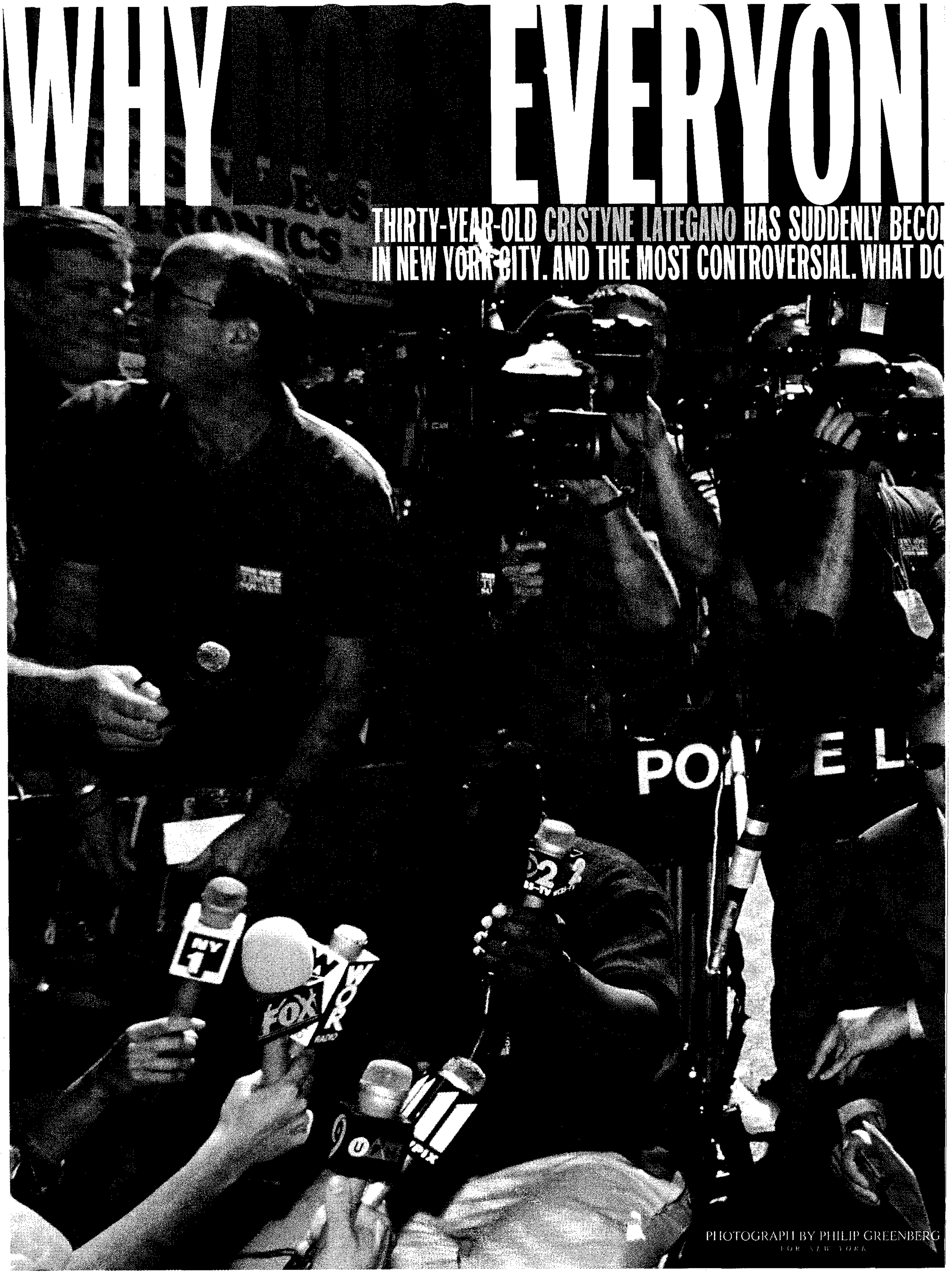
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FOR NEW YORK

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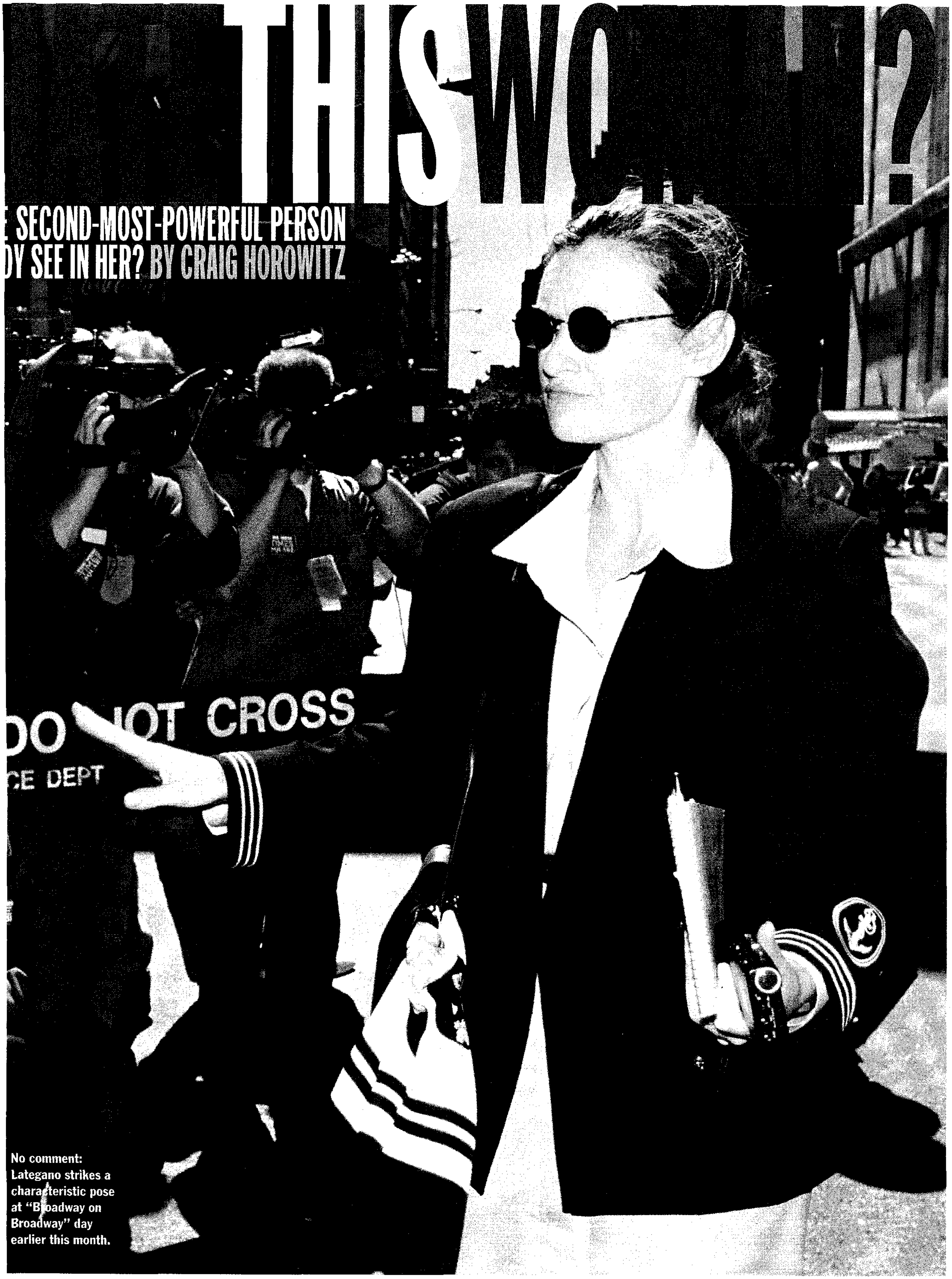
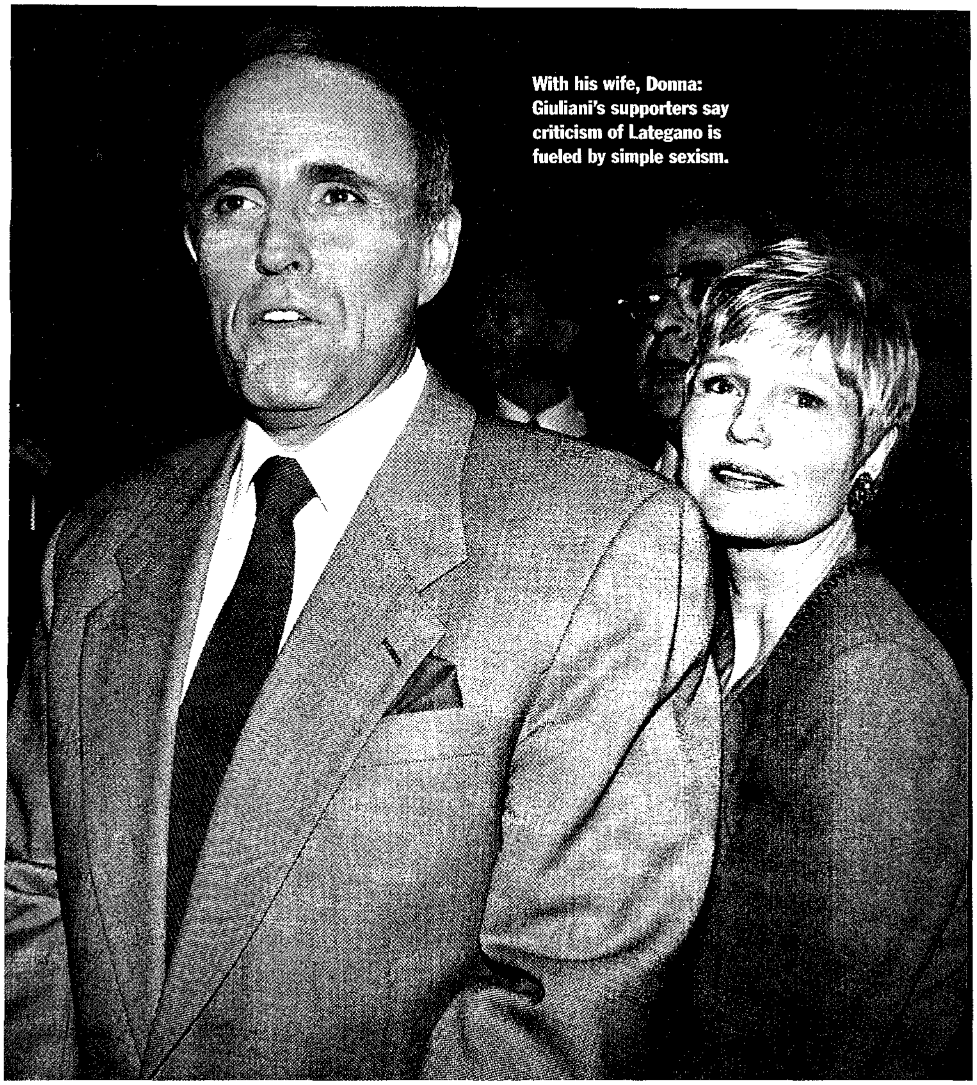

DO NOT CROSS
CE DEPT

No comment: Lategano strikes a characteristic pose at "Broadway on Broadway" day earlier this month.



With his wife, Donna: Giuliani's supporters say criticism of Lategano is fueled by simple sexism.

LABOR DAY SHOULD HAVE BEEN A BEAUTIFUL day for Mayor Giuliani, a chance to put aside the politics of confrontation and indulge in the politics of photo ops. Wedgwood-blue skies. Warm but comfortable temperatures. And for someone who wants to look both approachable and statesmanlike, the perfect way to close out the summer—a parade. The mayor had been a controversial choice as one of the four grand marshals picked to lead the boisterous West Indian–American Day Carnival, but there was no reason to believe he wouldn't have plenty of opportunity to smile, shake some hands, and look relaxed and happy mingling with people of color.

Because of his tightly packed holiday schedule, Giuliani went to Brooklyn by helicopter. He negotiated the local streets by motorcade and arrived in Crown Heights a few minutes before noon, looking cool and summery in a cream-colored suit. But the moment he started to march, at Utica Avenue and Eastern Parkway, the mayor was surrounded by a thick blue line of police. Worse, from a photo-op perspective, the cops unrolled Day-Glo-orange netting emblazoned with the NYPD logo; they held it nearly shoulder-high around the mayor as he marched. There was no mistaking it as anything but a safety barrier—an anti-tomato shield, perhaps. The mayor looked, one news veteran commented, "like a case of those grapefruits your mother sends you from Florida."

Channel 2, meanwhile, was about to go live from the parade for its midday news show. Naturally, correspondent Marcia Kramer described what she saw. What she saw was the mayor at a celebration in a minority community surrounded not only by a cordon of uniformed and plainclothes police but by this strange orange safety netting no one had ever seen before. Kramer reported this objectively, if with a touch of astonishment.

Colleen Roche, the mayor's press secretary, saw the report and phoned Channel 2's assignment desk to complain. Roche then got Cristyne Lategano, Giuliani's director of communications, who was at the parade, on a cellular phone. The mayor and Lategano do not suffer these journalistic offenses silently. Lategano expressed her disappointment and displeasure about the coverage to Kramer's producer. Roche also phoned the station again. Though the noon telecast had already aired, Lategano had the six- and eleven-o'clock shows to think about. (The netting, by the way, promptly vanished.)

It didn't matter that, generally, Kramer's coverage of the mayor is not especially hostile. Nor did it matter that what Kramer reported took place in full view of thousands of citizens. And it certainly didn't matter that what happened was news.

The only thing that mattered to Lategano was that the mayor looked bad.

THERE'S LOYALTY AND THERE'S *LOYALTY*. Cristyne Lategano is *loyal*. Ever since Rudy Giuliani took office 21 months ago, Lategano has made it her holy quest to be the sole proprietor of the mayor's image. First as his press secretary, and—since her promotion in March—in the newly created position of City Hall communications director, she has obsessively, compulsively, and with an unconditional fealty bordering on fundamentalism, tried to micromanage the way the mayor is depicted by the media. This is, of course, her job, and she isn't the first mayoral spokesperson to be accused of heavy-handedness (Dinkins's first press secretary, Albert Scardino, was widely hated). But Lategano's—and by extension the mayor's—relationship with the media is acrimonious to the point that it threatens the success of Giuliani's mayoralty.

"I've covered eight mayors," says Channel 4's forthright Gabe Pressman, "and the relationship between this mayor and the reporters in Room 9 [the City Hall press room] is the worst I've seen in 30 years. Though the mayor's aides like to point with pride at his accessibility, they are actually running a closed administration." City Hall reporters complain of feeling abused, manipulated, unable to get even their most innocuous questions answered. And these are the ones who play along. Reporters deemed unfriendly to the administration quickly find their access cut off, even from what is considered public information.

The judgment of Jerry Nachman, Channel 2's blustery vice-president of news, is even harsher. "This is a jihad; it's a holy war against the press, and nobody sues for peace. It's beyond my experience," says Nachman, whose estimable career in New York news has included a stint as the editor of the *Post* and as the news director at Channel 4. "It's not like you have a fight and make up. You know, you scream at each other, maybe you have lunch, and life goes on. Most politicians feel you win some and you lose some with the press. But Giuliani doesn't operate that way. He wins some, and then somebody does something he doesn't like and they're on an enemies list. Cristyne Lategano is an amateur. She doesn't realize that tomorrow's tomorrow."

Photograph by Frances M. Roberts.

Politicians now regularly succeed by abusing the media, but Lategano doesn't get much higher marks even within the administration. Many disappointed and frustrated members of the mayor's inner circle (a number of whom spoke either on or off the record for this story) blame her for what they see as a torrent of negative press about the mayor and the fact that his message and his accomplishments are being lost in the mewling of the latest skirmish.

"Remember," says one administration member who left recently, "Rudy came in as a big Republican star. Barbara Walters even came and interviewed him last year because he was believed to have national potential. Contrast this to New Jersey governor Christie Whitman, who came in as kind of a bimbo. She's now a huge star and Rudy's lost his long-term magnetism. His star potential is gone, and he's seen as irritable and cranky, because he's always involved in all this petty bullshit. If the press office were doing its job, he'd still be a star."

"SHE'S NEVER BEEN A REPORTER, SHE'S NEVER BEEN A PRESS SECRETARY, SHE'S GOT LIMITED EXPERIENCE, AND YET SHE'S SOMEHOW CONTROLLING THE DIALOGUE IN THE CITY OF NEW YORK."

Liberal Party chief Ray Harding, long a Giuliani confidant, refuses to talk about Lategano. Heavyweight media consultant David Garth, who many believe made the difference between 1989 and 1993 for Giuliani, won't discuss Lategano, either. In fact, Garth is no longer talking to the mayor at all—in large part because of a dispute they had over Lategano. Garth reportedly argued that the mayor's spokeswoman wasn't up to the job and should go. Instead, Garth went. "You have to understand," says a former member of the administration with intimate knowledge of the machinations, "Garth views the New York mayoralty as his masterpiece and he sees Lategano as a vandal."

None of this has had the slightest effect on Lategano's spectacular ascent. She has risen out of the campaign press office, where she was an aide to then–communications director Richard Bryers, to a full-fledged cabinet position. Many current and former members of the administration now believe that she has become the mayor's closest aide, the ultimate insider, surpassing even First Deputy Mayor Peter Powers. "She has the most access to the mayor and the most face time," says one former high-level member of the administration. "The fact is, there's the mayor and Cristyne Lategano, and then there's everyone else." Giuliani and Lategano, says veteran political operative Hank Scheinkopf, who is expected to handle Freddy Ferrer's mayoral run in 1997, "are like the same person."

Lategano's emergence as a Svengali has turned her into gossip fodder, spurring coy tabloid stories—such as New York *Newsday's* accounts of the mayor shopping with Lategano for a dress or their quiet, late-night dinners at McMullen's—that hinted at an extra-professional relationship. At one point late last month, just about every news organization in the city was working on a story about Giuliani and Lategano—many still are—and the press office was getting dozens of phone calls a week about it.

"Those who've gone off the record to say false things and spread rumors . . . ," says Lategano, calmly trying to address the situation. "If I were a reporter, I'd have to ask anyone who is promoting vicious, false, hurtful, insulting, degrading, demeaning things, what does that person gain from that and what agenda does he have? If I ever envy reporters anything, that's the one aspect. They can ask the questions."

"These rumors get started by people who are not friends of the mayor," says First Deputy Mayor Powers, "and perhaps people who have a problem with a woman having a job like this. I think it's very unfortunate, and it disturbs me very much. People don't say it about men. It's only the women who get beat up in these jobs when they're tough—Cristyne, [Pataki communications director] Zenia Mucha, Dee Dee Myers.

"Maybe," Powers says, "someone should do a story about that."

"Yeah, right," says New York *Times* columnist Joyce Purnick, bristling at the administration's p.c.-spin efforts. "Just like Maureen Connelly was attacked, right?" she says, pointing out that Ed Koch's press secretary had no problems because she's a woman. "It's simply not true."

Ultimately, what matters both practically and politically is how well the 30-year-old Lategano executes her dual responsibilities. Her role in the administration is critical because the message, and how effectively it gets out, helps drive the policy. This is especially true for an activist government like Giuliani's. "You have to bring the body politic along with you," says mayoral counsel Denny Young. "Part of governing is educating people about what you're doing."

"The press secretary serves two masters," acknowledges Purnick, but "anyone who's been successful in the job could balance these opposing forces. That's changed with this administration. She serves one master, period."

Demeaning rumors notwithstanding, even Lategano critics in City Hall dismiss the idea that she and Giuliani are romantically involved. But they describe the relationship as a deep one—one that has a profound effect on how the administration functions and, ultimately, how successful it will be.

"It may not be an affair of the heart, but it is an affair of the spirit—that's where the intimacy cuts," says Sheinkopf. "She's never been a reporter, she's never been a press secretary, she's got limited experience, and yet she's somehow controlling the dialogue in the city of New York."

IRONICALLY, LATEGANO'S EXTRAORDINARY influence with the mayor grew out of her desperation simply to survive City Hall infighting. A 1987 Rutgers graduate who was born in Brooklyn and raised on Long Island, Lategano worked for a year in the office of Maryland Republican congresswoman Helen Delich Bentley. She worked in the gubernatorial campaign of New Jersey state senator James Wallwork, who finished third in the primary, as well as for the '92 Bush campaign in New Jersey. In 1990. she worked for the National Republican Campaign Committee. During her six years of experience prior to signing on with the Giuliani campaign in 1993, she also worked in a Manhattan sneaker store while attending grad school at Columbia.

When Bryers, Giuliani's campaign communications director, returned to Washington following the election, the then-28-year-old Lategano became the press secretary for the new mayor almost by default. She'd done a good job during the campaign, was extremely enthusiastic and hardworking, and, important, she was around. It was heady, wonderful stuff for a young person with limited experience (a characterization Lategano disputes—she says her stint in several campaigns has been more than sufficient training in dealing with the press). Within months, however, the problems started. Giuliani didn't really get a honeymoon with the press, and the young, exuberant Lategano became the scapegoat. The mayor's advisers wanted her replaced, or at least given a boss.

They took every negative story and showed it to the mayor, claiming that if they had somebody better, they'd be able to turn things around.

"She would be sitting in her office sobbing," says one former administration insider who worked closely with Lategano, "tears streaming down her face, saying, 'What do they want from me? I work all day. I work all night. I'm on the beeper and the cell phone. I don't have a moment's peace, and they're saying I'm not doing a good job. I can't write the goddamned papers, don't they understand that?' "

There were, during this period—which ran from last summer through the early part of this year—egregious missteps spawned mostly by Lategano's inexperience. Without checking the facts, she called reporters one day in May 1994 to tell them the administration had evidence of gross mismanagement by Richard Murphy, commissioner of Youth Services under Mayor Dinkins. The story not only turned out to be false but was believed by many people to have been purposely manufactured to divert attention from the problems of Giuliani's own appointee, which were about to come to light.

PETER POWERS

first deputy mayor

"These rumors get started by people who are not friends of the mayor, and perhaps people who have a problem with a woman having a job like this. I think it's very unfortunate, and it disturbs me very much."

When Lategano was named as one of the City Hall staffers who received rent reductions from developer and Giuliani contributor William Koeppel, a couple of campaign workers said she had bragged about the deal before the story broke. (Ironically, the rent-gate story was broken by then–New York *Newsday* reporter Joe Calderone, who had earlier been a top candidate for the job of communications director when the mayor was considering getting Lategano a boss.) She also bragged in one story written about her that she had gotten a *Times* editorial killed. (It later ran.)

"So all at once she's getting terrible press, she's got this cabal of Rudy's closest people trying to get her a boss or kill her," says one former high-level member of the administration. "Her staff hates her because she treats them like shit. City Hall people hate her because she's young and arrogant and treats them like shit. The pressure to handle the [William] Bratton problem"—his great P.R.—"is growing, and everybody has identified her as the press problem. She's got the threat of death hanging over her. But every once in a while she has these quiet, tender moments with the mayor. He never defends her at meetings, in public, but sometimes when they're alone, he tells her, 'I think you're doing a great job and don't think I don't appreciate your work.' "

Lategano's survival instinct kicked in at this point, and she abandoned the press office to ride with the mayor day in and day out. "She'd be at Gracie Mansion before he left in the morning and then ride with him down to City Hall," says this same former insider. "She would travel with him to every single event no matter how banal or non-newsworthy. Public or private. She did not leave his side in that fucking ice-cream truck [the mayor's white van] for three or four months. She may have been a 29-year-old kid out of a sneaker store and a couple of half-assed campaigns, but she knew how to survive. You could no longer bad-mouth her unless you were willing to do it in front of her. She attended every meeting and was with him all the time."

But while Lategano was bonding with the mayor, her press office was falling apart. Messages piled up day after day; requests went unanswered. When she did return calls, she did it on the cell phone while she was riding around town with Giuliani. Even if she couldn't answer a policy question, it didn't matter, because she had the mayor right there next to her telling her what to say.

"The point being," the former insider says, "that by the time she'd finished a couple of months of this, Powers's influence was diminished, Denny's [Young] was diminished greatly, and Randy's [Mastro, the mayor's chief of staff] was diminished even more. Ray Harding was put in his place, and David Garth, who was the strongest proponent of getting somebody in there to fix the press office, was out. They had all tried to kill her, and she'd gotten them all taken care of."

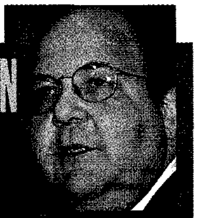
With Lategano cleaved to the mayor's side, the gossip began. "It's impossible to know," says another former member of the administration, "if the rumors started because suddenly Peter Powers had less access, or because people don't like her, or because she had crawled so far up into the mayor's lap to ensure her survival that it just looked that way. This came to be called 'the Cristyne problem.' "

Many current and former members of the administration are deeply troubled by way the Cristyne problem is being handled. But there is an explanation for Giuliani's tenacious loyalty to his aide. "Historically, most of the mayor's closest friends are people with whom he has had a strong working relationship," says Wendine Eolis, a law-practice consultant who has been a professional adviser and friend to Giuliani for more than a decade. "This includes men *and* women.

"What seems to matter to some reporters is their impression that they [Lategano and Giuliani] are inappropriately involved. The mayor's unbending loyalty to Cristyne, and their feeling that she has an untouchable position inside City Hall, has undoubtedly frustrated some of those reporters," says Eolis, who served as a member of the Giuliani transition team, then went on to work as a part-time pro bono adviser—primarily to assist Lategano—during the early months of the administration. (Since the beginning of this year, she has been a part-time senior adviser to Governor Pataki.) "Remember," Eolis says, "Cristyne is the only member of his inner circle who's not married, which as a practical matter may make it less stressful for her to be on constant call. In my extensive experience with Cristyne during the early months of the administration, her devotion to the mayor never crossed the borders of professionalism."

The more Lategano has been criticized, the more the mayor has dug in his heels. According to several administration sources, he has made it clear to everyone at City Hall that the Cristyne problem is not something he cares to discuss. When Powers raised the issue of appearances, the mayor reportedly told him, "Look, it appears fine to me. And don't bring it up again." (Powers vehemently denies any conversation about this subject took place.) One commissioner says that "in the mayor's view, the willingness to suffer pain on his behalf is *the* great virtue. And nobody has suffered like Cristyne."

Indeed, rather than concede, Giuliani promoted Lategano from press secretary to communications director on March 31. And while this did ease some tensions with the reporters by limiting her daily interactions with them, it also stoked the rumors. Along with her $25,000 salary increase—from $77,000 to $103,000—her office was moved from the front of the press room to a converted conference room next to



JERRY NACHMAN

vice-president, news, WCBS Channel 2

"This is a jihad; it's a holy war against the press, and nobody sues for peace. It's beyond my experience. . . . Cristyne Lategano is an amateur. She doesn't realize that tomorrow's tomorrow."

Photographs by Frances M. Roberts.

Giuliani's office in the basement of City Hall.

"I think they've both behaved badly and inappropriately," says one former administration member, "but I'm convinced that there's not *that* kind of a relationship going on. I do think, however, that it's some kind of bizarre father-daughter thing."

GABE PRESSMAN

Channel 4 City Hall reporter

"I've covered eight mayors, and the relationship between this mayor and the reporters in Room 9 [the City Hall press room] is the worst I've seen in 30 years."

LATE ONE AFTERNOON IN MARCH, THE MAYOR'S PRESS STAFF WAS rounded up and brought to his office in the basement of City Hall. (Though the mayor has a decorative office upstairs that is used for ceremonial purposes, the basement is where he actually works.) The aides, the speechwriters, and the photographers were all there. It was a surprise birthday celebration for assistant press secretary Lenny Alcivar. There were cakes and coffee, and everyone sang "Happy Birthday." The mood was nevertheless subdued. It was an especially tough time for the press office, and Lategano in particular.

The mayor, happily at ease with his shirtsleeves rolled up, began his remarks after everyone had gotten a piece of cake. "I know," he said, "there's been a lot of criticism of your office recently, but I want you to know I think you're all doing a wonderful job. I know you all work very hard. Keep up the good work."

The pep talk wasn't much of a surprise, but then he abruptly shifted his attention to the reporters.

"I don't know how you deal with them every day," he said, obviously not intending to hold back. "Most of them will never understand where I'm coming from, and they'll never understand the priorities of this administration. If reporters like you," he continued, "you must be doing something wrong." With everyone listening, the mayor then went on to tell his press people they shouldn't take anything they read to heart. The print reporters, he said, were "stupid." He made fun of a couple of the questions that were asked at that day's press conference and singled out *Daily News* reporter David Lewis and Paul Moses of *Newsday* for particular ridicule. He wrapped up by promising to do more radio and television, in an effort to speak directly to the people—adding with a devilish grin that going around the print reporters drives them crazy.

Giuliani's difficulty in accepting the classic City Hall–press dynamic stems in part from his inexperience as a politician. He got his training as a U.S. Attorney, whose relationship with the press is typically one of complete control. It was while serving as U.S. Attorney that Giuliani developed a substantial appetite for—perhaps addiction to—publicity.

"He was striving hard in those days with long-range goals in mind," says one former aide. "He wanted to achieve the Thomas Dewey identity . . . the gangbuster, the Eliot Ness crime-fighter, on the running boards with the tommy guns blazing; it's Rudy, Rudy, Rudy. Bustin' the mob, bustin' Wall Street, bustin' the crooked politicians. So every time the FBI, whose people really did the grunt work, brought him a case with a big bow on it, he would insist on taking the lead. If anyone else held a press conference, he'd go nuts, *nuts*.

"This man does not do a duet. He only does a solo."

It almost makes one sympathetic to Lategano's position. To ensure the mayor's loyalty, she works tirelessly. And though he has stood by her, he remains a difficult man to please. "In order to sit in this seat, there's a certain amount of pressure, and you have to be prepared to deal with that," she says. "I was chosen by the mayor to sit in this seat because he believes I can deal with it."

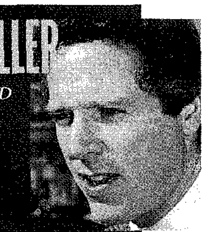
Many observers believe Lategano was chosen more for her blind obeisance. Channel 2's Jerry Nachman calls her Fräulein Turnip Truck. *Fräulein,* because they behave like storm troopers in the City Hall press office, and *Turnip Truck,* as in she just fell off one.

A more seasoned press hand certainly would have balked at some of Giuliani's directives, might have refused, for example, to call *Daily News* managing editor Arthur Browne at home and wake him at 1 A.M. over a headline: When the gas attack occurred in Japan's subway system last March, the *News* ran the headline WE HAVE NO PLAN. Lategano—on behalf of the mayor—wanted it fixed. Eventually the mayor spoke to Browne and got the headline changed to COULD IT HAPPEN HERE?

"The mayor is completely obsessed with his own image," says a former high-level member of the administration. "Where it appears, how often, whose appears instead of his. And he tortures Cristyne about it. Day, night, dawn, two in the morning, during dinner at her parents' house, at her friends' house on Long Island. It's the beeper, the phone, the cell phone, and all the time he's screaming at her, 'Why did I visit that tourist in the hospital and it's not mentioned that I was there?' Or there'd be a parade and his picture wouldn't make the papers. Instead, there'd be a little girl on a bike and he'd scream, 'Why isn't my picture there?' This is the root of the problem. The mayor thinks the press office runs the press."

ASIDE FROM REPORTERS, WHO ARE USED TO scrapping with administration flacks, Lategano's most outspoken critics are Giuliani supporters. These are the people who believe the mayor is doing a good job but fear that without anyone effectively selling his record, the only image that sticks is the ugly, bruising one. "They have these marvelous opportunities, and they're just blowing it day after day," says John Miller, the former television reporter who was the Police Department's press officer. Miller, of course, was forced to resign in a bitter purge last February because, Lategano explained at the time, Bratton needed a "reality check." The resignation came when Commissioner Bratton was getting much better press than the mayor.

Giuliani, Miller says, may "just bumble his way from one success to another until he's without a job. They have no spin, and they're fighting with everybody. And anyone who's articulated this to the mayor has gotten a lower position and less access."



JOHN MILLER

former NYPD press officer

"They have these marvelous opportunities, and they're just blowing it day after day."

Indeed, the overwhelming impression one gets of the mayor is that of a man at war: with the press, with the Board of Ed (see "The City Politic," page 51), with blacks, with the City Council, even with his own party. Where once his belligerence was attractive, now it looks like goonery. "He's dealing with the most combative electorate in the country," says one veteran of New York news and politics. "How many more interest groups can he alienate and still believe he's going to get reelected?

"The error," the newsman believes, "is the degree to which Rudy is apparently unwilling to hear other voices. Who among us is not given to excess? Who doesn't need to hear criticism? Who doesn't need to be reined in once in a while? Lategano is

Photographs: top, Richard B. Levine; bottom, Carol Halebian/Gamma-Liaison.

in his ear more than anyone else, and she has encouraged a side of Rudy that needs moderation."

"What you have here," agrees a former Giuliani aide, "is two people who feed off the same emotions, and the anger runs high. The mayor is a visceral guy anyway, so what you end up with is the worst instead of the best. [Lategano] really pumps him up. 'Kill 'em, kill 'em. That a boy, Rudy, go get 'em.' The perception of him as Mr. Tough-Guy Prosecutor is already ingrained with the public. They should play against type, not to it. They never take the high road."

A not unfair comparison can be made to Richard Nixon. Here is an extremely successful politician who never seems comfortable in his own skin and is given to paranoiac outbursts. Giuliani, a moderate Republican, has got a chronic problem with the press; he lost his first bid for the office he really wanted by a narrow margin, briefly retreated to practice law desultorily in Manhattan, and, like Nixon, subsequently won that office by a narrow margin. In this analogy, Lategano is a hybrid of Ron Ziegler, Nixon's inexperienced, much-disliked press secretary, and Bob Haldeman, the master of insider intrigue and Nixon's gatekeeper.

Like Nixon, Giuliani also seems genetically incapable of saying he's sorry or ever admitting that he's wrong. (One obvious difference, of course: Giuliani is a reformer. Nixon was a crook.) "Remember, when Nixon resigned," says one news veteran, "he didn't say, 'I'm sorry.' He said, 'I've lost my political base of support.'

"Rudy's real character flaw came out in the whole Bratton thing," he adds. "A good executive knows that if his people win, he wins. Rudy should have let Bratton get all the publicity he could. Then he could've said, 'You elected me to fight crime, and look what my police commissioner has done. Keep me around for twelve years, and I'll give you a Bratton at the Board of Ed, at HRA, and throughout this government.' "

"SHE WOULD BE SITTING IN HER OFFICE, TEARS STREAMING DOWN HER FACE, SAYING, 'WHAT DO THEY WANT FROM ME? I WORK ALL DAY. I WORK ALL NIGHT. AND THEY'RE SAYING I'M NOT DOING A GOOD JOB.' "

THINGS HAVE RELAXED A bit in the press office since Colleen Roche was named press secretary back in May. But the administration's overall policy remains the same. Several weeks ago, *Daily News* reporter Mark Mooney was working on a story about privatizing the city's hospitals. A report on the subject was about to be issued by a blue-ribbon panel. After tracking the story for three or four weeks, Mooney believed he had pieced together what was in the report before it was due to be officially released. The paper planned to give his exclusive substantial play. But when he was in the final stages of his reporting, he found that suddenly nobody would return his calls.

Mooney, who had written several stories about Maria Mitchell, the mayor's chief health-care adviser, and her problems with parking tickets, was being frozen out. Mitchell apparently got word that he was about to break the story and—determined to ruin his exclusive—gave the report to the *Times*, the *Post*, and *Newsday*. Everyone but Mooney. *Daily News* managing editor Arthur Browne called Peter Powers to find out what was going on.

"We don't like Mooney's reporting," Powers said to Browne, "and we're going to teach him a lesson." In full earshot of the newsroom, Browne screamed at Powers that this sort of power play was unacceptable. When the shouting match ended, the newsroom gave Browne a standing ovation.

Disappointingly, spirited responses to the administration's bullying tactics have been rare. For the most part, the city's news organizations have accommodated themselves to the chronically hostile treatment and tried to adjust.

This has discomfiting long-term implications. Personalities come and go, but precedents are being set that could define the relationship between New York's press corps and City Hall for years. Mayor Giuliani, Joyce Purnick of the *Times* says, has proven for the first time that it is possible to ignore the New York print media and go directly to the public through town meetings and television. "Take a look at Rudy Giuliani's weekly schedule and you'll see it's loaded with press interviews. But these are essentially photo ops, where he takes softball questions from anchors not really into the details enough to ask intelligent follow-up questions. Rather than sit down and painstakingly try to explain his positions, he can go directly—and uncritically—to the people."

The administration response—as articulated by Powers, Denny Young, and others—is: How can anyone say this is a closed administration? The mayor is available at a press conference to talk to reporters every day. This is true, but time is limited, the mayor filibusters, and he rarely takes follow-ups. In any event, the stilted atmosphere of a press conference is, at best, of limited value to reporters who need something more substantial or nuanced than a sound bite. It's more useful as a way for Giuliani to launch his rhetorical attack of the day.

"I suppose I didn't expect more from my colleagues in broadcasting," says Jerry Nachman about the lack of protest by the press, "but I thought my former print colleagues would be more outspoken." Though New York *Newsday* regularly battled the administration, the *Times* seems to have concluded that it's only City Hall, and they're a national newspaper—especially now, with New York *Newsday* gone. The *Post* is an odd case. Rupert Murdoch is certainly a staunch Giuliani supporter and friend, but the paper's acquiescence is more complicated. Murdoch's press organs have always shown a willingness to nuke his friends as well as his enemies for the sake of a good story. (Doubters should look back at the screaming front-page headline the *Post* ran when the Gingrich sex story broke last summer.)

The *Daily News* is another matter. "The universal perception is that the *Daily News* is prodigiously in the tank," says Nachman. "The big question is when will Mort Zuckerman realize he's bigger than Rudy Giuliani? The day he has that epiphany is the day the politics of this city change."

At least one media veteran believes that the administration will ultimately die the death of a thousand cuts. This would be sad, since Giuliani, with his successes in cutting crime and his politically brave assaults on the deficit and the business-as-usual bureaucratic establishment, is the first truly transformative mayor this city has had in years. "You cannot win if the press is trying to kill you," political consultant Sheinkopf says hopefully. "Just ask David Dinkins. Ask Ed Koch. When it comes down to it, this will be a morality play. There hasn't been a lot of bad news yet, but when it happens—and it will happen, because this is New York—the press will do what it has historically done in confrontational relationships.

"They will exercise their justified feelings of anger and take their appropriate pound of revenge."

THE CITY POLITIC MICHAEL TOMASKY

GIULIANI VS. THE BOARD OF ED

Now that Cortines is leaving the ring, let the next round begin.

Ramon Cortines hasn’t had much occasion for merriment during the past two weeks, but on the first day of school at P.S. 57 on Crotona Avenue in the Bronx, the schools chancellor was beaming. The elementary school, plunked down in the middle of a poor and notoriously corrupt school district, is one of those vast, Dickensian, Gothic-style structures we’re supposed to be moving away from. It is also one of the departing chancellor’s success stories. The school worked its way off a state list of underachievers this year and met state math standards for the first time in a long time. Last spring, when Cortines visited the school, he threatened to fire the principal, but administrators and parents begged for one more chance. He gave it to them. The district is cleaning up its act, too, under a superintendent the local board opposed but Cortines supported. The chancellor brought along a small stipend as a reward and delivered words of encouragement to the children, but you couldn’t help thinking the chancellor had a different audience in mind when he said: “You see, boys and girls, sometimes when you get old like I am, you realize that you don’t know it all, and you have to listen.”

Down at City Hall, knowing it all is in, and listening is out. This fall, Mayor Rudy Giuliani is shifting his rhetoric into hyperdrive. Cortines got run over first, when the usual opening-day confusion plus lingering budgetary squabbles emboldened the mayor to call the chancellor “precious” yet again. When the mayor used the word before, its gay-baiting overtones set off sparks (Cortines may or may not be gay—as if it mattered!—but Rudy seems to have made up his mind). Board of Education president Carol Gresser came next. Gresser had objected that the mayor’s secret interviews of chancellor candidates were making the board’s search—and it *is* the board’s search—difficult. The mayor didn’t stop at calling her irrelevant or silly, either; he belittled her intelligence. Never mind that she’s been involved in education far longer than he. His chats with the candidates were necessary, he said, because they were “beyond Carol Gresser’s ability to carry on a substantive conversation.”

Lots of people, not just political opponents, think Giuliani really lost it when he attacked Gresser. Certainly, a mayor has a right to meet with chancellor candidates at some point in the process, and certainly it is in everyone’s interest for the mayor and the next chancellor to get along. But the backroom meetings and the mayor’s insistence that candidates agree with him point by point on all the administrative issues had people wondering whether Giuliani wasn’t trying to impose a chancellor by fiat. Indeed, Giuliani had already “offered” the job—which is not his to offer—to Queens borough president Claire Shulman. She doesn’t have a business background, which is something the mayor had said was important to him, but she does run a large borough with lots of votes. She turned it down.

Cortines at the new, improved P.S. 57: Who will get to pick his successor?

Must it happen like this? The mayor has two appointees of his own on the seven-member Board of Education, and an ally in Staten Island’s appointee. Two yea votes were all that were needed to get someone on the long candidates’ list. Three votes got a candidate on the shortlist, and then each board member got to add a name. In other words, the mayor’s appointees have been given plenty of say in the process.

For Giuliani, though, it’s not enough. “I don’t quite understand his strategy,” says Robert Berne, dean of NYU’s Robert F. Wagner Graduate School of Public Service. “If he had played this a very different way, he’d be sitting now with more power than he has.” When the mayor took office, Berne recalled, many favored reforming the independent-board structure to give the mayor more authority. All changes have to be made by state legislators; had the mayor displayed less spleen, Berne says, he could probably have won support for two more seats on the board—“if not total control.” Now, Assembly education-committee chair Steve Sanders, a Democrat, says bluntly, “It’s not going to happen.”

The mayor won’t stop pushing, of course, but the question is, what is he pushing *for*? His two big demands are that he be given control over the budget and that the NYPD be put in charge of school security. The former has merit, and Giuliani’s Democratic predecessors sought it as much as he has. He provides the money, and he deserves some say in how it’s spent, especially since voters pin the results on him.

But you can’t help wondering two things: First of all, what have the mayor’s reforms got to do with learning? Herman Badillo, one of Giuliani’s top education advisers, talks endlessly about the lack of standards, and he’s mainly right. But Badillo’s not the mayor. And Cortines has actually tried to address this problem. He appointed and worked closely with a commission chaired by education scholar Diane Ravitch, and though that may not sound like much, no one had ever done it before. There are more students taking and passing Regents-level math and science courses than ever before. There are more than 300 students in an academy that gives disadvantaged kids extra preparation to get them into the better high schools. It’s a perfect example of a non-quota affirmative-action program that helps black and Latino students without lowering standards.

Even Badillo applauds these, but says, “With Cortines, it’s always *mañana* times two or three years.” Cortines says he agrees with Badillo on some things—ending “social promotion” (the practice of moving children along whether or not they’re academically ready), for example. Badillo, however, “politicizes it and just doesn’t understand that you can’t mandate it just like that,” says the chancellor. In two short years, Cortines “got people to focus on the right thing, and that’s whether kids are learning,” says Ravitch.

Question two: How do you improve learning while cutting $1.3 billion from education, as the mayor has done in the last two years? Happily, the education bureaucracy has been slashed by a third, but do cuts that size allow for educational improvements?

Giuliani’s success as a crime fighter may look like a function of will, but it’s much more importantly a function of money. The NYPD is working better partly because of new strategies; but $400 million from a special tax levy and roughly 6,000 more cops had a lot to do with it, too. New York spends $8 billion on education right now. That may sound like a lot, but is it enough to educate one million children, many of whom lack the family support middle-class kids take for granted? Ravitch, for one, thinks it may not be, especially if we want the services that better jurisdictions provide—universal prekindergarten, for instance. But just imagine bringing up such an idea in the current climate.

The larger debates will have to wait. For now, everyone’s watching the Board of Education. Will it capitulate to the mayor and give him the chancellor he wants, or will it defy him? Defiance seems unlikely—nobody’s gone toe-to-toe with Giuliani so far—but he’s pushed the board harder than he’s ever pushed before, and one of these days, somebody’s going to punch back.

Photograph by George M. Gutierrez.

TALKINGOUTOFSCHOOL

ED KOCH AND OUTGOING CHANCELLOR RAMON CORTINES ON THE FOUR R'S EVERY NEW YORK CITY EDUCATION BOSS SHOULD KNOW: READING, 'RITING, 'RITHMETIC, AND RUDY.

By Maer Roshan

"Let's kick some ass," bellowed Ed Koch, biting into a spring roll at Indochine recently. The former mayor was on hand to send off his friend Ramon Cortines, the popular schools chancellor who announced his resignation in June following a nasty two-year power struggle with Mayor Rudy Giuliani. In a candid two-hour conversation with New York's *Maer Roshan, Koch and Cortines sounded off on the state of the schools—and the state of Rudy Giuliani. For the chancellor, who doesn't leave his job for another month, the interview was a notable departure from his usual even-tempered restraint. "People need to know how this administration deals with education," he bristled as Koch beamed. "No more Mr. Nice Guy."*

Maer Roshan: New York City has spit out six chancellors in twelve years. Is anyone out there masochistic enough to become the seventh?

Ramon C. Cortines: It's an exciting, rewarding job, but anybody would be crazy to take it.

Ed Koch: But *someone* will. Not the best person, but some second-rater. Because the mayor has opened up a Pandora's box: He's lost a great chancellor and made it nearly impossible to get someone first-rate. Anyone who accepts this job knows that if he doesn't bend the knee, kiss the ring, he will not have the mayor's support. He will have the mayor's hostility, animosity. Someone who wants to build will say, "Why do I have to come up to New York and be destroyed?"

Cortines: And New York *needs* a strong chancellor. The problems in this system are deep and institutional. Things don't change in a day. I mean, some of the community districts still thumb their nose at me. There's still patronage and corruption. Day after day I deal with it. When I said I was leaving, they told me to my face, "It's back to business as usual."

Roshan: Your predecessor here found himself tripped up by hot-button social issues like condoms and the Rainbow Curriculum. Did you make a conscious decision to back off from them?

Cortines: No. As people will tell you, I've been stronger than he was. I've pushed the agenda; it just wasn't my priority.

Roshan: What was the agenda?

Cortines: To teach tolerance without rocking the boat. So when you introduce condoms, you give parents the opportunity to opt out, which very few will do.

Koch: Less than one percent, as everybody predicted.

Cortines: That's right. But it was a divisive issue, and I settled it down. Now, what's coming up next is the HIV-AIDS curriculum. And the advisory board has voted against condom demonstration. And yet we have it in the ninth grade, and I'm not backing off on that. I *know* how many kids are infected. It's not how many are dying now, because kids who are infected now aren't going to die for ten years! I'm not going to have that on my conscience. But I think people were pleasantly surprised that I moved in a quiet way.

Koch: The great conciliator.

Cortines: See, Joe [Fernandez] got bad advice. They didn't fire *Joe.* They fired the people around him. Which is what they tried to do to me. [Chief operations officer] Barry Sullivan, the chairman of First Chicago, a mentee of David Rockefeller, is castigated every day. The truth is, I hired the best in the nation. I threw myself at them and said, "I need you." Even [Felix] Rohatyn, my friend, said, "Ray, back off on this." I said, "Back off? *Why?*" "Well, the mayor doesn't like it." "Well, tell me why. Tell me [Sullivan] is incompetent. And if he is, I'll back off." "Well, of course it's not incompetence, Ray. It's politics." And I said, "Bullshit! Education has been politicized for too long!" I haven't done anything different than I said I would when they came down to interview me in Washington. I said what I'd do, and I've done it.

Roshan: The mayor insists that if he is given the authority, he can get the school system under control.

Cortines: Give it to him! I've always said, "Give it *all* to somebody." *Somebody* has to be held accountable. This city can no longer allow the manipulation of any statistic. Take crime. . . . Everybody knows that crime among adults has gone down in every city in this nation. And everyone knows it's jumped among teenagers 14 to 21. So don't give me this bullshit that it's the *schools* that are out of control. Let me tell you: The schools are running better than they ever have before.

Roshan: Do you believe you've gone as far as you can in cutting the fat out of the system?

Cortines: There's fat. Are there people not doing their jobs? Yes. Are they just in the Education Department? No. They're in *every* department that works for the public. The problem is that the schools are so much more publicized. Have you seen the statistics on other departments? On the number of administrators in the Police Department or in the Health Department or any other? People told me, "Well, say that. Point your finger at *them.*" But that just shifts the battle. It has nothing to do with improving teaching and learning.

Roshan: When the mayor's people are questioned about the rancor between you, they say it's a clash of styles. That Rudy believes you are too weak to fight an entrenched bureaucracy.

Cortines: What haven't I fought? Give me specifics. Tell me—whether it's the human-resources office, or the data office, or planning, or in technology—where haven't I come through?

PHOTOGRAPH BY FRANK VERONSKY
FOR NEW YORK

Koch and Cortines: Indiscreet at Indochine.

Nobody has cut more. *Nobody.* You check. See, it's all rhetoric. He never goes into detail. "Captive of the bureaucracy." What . . . ? What the hell does that mean?

What City Hall has done with the school system is irresponsible. They always criticize. But you never hear specifics. It's always the broad brush of bureaucracy. The broad brush of management. *What have I not done?* Have my budgets not always come in balanced? Now, I may not have balanced the budget the way *the mayor* wanted it done. I refuse to arbitrarily cut 10 percent across the board. I won't chop up the budget with a machete. It can be downsized, but it has to be done intelligently.

Koch: The fact is, Ray's sincerity and independence shine through on every occasion I've seen him. But that's not what Rudy wants. Rudy wanted someone who would be subservient to his wishes. *But that's not the chancellor's role, and it's not this chancellor*, in any event, who could submit to that kind of bullshit.

Cortines: You know, I always wanted to be part of the mayor's team. I didn't have anywhere else to go. I didn't want to upstage him. I want to help make this city work. But I can't do it by pulling the plug on the schools. Maybe somebody else can, but not me.

Koch: Do you know what you're going to have?

Cortines: The salmon special.

Koch: Why don't you get an appetizer? You don't eat much.

Cortines: I've been working out.

Koch: Look at him. He's *iron*!

Cortines: It's how I deal with the stress. Back in San Francisco, I was getting sloppy; I was drinking a little too much and not listening to my body. It's a stressful job. But you get energized by progress. See, I don't see myself as an educator. I see myself as a manager, a CEO. I've done more in operations than I've done in education. It's just not as noticeable.

CORTINES: I'LL TELL YOU WHAT THE MAYOR SAID TO THE BOARD; IT'S NOT A SECRET
I TELL HIM TO DO SOMETHING, HE DOES IT WITHOUT QUESTION." KOCH: HE WANTS TO

Roshan: The terms you're using—*CEO, manager*—are the same things Giuliani says he wants in a chancellor.

Cortines: I know that.

Roshan: So why didn't you fit the bill?

Cortines: Well, I'll tell you what he said to the board; it's not secret anymore. He said, "I want a chancellor who, when I tell him to do something, he does it without question."

Koch: He wants to be that benevolent dictator he talks about.

Cortines: Not with me. It's not my way. It's not easy for me to compromise. I'm opinionated. I'm strong. I won't be bulldozed. But I would have loved to work with you, Ed. We would have fought, but it would have been a wonderful relationship.

Koch: Right. It would. My big shtick was, I believe we're wasting an enormous amount of money on special ed. It would be defensible if the students came out of it better, but they don't come out of it, ever! So I think that you should make an effort to mainstream all but the most profoundly disabled. Some will sink; some will swim. Those who sink, put them back into . . .

Cortines: He said: "Cut the damn mess out and make it work." And let me tell you, it's been—don't get upset about this, Ed—it's been no different with Mayor Dinkins. He calls me and says, "Why aren't you doing this, this, and this . . . ?"

Koch: That's what a mayor should do!

Roshan: You're not jealous, Ed.

Koch: No! It's the first time Dinkins got involved in the state of education. [Laughing] I'm glad to hear it!

Roshan: Let's talk about accountability. Giuliani argues persuasively that if the mayor is blamed when the schools don't work, he should be given the power to make them work. You argued the same thing when you were mayor, Ed.

Koch: But I never tried to impose myself on the board. I had to work with them, just like he does. What I *have* said is that the mayor ought to have far greater appointing power than is currently the case. You see, before Lindsay, all the members of the Board of Ed were appointed by the mayor. Then Lindsay screwed up the school system, and the state legislature was so angry that they stripped the mayor of all appointments but two.

What I want to do is increase the board to fifteen members, ten appointed by the mayor. To offset the complaint that it would be too political, a screening board would give the mayor three names for each position, and the mayor could appoint one out of the three until he got ten. That way, he'd at least have a board that was philosophically coherent.

Roshan: Why do it in this piecemeal manner, though? What is the reason for not having the mayor . . .

Koch: Because the mayor is not an educator. What the hell did I know about education?

Roshan: Probably as much as you know about health and sanitation and corrections.

Koch: Oh, no, the mayor doesn't . . . See, Giuliani says he runs the Police Department. I've heard him say it! But he *doesn't* run the Police Department. If he's running the Police Department, he should fire the police commissioner. What Giuliani has to do is to set policy and to appoint first-rate people. . . .

Roshan: But if the mayor has the power to choose his own police commissioner, why not the schools chancellor?

Koch: Because education has always been perceived as different from any other service, and one that should be left, in great part, to educators—not to public officials.

Cortines: See, we've gotten caught up in the governance issue. And it overshadows the mission of the schools. Whatever the mayor wants or the board wants, they can't do, because the legislature has to approve. So here we have all this bickering back and forth, and it's really the legislature that has to decide whether to give control to the mayor . . .

Koch: And they'll never give it to this mayor. *Never.*

Roshan: Why?

Koch: Because one, they don't like him. Two, even if they *did* like him, they have an inherent feeling that this is not something he should be totally in charge of.

Cortines: There's also a financial issue that needs to be addressed. In almost every other school district but New York City, the state gives money directly to the school system. I mean, [the city] shouldn't be able to balance the budget by skimming off education. If it's for education, it's for education.

Roshan: The mayor makes the point that he is much better equipped to stand up to the unions.

Cortines: Well, of course he is. But he obviously doesn't want to.

Roshan: You think he backed down from the union fight?

Cortines: Well, even the tabloids said that. And the unions need to be held accountable. And it's not just the teachers' union. It is the administrators', and the custodians', and all the others. See, the mayor brags about his victories. But look at the fine print. Look at the custodial contract. We initially proposed a cap of $77,000, but when the mayor took over, some custodians came away making $83,000.

The problems we're now having with the unions is because the school system was never involved initially. Today, for the first time, we had a meeting with the school staff and the unions, and the superintendent, and the mayor's people. But this is after the mayor already made a no-layoff commitment . . .

Koch: He caved in.

Cortines: The board doesn't know yet, but he promised the unions no layoffs for three years. Look—I don't want to lay off people summarily. But what's happening is that instead of educating kids, we've become an employment agency. This city is in big economic trouble, and I don't think you can arbitrarily make promises—because of votes—when you have not talked to the people most affected by your decisions. The unions have fought me like crazy. They said, "We're not giving up a damn thing!" They warned me, "You're pushing us into the arms of the mayor." And I said, "So be it." I'm not intimidated by that.

Roshan: What do you think about the mayor's decentralization proposal? Why *not* take power away from Livingston Street and give it to the schools?

Cortines: I think it's bullshit. It sounds good. During my tenure, I've done a lot to give principals more authority. But there's no teeth to make it work. And one of the reasons some groups want it is because they *know* that ultimately nobody will be accountable. They say, "Oh, we'll empower the teacher." Well, we'll empower the teacher until there is a discipline problem. They don't want to handle it. And they shouldn't have to—they're there to teach. Someone must be in charge.

Roshan: What do you think accounts for the vitriol that's developed between you and the mayor? Chancellors and mayors have often been at odds. But its never gotten so personal before.

Cortines: I never took it personally.

Roshan: Calling you "whiny" . . .

Cortines: Yeah, and all that kind of crap.

Roshan: That's not personal?

Cortines: Not to me. You rise above it.

Koch: But he does it with everybody. His interpersonal skills are just terrible! And it's because he's convinced that *he* knows what has to be done, and somehow or other his election gives him the right, even though in some areas, like education, he *doesn't* have the right.

RE. HE SAID, "I WANT A CHANCELLOR WHO, WHEN
IT BENEVOLENT DICTATOR HE TALKS ABOUT.

Cortines: That's true. Tell me to fire somebody, and if they've done something wrong, I'll do it. Show me the evidence. But I will not do it because of politics. That's my value to the city.

Koch: After Ray resigned the first time last April, we had a little lunch. And I said: "Here were your mistakes. First, when you got the job, you should have brought one or two people with you who you could trust and count on at all times, because when it comes to a strange milieu, you don't know *who* you can trust." But that's another story. Then I said, "When [the mayor] called you to Gracie Mansion, you should *never* have gone at night." I mean, that's all part of the treatment.

Cortines: He called me late at night. And then he left me sitting there for an hour.

Koch: "Second, if you *had* to go at a very late hour, then you should have brought somebody with you. And finally, when he told you, 'You must fire these two people,' then you should have handled it with a certain amount of levity. You should have said, 'Mr. Mayor, that's a *wonderful* idea; I'll fire two people, and you fire these two people in your administration. You tell me who I'm going to fire, and I'll tell you who you're going to fire.' Because the mayor doesn't have the right to tell the chancellor who he should fire or who he should hire."

Cortines: So I resigned. And he doesn't realize that I settled the city down by taking back the job! You know, people thought I planned the whole thing, but I couldn't have cared less. I just wanted to go home.

Koch: My feeling is that had you not come back at that point, the mayor would have begged you to come back. But why is it that you fight him on security? Why *shouldn't* the police take over school security?

Cortines: Nobody has heard the full story. The fact is, from the start, I said responsibility should be shared. I didn't hire the individual we had in charge of safety: He didn't know his head from a hole in the ground. He was actually scared of the schools. When there were incidents, I had to *order* him to go in. So when this issue heated up, I called [police commissioner William J.] Bratton, and I said, "You know, if this is about recruitment, if this is about training, I want you to take charge of it all. I have the legal authority to give it to you. But if it's about taking over the entire security apparatus, that's up to the board."

Koch: So when did the confrontation take place?

Cortines: Later, after I called Bratton. He said, "Ray, I thank you for calling me. Can I share this with the mayor?" I said, "Of course you can." And he said, "I'll get back to you." He never did.

Roshan: So instead, you're fighting it out in the press. You never talked to the mayor personally about the situation?

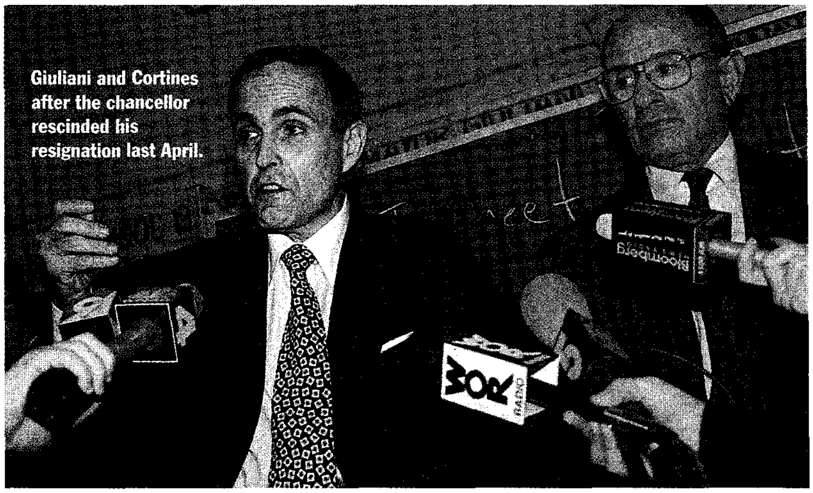
Cortines: No.

Koch: So if I understand it correctly, you have no objection to the New York City Police Department training—

Cortines: —screening, and recruiting security personnel.

Roshan: So where do you disagree?

Cortines: I believe that ultimately, they must remain under the authority of the schools. Some things the police *can* handle better. But some incidents they can't. You don't handle kids with a billy club and a gun!



Giuliani and Cortines after the chancellor rescinded his resignation last April.

Koch: So the issue was who would decide when the cops could physically enter school buildings, and you believe that it was your decision, not theirs.

Cortines: That's right.

Koch: And I happen to agree.

Cortines: Power must be shared. I've been to several places where it's working, where the precinct captain has assigned uniformed officers to be on campus, but the kids know it, our security knows it—it's a team effort. That's how you solve problems. You sit down and talk about it. But when I raised these things in my report, the mayor called me "sophomoric."

Roshan: Chancellor, I've heard people wonder why you remained quiet for so long—especially once the mayor's attacks became increasingly personal. Some of the epithets he's tossed at you—as some reporters have noted—could be construed as injecting sexual orientation into the debate.

Cortines: I've said I won't discuss that. I don't know if that's it.

Roshan: But you don't think words like *precious* are loaded with connotations?

Cortines: I never thought of that. You know, I've dealt with innuendo all my life.

Roshan: But it's a little different having to deal with it from the mayor of New York.

Cortines: I decided early on that I could either engage in rhetoric or engage in my mission. I chose to engage in the mission. I mean, he makes the comment that I would agree to something in his office and go out and do something else. That's not true. I would go out and interpret what we said, and do *(continued on page 154)*

Photograph by James Nubile/JB Pictures.

Girls! Girls! Girls! The author gets ready for work.

Naked City

One woman's journey through the heart of New York stripping

LONG BEFORE I WAS A WRITER, I WAS A STRIPPER. BACK THEN, before every subculture from grunge to S&M to queer was mined and fed into the media maw as the Next Big Thing, stripping was not much more than a disreputable way to earn a living. In recent years, a whole battalion of pro-sex feminists, spurred on by the estimable Camille Paglia and the spunky Susie Bright, have rushed to embrace pornography and the sex business as legitimate vehicles for self-exploration and liberation. This has given sex work, as it is called, a newfound credibility—*it's not just exposing yourself for cash; it's a way of exploring deep issues of intergender politics*—and the mainstream has taken note. Suddenly, I've gone from social leper to groovy-hip renegade *objet,* not to mention a source of really cool cocktail-party stories.

But has the business itself changed much, now that fancy new clubs are opening all over town and movies like *Showgirls* and next year's *Striptease* are portraying strippers as the latest incarnation of the plucky working girl? I'd danced on 42nd Street in the late eighties before moving to San Francisco, and now seemed like a good time to return to New York, cobble my two careers together, and go undercover for a giant strip-a-thon.

By Lily Burana

PHOTOGRAPHED BY F. SCOTT SCHAFER
FOR *NEW YORK*

Baby Doll Lounge

34 White Street

THE FIRST CLUB ON MY ITINERARY, the Baby Doll, is rich with bohemian lore. In fact, it seems every punk-rock girl who's ever had to scrounge for rent money has a Baby Doll story. I can scarcely believe that this little club is the stuff of legend, because it is so seedy and depressingly quiet. On the small platform stage by the door, a lone dancer slouches around to Aerosmith, tatty black panties bagging about her skinny hips. Seated at the bar and along the far stage are a sparse assortment of artist types, Wall Streeters, and occupationally ambiguous sad sacks.

The manager, Anthony, a pleasant thirtysomething man dressed in jeans and a T-shirt, tells me that if I have a dress and G-string with me, he can put me onstage right away, and I can stay as long as I want. He never asks me for any I.D.

The dank basement dressing room smells so awful that it literally makes me gag. The door to the bathroom stall is torn off its hinges, and the toilet is clogged. A chunky, purple-haired girl applying gobs of mascara greets me cheerfully, but I'm so overwhelmed by the moldy stench that I can't make conversation.

I didn't bring music, so Anthony lets me riffle through a stack of CDs next to the stereo in the storeroom. I pluck out the Cult's *Sonic Temple* and hop on the front stage. The CD player skips constantly, making for a very spastic routine. There are chains hanging from the ceiling over the stage, and I bonk my head on them several times before I realize that this stage must be negotiated with extreme caution. The brass go-go poles on the stage are so crusty that when I flip upside down, instead of sliding to the floor, I kind of stick there.

I imagine Christopher Walken peeling off hundred dollar b

The management seems to understand that its establishment is not exactly a forum for sophisticated social interaction. When I get trapped in conversation at the bar with a creepy patron, Anthony sidles up and whispers, "You don't have to be nice to the customers if you don't want to."

In addition to keeping all the tips made onstage, scheduled dancers receive a $60 shift stipend, which ain't bad ("freelancers," girls like me who aren't booked in advance, work for tips only). You're expected to sell seven drinks a shift (earning a dollar-per-drink commission), and if you don't make quota, your shift pay is docked $5. On slow shifts, however, you are granted some slack.

Despite the accommodating management and affable, offbeat dancers, I can't warm up to the pathos-a-go-go of the Baby Doll. Each dancer needs to find her own niche—a club in which she feels comfortable—and I feel best working in a place that has a bit of spit and polish, or at least a functioning toilet. While Charles Bukowski would've loved this joint, it's a bit grim for my taste.

Billy's Topless

729 Sixth Avenue, at 24th Street

TO DANCE AT BILLY'S, I HAVE TO GO through its off-premises booking agent. Milton, who books both feature and house dancers for a number of clubs, is a salty-dog veteran from the bygone days of the burlesque circuit. Since most clubs now book their own house girls, he's the last of a dying breed. The walls of his Flatiron Building office are adorned with old cheesecake pinups, and the air is retro-authentically thick with cigarette smoke.

I take a shine to Milton right away because he likes to kid. He tells me the audition consists of stripping down to my underwear in the back room, then parading before him so he can "make sure she has all her parts." When I emerge, he gives me an appraising glance, picks up a cowbell from his desk and rattles it heartily. "Yep," he says, "you ring my bell!"

Milton also scores points because he only books Manhattan clubs that offer shift pay. "I don't involve myself with clubs that don't pay and make the girls tip out the doorman, the house, the D.J., and the stinkin' makeup artist," he huffs, eyes indignant behind his bifocals. After checking my I.D. and booking me for an afternoon shift at Billy's, Milton bids me adieu. "If you know any other pretty girls like yourself who want to dance, send 'em to me." Will do, Milton.

Billy's Topless is a small, blue-collar-mellow kind of place. The décor is reminiscent of a rundown Mexican restaurant, with cheap tinsel garlands and Christmas lights draped about, plus a sign on the wall cheerily boasting, BILLY'S WELCOMES ITS FRIENDS FROM NEW JERSEY!

The six girls on the shift dance for 30 minutes out of each hour on a narrow runway stage. Each girl dances ten minutes in one spot, then moves down the line each time another girl comes up. You can do floor work (moves done in a prone position) onstage here, but the carpeting looks like it might bite, so I dance standing up.

While the "take one down, pass 'er around," rotation is efficient, it is also supremely dull. During my third half-hour working my way along the stage, I start fantasizing about Camille Paglia charging in on a white horse to save me. "Toil ye not in boredom, O pagan goddess!" she bellows, then with a flourish scoops me up alongside her in the saddle and squires me away to an intimate café, where we eat rum-soaked cakes and dis French theorists. When my reverie ends, I survey my reflection in the mirror behind the bar and note with distaste that the red party lights over the stage make the pale blue veins in my breasts look black.

Since strip-club customers can be a boorish lot, talking to them can prove more challenging than dancing for them. But Billy's boys are courteous and fun, so I spend my offstage moments at the bar, drinking sodas and chatting. I get in deep with a shopworn salesman and a handsome Japanese artist, both of whom seem genuinely grateful for the company.

By the time I get my $50 cash pay at the shift's end, I'm all talked out and every muscle is shrieking in pain. Typical re-entry fatigue. As I exit the club, I enviously eye a dancer sitting onstage, smiling beatifically as she tucks one ankle at a time behind her head.

Blue Angel

44 ½ Walker Street

BLUE ANGEL IS A CROSS BETWEEN A Weimar-era cabaret and a folksy beatnik dive, shot through a porno filter. At first glance, I immediately understand why Drew Barrymore did her notorious striptease here: It's cool as all get-out. The tiny basement club looks like it was inspired by someone's childhood notion of what a nudie bar should look like: exposed brick walls, café tables, two minuscule platform stages, and a lap-dancing lounge with black-satin-and-leopard-print-covered couches, shielded from prying eyes by black chiffon drapes.

The dancers are equally cool. There's no pressure from the all-female management to conform to the "big hair, fake nails, fake breasts" McStripper look, so the dancers—of multifarious ages and shapes—flaunt septum rings, atomic dye jobs, and retro drag. They also choose their own music and choreograph their own shows, resulting in a level of originality unparalleled at any other place in town.

The big draw at the club is the weekend performance art. One notable act is a magic routine by a woman who appears to be well into her fifties. The act itself isn't nearly as remarkable as the chutzpa.

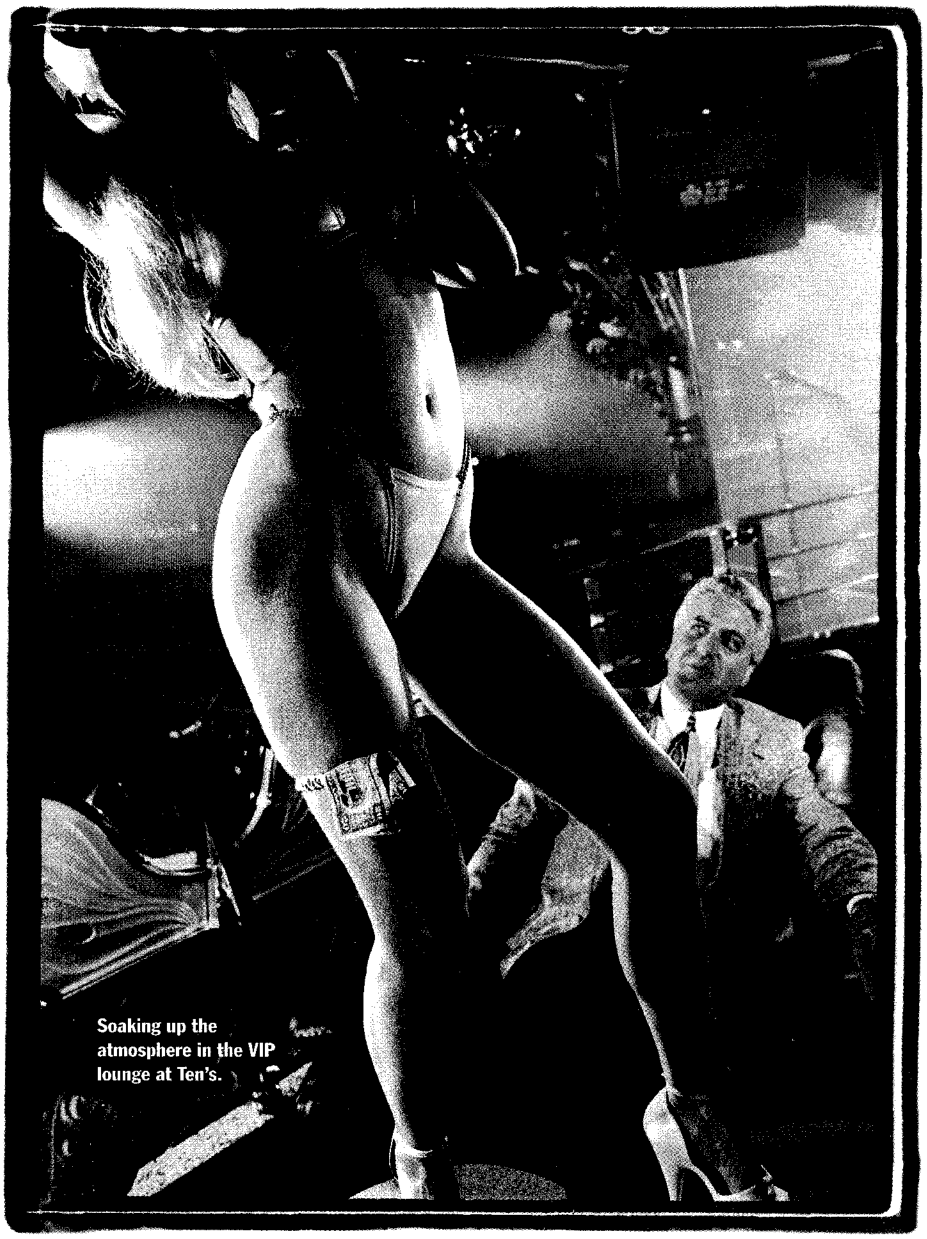
I watch her from a table where a customer and I are sharing a Coke. When the woman reappears onstage wearing nothing but a huge Minnie Mouse head and a bra-and-bloomers set fitted with ludicrous plastic breasts and buttocks, and proceeds to jiggle her loose flesh to "Jailhouse Rock," my companion grimaces: "She frightens me."

She frightens me, too, but for a different reason. Is that going to be me in 25 years? Much as I admire this gal's moxie, I don't want to follow in her footsteps. I'd rather bow out while I'm at the top of my form, with the satisfaction that I was done with the sex industry before the sex industry was done with me.

When I get onstage at midnight, laced into my black long-line corset with a leather sentry cap perched atop my pigtails, to dance to Madonna's "Erotica," I've hit my stride. My feet are once again used to being stuffed into high heels, and even though the clientele is close enough to my peer group to give me a slight "naked in the classroom" feeling, I'm charged by their artsy energy. The place is so mobbed that after my act, I have to pass my hat through the crowd to collect my tips.

Unfortunately, a full house does not necessarily beget a full wallet. Most of the weekenders are hip Looky Loos more interested in the action on the stage than in the lounge (which, at roughly $20 a lapdance, is considerably more profitable). The real money gets made during the weekdays, when the slummers are replaced by regular spenders. I do, however, manage to lure a few fellows into the lounge for some lap dances.

New York–style lap dancing is done topless while sitting face-forward astride the patron's lap. It's fairly simple, but since we're on a couch, my feet don't touch the ground. I have a tough time getting enough leverage to perform any successful lap maneuvers, and end up wedging my feet between the cushions and sinking in like so much loose change, pinning the customer beneath me in a helpless contortion.


Soaking up the atmosphere in the VIP lounge at Ten's.

ls and saying, "You are neither tan nor giddy. I like that."

The creative mind behind Blue Angel is Ute Hanna, a quietly stunning German woman whose managerial philosophy is simple: "I wanted to create the club that I wished existed when I was a dancer," she says. But with a small support staff, Ute has to be the muscle as well as the brains of the operation. When the sink backs up, it is Ute who marches through the curtained-off dressing area to the stockroom in search of a plunger.

Unlike most dancers, who rise to the managerial ranks with a "new boss—same as the old boss" callousness, Ute treats her dancers with compassion. Girls are allowed to come and go as they please and only have to pay the $20 house fee if they do more than three lapdances a night. When I head for the exit at the end of my shift, she calls after me, "Have the doorman walk you to the corner to get a cab."

FlashDancers

1674 Broadway, at 52nd Street

MY FIRST DRAMA: I AM ALMOST denied an audition at FlashDancers because I am wearing underwear. After trudging down the fusty, neon-lit staircase into the club, I navigate the slick chrome-and-strobe darkness to find Marsha the Manager, a large woman with brassy blonde hair and dark roots. She sends me to the dressing room to change into my costume. While I'm in the dressing room (which is filthy, poorly lit, and way too small for a club that employs more than twenty girls a shift—the club can afford a top-notch light-and-sound system but not a decent dressing room?), none of the dancers returns my smile or says hello.

Once I've changed, Marsha gives me the drill: "No floor work, and no flashing [exposing your pubic hair]," she screams over the deafening thrum of Van Halen. "Let me see what you're wearing under your dress." I pull up the hem of my white baby-doll mini, showing her my flowered satin push-up bra and matching thong. Marsha shakes her head disparagingly, drags deeply on her Newport, and points at my panties: "No underwear!" I'm confused. I thought this was a topless club, not a nudie bar. "We don't allow underwear and/or lingerie," she explains. "Lycra-blend costumes only. Do you have anything else you can wear?"

Even though I have a black Lycra Brazilian-cut costume in my bag, I say no, be-

Hair and makeup by L. B. Fishman; styling by Stefan Campbell/Marek and Associates; clothing by David Dalrymple from Patricia Field, NYC; jewelry from Showroom Seven, NYC; shoes by Elisa Anita. Photographed on location at Ten's World Class Cabaret, NYC.

cause I think this is a class-A stupid rule. She grudgingly lets me do a standard-issue three-song audition (first song with the dress on, second with a peel out of the dress, and third topless). The minute I take the stage, a pretty blonde dancer approaches me. "Oh, underwear!" she cries, "You can't wear that here!"

"I know, but why?"

"Because this is New York. You have to be glamorous, like, uh, an actress," she says brilliantly. "But it's been okay everywhere else I've worked," I tell her. She's flustered by my obvious stupidity. "Well, not here. You won't make any money if you wear that."

The instant she dances away, a customer tips me and beams: "I love your underwear!" Go figure. Later, he tips another dancer and gestures toward me, "She's pretty good," he says, "I bet they'll hire her." The dancer looks me up and down with narrowed eyes. "Maybe," she sneers, "maybe not." *Bite me, silicone witch,* I think, then defiantly grab the pole next to her and swing around backwards and upside down. There's no way I'm going to work here. Next.

Harmony Theatre

279 Church Street, at White Street

THE HIRING CRITERIA AT THE Harmony are very relaxed–all you need to work here is lingerie and a pulse. Oh, and please list your real name on the application, in case you're arrested. It appears that lap dancing—the Harmony's primary pursuit—is a gray area of New York law, and every so often the vice squad sweeps the clubs and brings the girls in on prostitution charges. This is rough-trade central.

The variety of girls is impressive—all races are represented, ranging in age from late teens to early forties, and in size from suspiciously skinny to quite large. I don't have to book myself in advance; I just show up the day I want to work and pay a $10 house fee. (This is the only club in which the dancer's house fee is less than the customer's admission.) Then I sashay into the upstairs dressing room, throw on any old thing, and start trolling for laps.

There is no real bathroom in the dressing room upstairs, just a toilet with a curtain around it and no toilet paper (the girls will steal it, a dancer tells me). If nature calls, you have to get a roll from the manager up front, who takes the task of paper-policing very seriously. If the sacred tissue doesn't return to the front fast enough, his voice emanates from the club PA with sepulchral gravity, "Bring the toilet paper back up front, please!"

Martha Stewart would have a coronary if she ever saw this place. The walls are covered in chipped red paint and promo stills of porn stars circa 1985. Garbage and stray cigarette butts collect around the legs of the chairs on the upstairs floor, and dust and mildew hold court in the basement. And the grime is not confined to the floor. To steady myself while on a customer's lap, I grab a pipe running along the wall and promptly land my hand in a festering blob of old chewing gum.

The lap-dancing here is a hands-on experience. For $10 a song, the customers get a standing or sitting dose of topless lap-grinding and flesh-squeezing. The burlesque show, such as it is, is just a fifteen-minute lackadaisical solo romp along the runway stage. You don't have to wear a fancy costume or do a choreographed routine, or for that matter do anything at all. One woman spends her whole show lying on the stage with her arms crossed and staring at the ceiling.

I don't put much into my show either, just strip and strut. One wizened old man lays a dollar on the stage and looks disappointed as I discreetly dip and sway before him. I guess he expected a show with more gynecological immediacy, but really, he should know that a dollar doesn't go far these days, and at that rate, neither do I.

No one stands on ceremony at the Harmony burlesque. Smoking is allowed upstairs, and many girls light up while sitting on a customer's lap (but when you head downstairs, a mural of a RuPaul-esque drag queen snuffing a cig on her booty implores you to "Put your butt out, baby"). You can eat your lunch anywhere you damn well please, as evidenced by a customer who unpacks his takeout order right on the stage and digs into his pot roast and boiled potatoes as a woman parades before him naked. A girl even stands in the hallway grinding her butt against a guy's crotch while she talks on the pay phone.

The Harmony is commonly regarded as the bottom of the barrel, but I like it here. The money's good, most of the customers are sweet, you can work at your own pace, and there are no pretensions of gentility or illusions about the club's purpose.

Eventually, however, I tire of the grind. I'd swear my energy is being groped out of me by osmosis, so I take advantage of the club's most outstanding feature—a $10 fee that, when paid, allows you to duck out early. And it's a good thing, too, because fifteen minutes later, undercover cops show up and arrest six dancers. I'm sure all the good citizens of Gotham will sleep better at night knowing that all those crotch-polishing menaces are behind bars.

Paradise Club

50 West 33rd Street

MOST STRIP CLUBS HAVE A PECULIAR odor—a noxious cocktail of stale sweat, mildew, and cigarette smoke, with a top-note of industrial cleanser. That this club is not an olfactory affront seems promising. It's quite a pretty place—three spanking-clean stories trimmed with murals, mirrors, and *faux* potted palms and tropical blooms. The lighting on the stage is nice, the music decent if a bit trite (there ought to be a moratorium on Rod Stewart's "Da Ya Think I'm Sexy?").

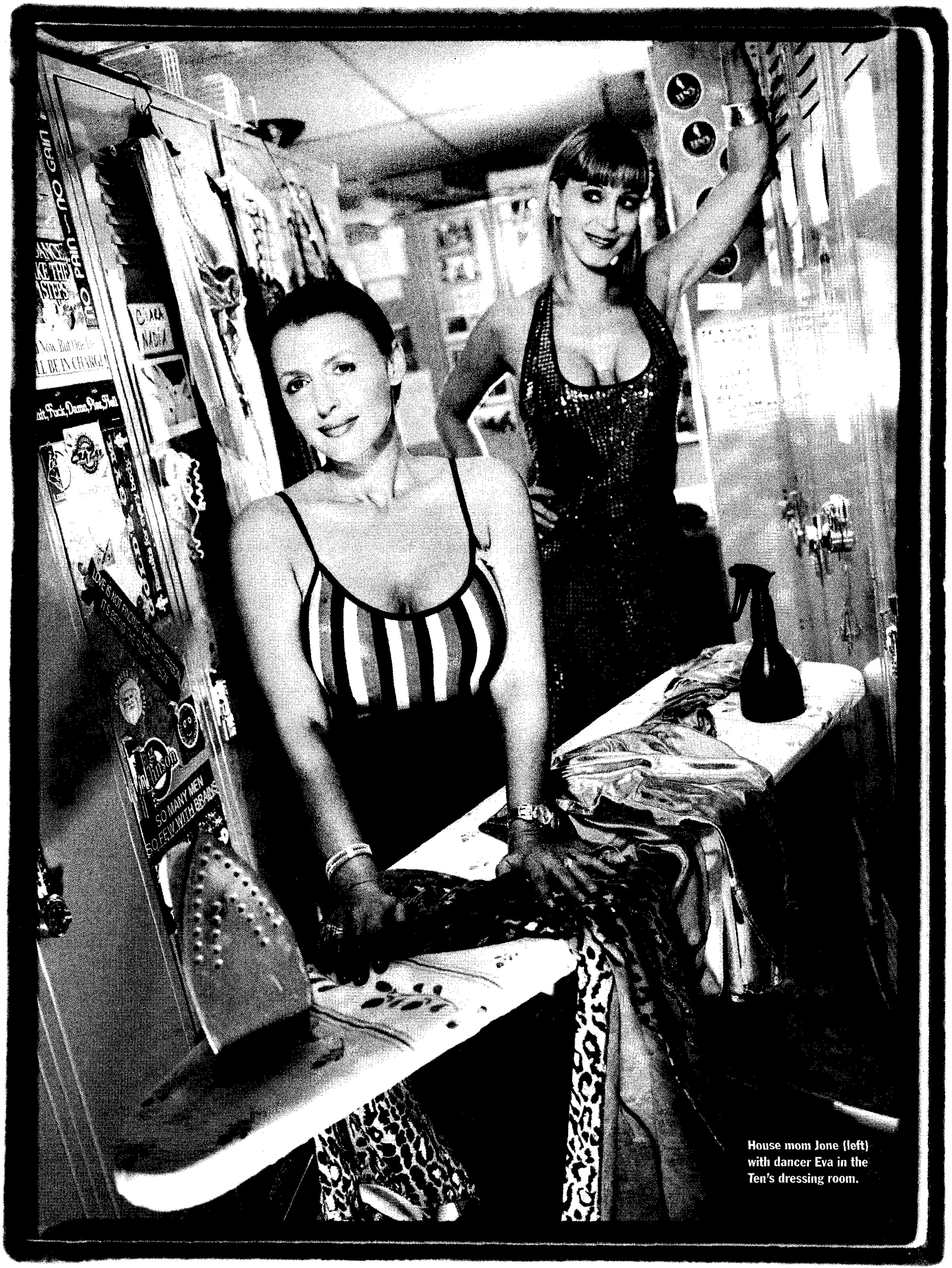
Attractive though it may be, this club is a major hustle joint. When I show up for my first shift, the floor manager explains how it works: When I'm not dancing onstage, I should find a customer to sit with. After a few minutes of conversation, a waitress will approach and ask if the customer wants to buy me a drink, which, if he responds affirmatively, I must accept. Then the waitress will bring me a drink (a very watered-down nonalcoholic beverage with two large paper parasols in it to hide the fact that the cup is only half full), then charge the customer $10. I make a $4 commission on each drink, which is noted in my file on the bar computer. After seven minutes, the waitress comes by and asks if he would like to buy me another drink, take me upstairs to a one-on-one lounge (called a "bottle room") for some nonalcoholic champagne, have a touch dance or nude table dance in a room on the main floor, or take me downstairs into one of the private "fantasy theme rooms."

I ask the floor manager how the D.J. will know not to call me to the stage while I'm in a private room with a customer. "Oh, don't worry," she says, "I just call up to the D.J. booth and tell him you're on a bottle." *On a bottle.* Now there's a savory euphemism.

I find it hard to believe any guy would fall for such an obvious hustle, but remarkably, the first one I approach bites. After he's bought me three drinks, the bartender asks him if he'd like to take me to a private fantasy room. She suggests the bubble-bath room, at $350 an hour (includes *faux* champagne served in plastic flutes), plus a $100 tip for me. He's a nice guy—just your average lonesome suit—and I feel guilty that I'm participating in such a blatant rip-off. He hands her his gold card (he's informed that the transaction will appear as "food and entertainment" on his monthly statement), and we all head downstairs, past the other theme rooms—the S&M dungeon, the harem room, the tropical room, the cross-dressing room, and the two-girl lounge—to our appointed destination.

Once inside the room, which features a black tub, black leather couch, ambient lighting, and exotic wall murals, the manager runs the bathwater, dumps in a big glug of bubble bath, and explains the rules: "You can both sit on the couch, but only one of you can be topless at any given time. When you're on the couch, both of you must keep your bottoms on. She cannot touch you below the waist. She can do a nude table dance for you, but it must be on the pedestal. You cannot touch her while she is on the pedestal,

"Every punk-rock girl who's ever had to scrounge for


NO PAIN — NO GAIN
SO MANY MEN
SO FEW WITH BRAINS

House mom Jone (left) with dancer Eva in the Ten's dressing room.

rent money has a Baby Doll Lounge story.”

and if you wish to tip her, you must place the tip on the pedestal, not in her hand. You can touch-dance, but you must both be totally clothed; no touching her front, and no grinding or lap dancing. When she is in the tub, you can sponge her if she has her bottoms on and only if she is comfortable with that. If she is nude in the tub, you cannot touch her. He can get in the tub, but only alone, and he must keep his underwear on. Oh, and there's a video camera right up there, so behave!" She smiles, with a breezy gesture toward the camera poised on the ceiling: "Have fun!"

We abide by the rules, insofar as we can remember them. The bubble bath is warm and relaxing, so I spend most of the hour sploshing and flopping around in the suds, having all-around good, clean fun. I pretend to get my toe stuck in the tub faucet like Marilyn Monroe in *Some Like It Hot,* a campy move that amuses the guy so much he lays a $50 cash tip for me on the pedestal. After the hour is over, the hostess comes downstairs and tries to hustle him into buying another hour. He says no. Okay, she bargains, another half-hour, with ten free extra minutes. He declines.

After he leaves, I score a few more drinks and a table dance here and there, but mostly I just strip nude onstage, which I enjoy quite a bit. The guys are howling, cheering, and waving dollar bills. Nice lighting and sound, and a cheerful, generous crowd: This is as good as it gets. The two other dancers on my four-song rotation are fun—one comes onstage in a French-maid costume, the other in a leopard-print dress and little leopard ears. Every so often I move my garter so a customer can slide in a bill, accidentally releasing a flurry of singles around my feet; then I follow the other dancers' cue and dump my singles in a corner of the stage.

"I look enviously at a dancer sitting onstage, smiling bea

I'm more than halfway through the itinerary, and by the end of the night, I am starting to sag. At 4 A.M., I am given an envelope with all my commissions in it, minus $22 for the house fee and $3 for the bar. My total take for the evening, sans tips from dancing, is $220, for $650 worth of goods and services sold. Gee, at that percentage, who's hustling whom?

Scores

333 East 60th Street

GIVEN THE FACT THAT SCORES IS located in the extreme East Sixties, I should have known that any attempt to work there would be disastrous. The neighborhood is the New Jersey of Manhattan; it has the same stigma of provincial banality and "Yo, *duuuuuuuuuude*" leisure mentality. Hardly the place for a downtown girl like me. I feel a sense of foreboding the minute I see the club, which has SCORES: A SPORTS CABARET spelled out in huge, varsity-style block letters across the façade. For a minute, I'm unsure that this is the right place. Then I walk through the door and see a promotional poster featuring a photo of a topless girl with huge hair and strained, cantaloupe-size augmented breasts. Yep, this is the right place.

Despite its casual jock motif, Scores bills itself as a "gentlemen's club." Dancers refer to it as a "gown club," because a girl can't even audition there unless she's wearing a full-length evening *shmatte* and four- or five-inch heels. Amid the tasteful "sportsmen's disco" décor are numerous large-screen televisions tuned to sports games. Pretty girls twirl on the various stages and mill around in their finery, offering topless table-side dances to the corporate types who sit back languishing in the rarefied atmosphere of sports-'n'-boobies.

At this late stage in my marathon, I'm not sure I'm up to another audition, but I figure, I'm here, I might as well. The girls in the tidy, spacious dressing room are amiably engaged in typical posh-club dressing-room banter—one talks about her European vacation, another bemoans her poor luck getting table dances, while another announces her decision to get breast implants. Other dancers sit around a table in the center of the room, snacking off trays of fresh fruit and crudités. When I begin paving over the little bruises on my legs with Dermablend concealer, the dancer beside me at the mirror—who is expertly filling in her tan lines with white makeup so they glow under the dance floor's black light—gives me a conspiratorial smile. "I get those bruises all the time. I call them 'party bumps.' "

Apparently, the state believes that drinking and nipples do not mix, so topless clubs that serve alcohol must ensure that dancers who come within six feet of a patron have their nipples covered. Rather than resort to see-through bras or corny pasties, the clubs do an end run around the issue by painting the dancers' nipples with transparent or dark flesh-toned liquid latex. The house make-up artist applies the latex to my nipples, and I fan it with my hands to expedite the drying process. Miss Party Bumps takes a blow-dryer off the counter and aims it directly at my nipples. "Faster this way," she says. Indeed. I am then introduced to the house mom, a woman whose sole function is to attend to the dancer's needs. She approves my gold-sequined gown, gold opaque Lycra thong, and matching five-inch heels.

By the time I'm dressed and the house mom leads me by the hand to the stage, my insides are in a knot. Auditioning at a new club is always nerve-racking—it doesn't matter if you can eloquently discuss the categorical imperative or design a Web page. All that matters is having the right look, and here, I quickly realize, I don't. Next to all the deeply tanned California hard-body types and glammed-out rocker chicks, my fair-skinned "best friend's wife" aesthetic is a little too subtle and probably a bit too, um, mature (at 27, no less). Still, I do my best to impress, even though the "stage" on which I am dancing is actually just a two-foot gap in the restaurant's bar counter and I can barely hear the music. The Armani-suited manager watches my audition from a table where he is eating dinner with some colleagues. I peel down to my thong and the house mom trots over to the manager for the verdict. She comes back and tells me, "You can get dressed now."

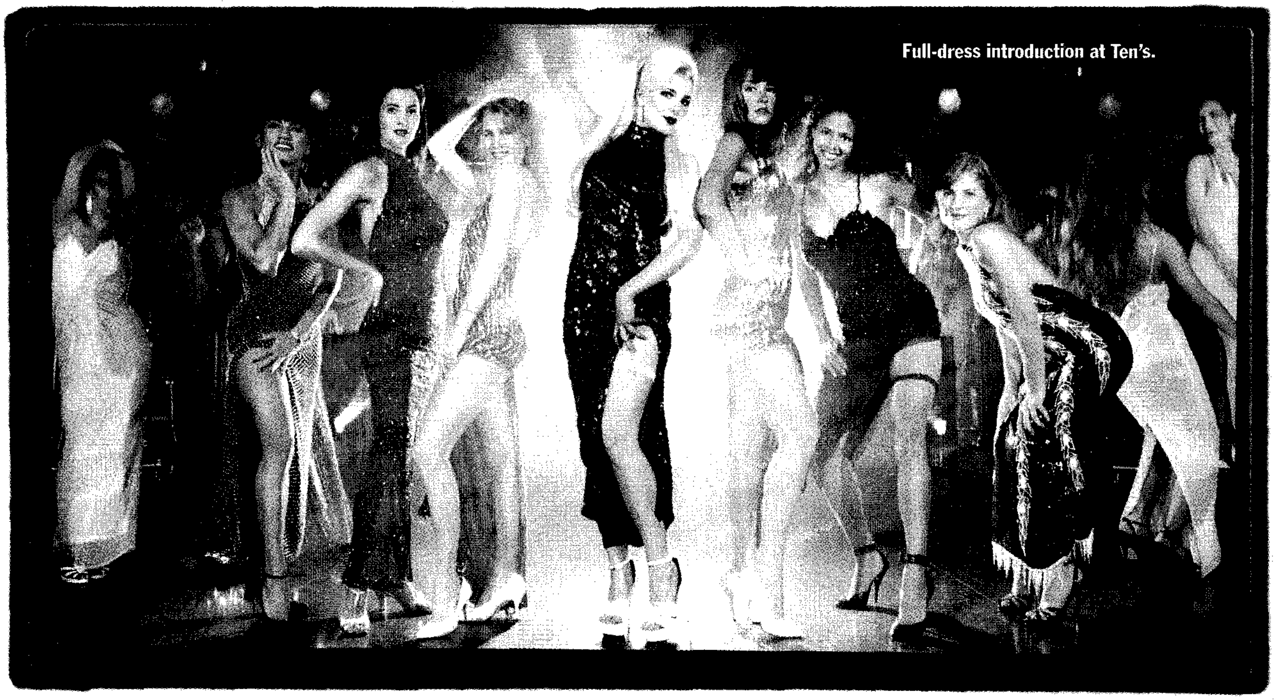
Mom leads me back to the dressing room, where she copies down my phone number in a book, saying that they're overstaffed right now, but she'll call me if they need more dancers. I know this is just a formality. "We have a lot of dancers now" is the Miss Manners way of saying *Hit the bricks, Hagatha.* If you make the cut at a club, they make room for you on the schedule no matter how many dancers they have. I pack up my costume bag and head out the door just as the men glued to the tube at the bar break into loud cheers. Home team: 1; visitor: 0.

Ten's World Class Cabaret

35 East 21st Street

LAST STOP ON MY WHIRLWIND TOUR, and it appears I saved the best for last. Remember all those flawlessly gorgeous girls in high school? You know, the ones who would never give the time of day to the likes of you? Well, they're all grown up now and working at Ten's.

Any girl interested in taking up stripping as a well-paying job she can dawdle through had best look elsewhere. Ten's is no slackhouse; it is a boot camp with Vegas-style window dressing. The list of house rules is four pages long, single-spaced. Performers must wear evening dresses on the floor, and short dresses must be worn with two accessories—thigh-high stockings and gloves and/or a hat. No sleazy spandex gowns, or heels of less than three inches, or walking across the floor with a cigarette or drink in your



Full-dress introduction at Ten's.

tically as she tucks one ankle at a time behind her head.”

hand. During the $20 topless table dances, the girl is not permitted to touch her breasts or crotch, play with her butt, or make any physical contact with a patron.

Ten's is extremely well managed. In fact, you can't turn around without bumping into some sort of manager—schooling errant patrons on the tie-and-jacket dress code, summoning security via walkie-talkie, pressing the flesh with high-rolling regulars. Rocco is the first manager I meet, and he's a character straight out of Scorsese. From his swept-back silver hair and deep tan to his mauve silk suit with coordinating handkerchief and tie, black velvet pumps and serious gold jewelry, the man is so conspicuously well-styled he makes John Gotti look like a skid-row bum. He sits cross-legged in the office and fills me in on the Ten's gestalt. (At this late stage in the strip-a-thon, I have decided to abandon my cover and reveal that I am reporting a story.)

“Ten's is a sophisticated gentlemen's club. This is not some sleazy dump. This club is more about entertainment than sex.”

As he speaks, I am genuinely charmed by his lack of irony. I am also fighting the urge to blurt out, “Love your pinkie ring!”

He continues, “You could bring your family here.”

Now I think he's totally full of it, but wouldn't you know, later his claim is substantiated when a dancer points out her aunt, beaming proudly from her seat along the main stage.

The house mom here is the hardest-working woman in showbiz. From her post in the dressing room, she takes sick calls from dancers, collects house fees, sells costumes and accessories, replenishes the dressing room's supply of personal grooming aids and snacks, and runs interference between warring dancers. Tonight, fortunately, she is only called upon to mediate a minor skirmish—started when one dancer makes unflattering remarks about another's manicure.

They are dead-serious about the look of the women they hire. I've never seen so many heart-stopping beauties in one club, each turned out like a Stepford Stripper—meticulously groomed, physically flawless, and unfailingly courteous. When the house mom sends two less-than-perfect dancers upstairs to audition, yet another manager comes downstairs to voice his displeasure. “Those two blondes you sent up? Let me tell you something, they are not tens. They're fives, so between the two of them, they make a ten. Get them out of here.”

While the demands of being a ten are rigorous, and the shift fees are a steep $75, dancers are rewarded for their effort. Their safety is ensured by an omnipresent security staff and the mandatory surrender of the performers' car keys upon arrival, so the house mom can make sure no girls drive home drunk.

The airplane-hangar-size club has four stages, strategically placed so no matter where a customer sits, he has an unobstructed view of finely tuned pulchritude. At 7:30 and 10:30, all the dancers come onstage in full-length sequined gowns for the full-dress introduction. Standing arm in arm, all 55 of us, doused with strobe and laser lights and choking billows from the smoke machine, sway in time with the music and do little showgirl kicks while the D.J. introduces us individually by stage name, home state, and professional accomplishments (“And now, all the way from Texas, here's Miss Pismo Beach 1992. Say hello to Fifi, fellas!”). Once we're all introduced, we line up again and parade single-file across the stage, beauty-pageant style—right hand on right hip, left hand swinging—then duck into the crowd for a complimentary table dance.

Ten's has a well-deserved reputation for being a celebrity hangout. In fact, my meeting with Rocco is cut short so he can make sure Pamela Anderson and Tommy Lee are taken care of when they stop by later that night. Of all the famous people I could hope to come by, who would it be? Penn Jillette? He'd be fun—too bad he split for Vegas. John Waters? Not bloody likely he'd drop by. Oh, I know . . . Christopher Walken! I imagine him motioning me over, peeling off several hundred-dollar bills, and saying, “You are neither tan nor giddy. I like that.”

Sadly, Walken doesn't show, but plenty of other celebs do: Hair guru Paul Mitchell, David Lee Roth, controversial financial P.R. whiz Steven Greenberg (with several comely young blondes in tow), Emmitt Smith of the Dallas Cowboys, Bills quarterback Jim Kelly, and the Dolphins' Dan Marino.

I am truly impressed by the superstar quality of Ten's—and a little intimidated, too. I should be having the time of my life here, doing *(continued on page 154)*

BUS LANE
BUSES
RIGHT TURNS
ONLY
NO STANDING
M2
M3
M5
BUS
03031
4426
Les Misérables

PHOTOGRAPHED BY MICHEAL P. McLAUGHLIN
FOR NEW YORK

8:54: I'M WAITING FOR THE M104 AT 79TH AND BROADWAY. When it arrives, every seat is taken. It takes about a minute for seven of us to board.

8:59: 72nd Street. The bus is so full, in fact, that passengers can't thread their way through the aisles. A father is trying to disembark with his son, but the bus pulls back out into traffic before he reaches the door. A ruckus being raised, the driver strops in mid-street and the two, grimly clutching briefcase and Power Rangers backpack, pile out.

9:11: We push, finally, through Columbus Circle, and begin to pick up speed.

9:16: Pulling out from the 50th Street stop, we collide with a fruit truck. It knocks the side mirror off the bus and the driver immediately cruises to the curb, announcing in a bored voice that we are "out of service." We collect transfers, and wait at the curb across from a large marquee for *Sodomania*.

9:23: An M27 rolls by without stopping, and then another Not in Service bus. Most of the passengers have walked away, muttering; only the older ladies, who clearly don't relish a walk through Times Square, remain.

9:27: Two M104s arrive simultaneously, the first one jammed, the second one empty.

9:31: We turn east on 42nd Street.

9:32: A lady tells the driver she has boarded the M104 mistakenly, intending to take the M10 downtown. May she have a transfer? No.

9:35: We reach Fifth Avenue and the Public Library, which had been my goal all along. We've covered a distance of perhaps four miles in 40 minutes, which is not so far off the TA's average for midtown. I've been on better bus rides and I've

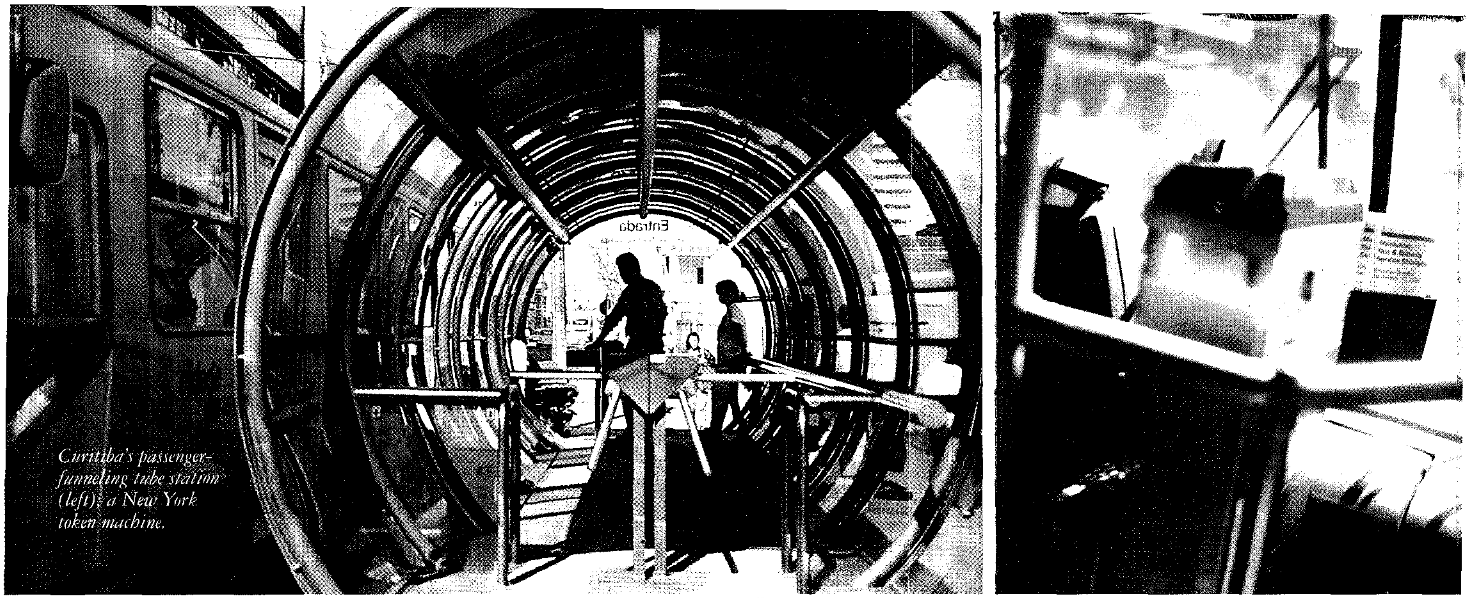
By Bill McKibben

Busman's Holiday

In New York, a four-mile bus ride is a smelly, jolting, forty-minute journey taken by the old and the poor. In Curitiba, Brazil, it's a clean, fast trip half the city makes twice daily. What we could learn from them.

Local hero: Curitiba mayor Jaime Lerner.

Photograph: right, Nani Gois/Abril Imagens.


Curitiba's passenger-funneling tube station (left); a New York token machine.

Curitiba's efficiency illuminates by contrast the inertia that chokes New York—the inertia that keeps it from grappling with its problems and thus sets up the current political choice between bad big government and as little government as possible.

been on worse. This was a lurchingly typical forty minutes spent in Bus Time, an alternative dimension that moves at half the pace of New York life—one reason, certainly, that ridership has dropped 48.5 percent in the past three decades.

A week later, at the same hour in the morning but roughly 5,000 miles away, in the southern Brazilian city of Curitiba (population 1.6 million), I set out for another bus ride. Near a park in the center of this working-class town, I climbed into a cylindrical glass station, perhaps 40 feet long, and paid my fare. A few minutes later, a bus appeared, and its door slid open sideways, subway-style. A ramp popped out from the tube station and 22 of us walked aboard; the bus was back on the road in about ten seconds.

A little way outside the city center, I transferred through another glass tube into a waiting *biarticulado,* a double-hinged behemoth of a bus unique to the city. Full with its cargo of 270 passengers, it raced up an exclusive bus channel set off by curbs in the center of the road to a terminal eight miles distant, a small compound of shops and bathrooms and snack bars where dozens of feeder buses waited. I clambered aboard one of them and it set off for Bairro Novo, one of the city's newest and poorest neighborhoods. Before 40 minutes had elapsed, and all on the same 50-cent fare, the bus had reached the edge of town, the road had turned to dirt, and the driver had to stop for a wandering cow.

This is a story about more than buses.

Despite the kind of runaway growth that has wrecked the rest of urban Brazil, Curitiba is one of the world's great cities. Though few Americans have heard of it, it's a place that, taken seriously, could help redeem the idea of "public." For fifteen years now, we've been taught to disdain everything that government does, to revere instead the market and its magic powers. Many of the new powers in Washington, in Albany, and in City Hall consider "planning" tantamount to Bolshevism and hold that government can only make things worse. Curitiba is no bureaucratic welfare state—but it is a place where people's desires are made real by politicians, and hence is a powerful reminder that Newt's way is not the only way.

But by the same token, Curitiba's efficiency and common sense illuminate by contrast the inertia that chokes municipal New York—the inertia that keeps it from grappling seriously with problems that everyone concedes are problems, and hence sets up the current political choice between bad big government and as little government as possible. It's a reproach to the old politics that built our big cities as surely as to the new politics that idolizes the suburb.

So this is a story about the good republic, about boldness, about choices far more profound than Giuliani versus Ferrer or Messinger. But it's also a story about buses.

"YOU WANT TO KNOW MY definition of an asshole?" asks Ellen E. M. Roberts, a woman of medium age, medium size, and extravagant energy. "An asshole is someone who drives from one Manhattan location to another."

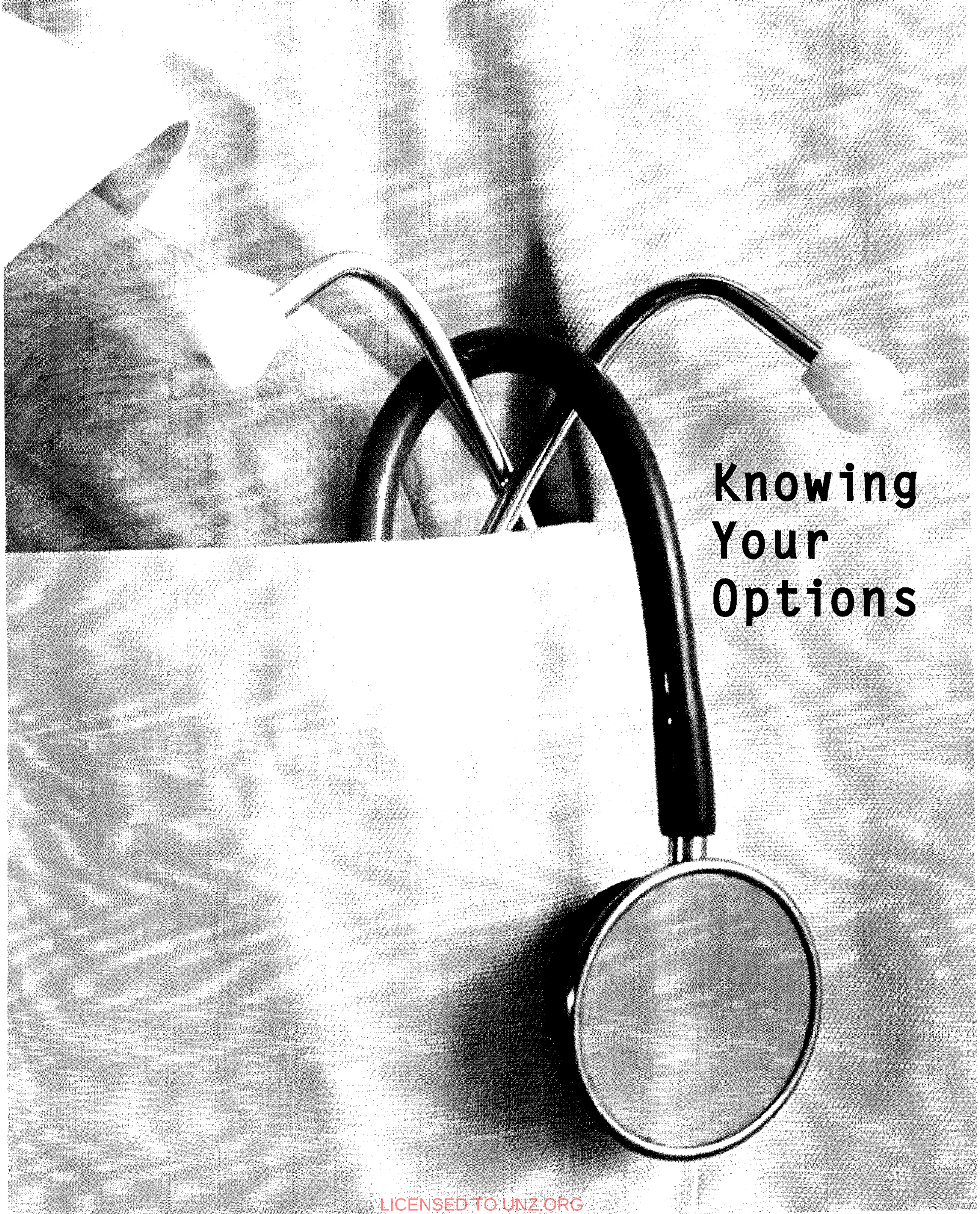
Roberts, a volunteer with the Committee for Better Transit, has loved buses since the day she turned 10 and her mother let her go off alone on the bus to buy her present. Loved them so much that she and a collaborator have spent much of the last few years assembling a book called *How to Get Around Without Going Underground* that offers directions to 2,000 locations along the TA's routes. Recently, though, she's had a change of heart—she's not certain she'll even publish the book. As we banged through Brooklyn on a bus with a suspension so shot it launched us off our seats at every bump, she talked about delays and bus bunching and the new cuts in service. "I'm not sure it's right to tell people to ride the bus," she said.

She's not alone. Transit advocates like Gene Russianoff of the Straphangers Campaign say the system is on a "downward spiral." Environmentalists like Richard Kassel of the Natural Resources Defense Council say the bus fleet is one of the city's biggest polluters—"New Yorkers instinctively hold their breath when they see a bus pulling away from the curb." Newspaper columnists feast on the system's woes. In 1993, for instance, *Newsday* columnist Ellis Henican wrote a feature on the system's "Heavy Hitters," drivers who had run up the most accidents in their years on the job; this spring the *Post* re-reported the same piece, and their list of "Roadhogs" included some of the same names on the earlier list. (William Purcell, for instance, is still going strong after 82 accidents, with never more than a day's suspension.) The system's union problems are so chronic that one mechanic, seeking to defy a management plan for reductions in overtime, managed to kill himself when the bus whose air suspension he was apparently trying to sabotage collapsed on top of him.

Even the TA has begun to acknowledge the problems. After decades of Soviet-style assurances that 90 percent of the buses ran on time, the bus system's new head, Charles

Photograph: top left, Bill McKibben.

MANAGING YOUR HEALTH



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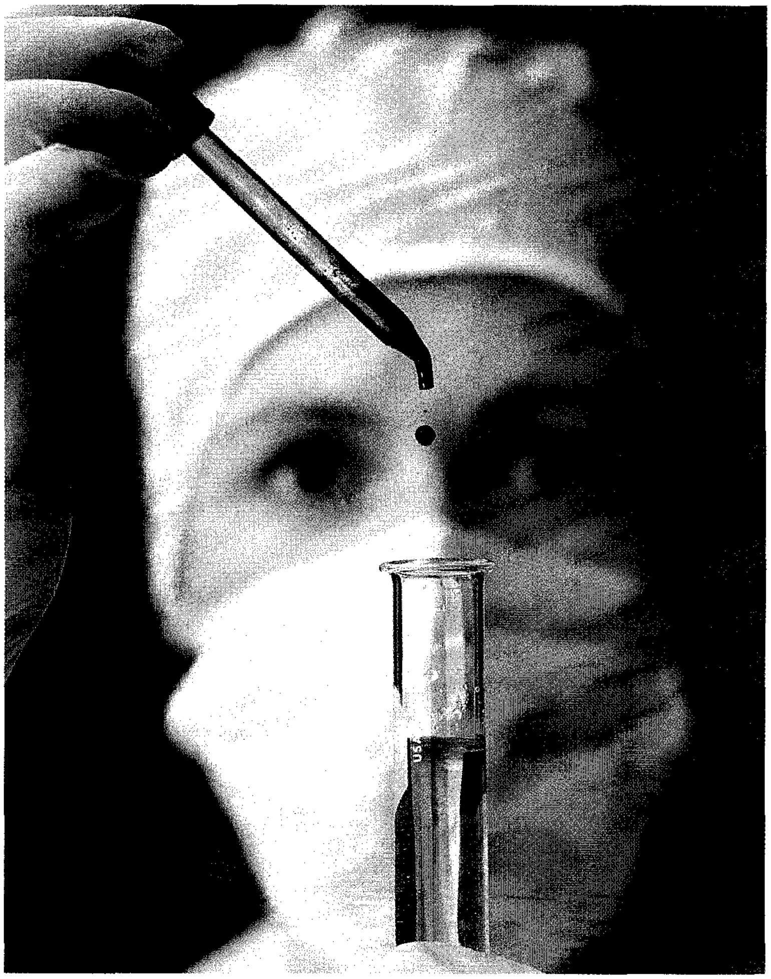
MANAGING YOUR HEALTH

When last year's political debate on health care reform came up empty-handed, choosing the best medical plan became a much more personal matter.

Managing one's health care has never been so essential. Now more than ever, individuals need to take responsibility for finding the right doctor, hospital, or insurance plan to cover their health care needs. But equipped with the right information, taking charge of your health can be less daunting than you would expect.



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"Patients are no longer passive consumers of health care."

FINDING THE RIGHT DOCTOR

Patients tend to look for physicians who best suit their needs and their style. In addition to professional skills, people want a doctor who is compassionate, honest, accessible, reliable, and who respects them. If there is good communication between the doctor and the patient — with doctors encouraging questions and translating complex medicalese into simple terms — patients are more likely to feel in control, tolerate symptoms well, and take responsibility for improving their health.

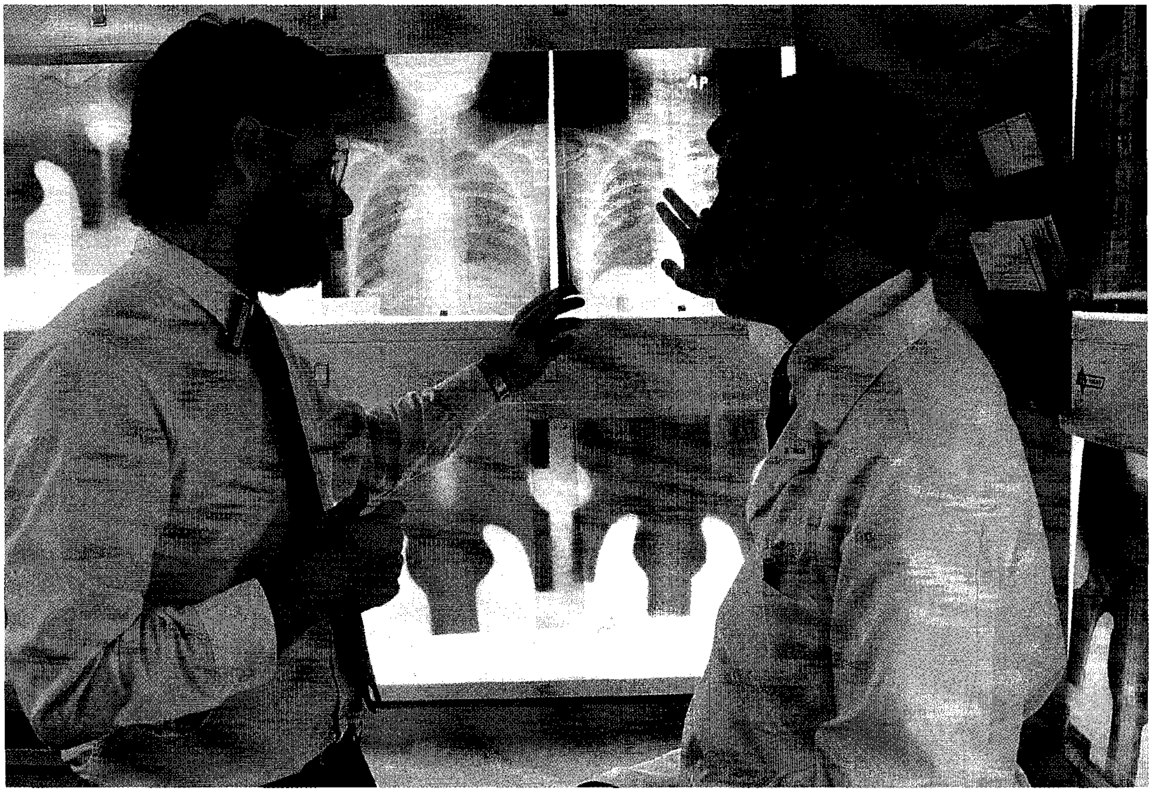
According to a recent *Consumer Reports* survey of 70,000 readers, the more confidence you have in your doctor, the more likely you are to take care of yourself. People who were "highly satisfied" with their doctors were more likely to take medication as instructed and to make the lifestyle changes their doctors suggested. Those who perceived their doctor as caring, competent, and thorough were the most willing to do as the doctor ordered.

While a good doctor-patient relationship could aid in obtaining a more accurate diagnosis, better response to treatment, and quicker recovery, superspecialists — an inevitable consequence of medical advancement — have made the house-calling Marcus Welby-style general practitioner as obsolete as the iron-lung machine. The personal approach to medical care has become more difficult to develop and to maintain. According to Dr. George LeMaitre in *How To Choose A Good Doctor*, this has challenged the very concept of the sacred doctor-patient relationship.

So what's the solution?

Become An Educated Consumer

"If I were new to New York and had no idea how to find a doctor, I would call a teaching hospital or academic medical center," says Amanda-Beth Uhry, founder of a successful New York medical public relations firm. Most doctors in teaching hospitals are board-certified in their specialties, meaning they have had several years of residency and fellowship training and have passed rigorous written exams. The American Board of Medical Specialties can tell you whether a doctor is board-certified and if he or she has additional certification in a subspecialty, such as cardiovascular disease or reproductive endocrinology. For example, cardiologists are board-certified in internal medicine and may have a subspecialty certificate in cardiovascular disease. Also, since teaching hospitals are responsible for training future doctors, the physicians who practice there tend to be at the forefront of medical knowledge.



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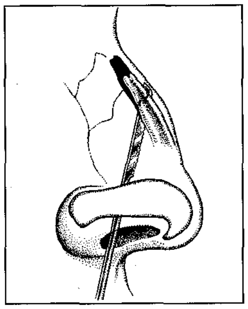
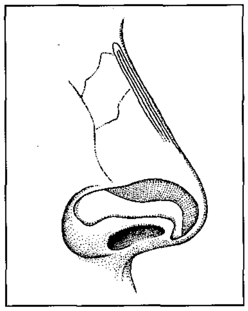
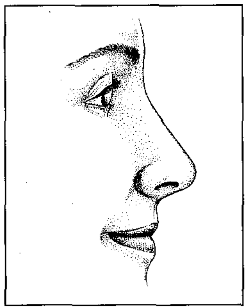


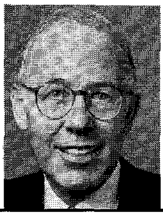
A large nose can be reshaped. The hump can be removed by means of an instrument inserted through the nostril. The excess bone is removed leaving a more attractive profile.



A broad or long nasal tip is narrowed and shortened by sculpting the cartilage around the tip of the nose. Shown here by the shaded area. No external incision is needed.



The result is a more pleasant facial appearance. The nose is more attractive and has a natural look in proportion to the face.



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IS YOUR DOCTOR BOARD-CERTIFIED?

Board certification demonstrates that a physician has passed rigorous exams in his or her medical specialty. What many people do not realize is that doctors may or may not be further certified in subspecialty areas, such as cardiovascular disease, gastroenterology, or reproductive endocrinology. Subspecialty certification indicates that a doctor has undergone additional training and passed further examinations in a particular field. It is also important to note there are numerous self-designated boards which purport to certify physicians. **The American Board of Medical Specialities (800-776-CERT)** is a resource that can answer these and other related questions.

Most hospitals have physician referral services (see directory sidebar) which will help you locate an appropriate doctor. The services often provide detailed information to callers about specialties, board certification, medical school, and training sites. These services will also provide names of physicians in your neighborhood or near your workplace, and identify the types of insurance accepted.

LeMaitre advises asking competent doctors for referrals and checking a physician's reputation among his colleagues and in the community. Friends and colleagues also are potential physician referral sources. They may be able to recommend someone who has cared for them or for a family member and can provide insight into the physician's personality and style.

You can also find out whether the doctor belongs to a professional association (there's one for practically every specialty) by calling the local medical society or consulting a medical directory in the library. Association membership suggests that the doctor pursues continuing education and keeps up with the latest research. You can also search medical and scientific publications to identify experts in a particular specialty.

Once you have identified a doctor, find out about the doctor's credentials and background:

- What medical school did the doctor attend?
- Where did the doctor do his/her residency?
- Did the doctor have additional fellowship training?
- Is the doctor board-certified in the specialty being practiced?
- What hospitals or medical schools is the doctor affiliated?
- Is the doctor's license current?
- Are there any malpractice judgments against the doctor?

Useful resources include the *Directory of Medical Professionals*, which can be found in the library, the related professional organization, the Office of Professional Medical Conduct, or the state health department.

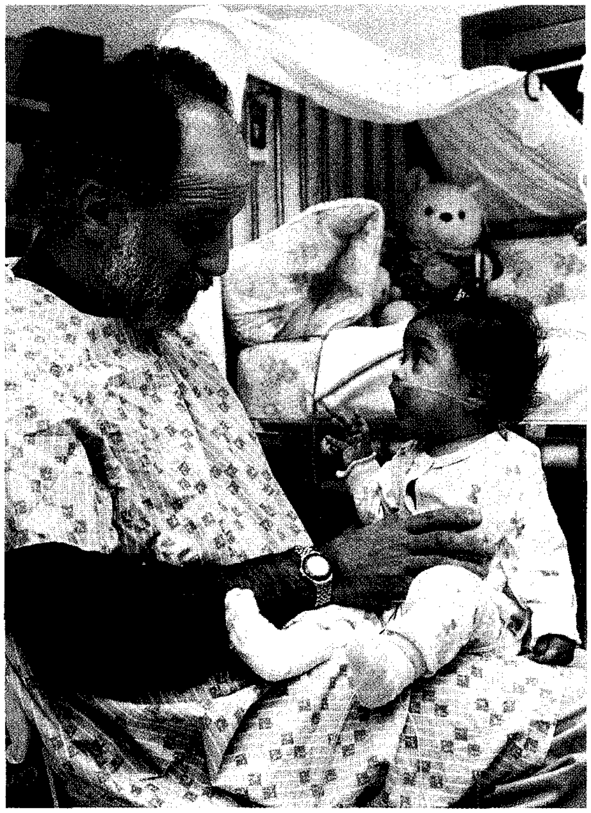
Making the Most of Your Doctor Visit

Once you are satisfied that you have located the right doctor, you should plan what you want to get out of your visit. Be prepared to provide a thorough history of your symptoms. Know what you want to say about your condition and what questions you want answered. Bring a list of these questions to the appointment. Take along a record of important information, such as test results, current prescriptions, allergies, and vaccinations.

Take notes, use a tape recorder, or bring a friend or family member along with you to help recall what the doctor has said. Ask the doctor to repeat things, if necessary, in plain language, or ask for information or instructions in writing. "Never leave the doctor's office with the uncomfortable feeling that your questions have not been answered, says Amanda-Beth Uhry.

To become a true partner in your medical care, voice any and all concerns you may have. Make sure you fully understand the treatment plan and options for care, particularly if drug treatment is advised. Find out why the medication is necessary, how to take it, if it will interact safely with other drugs you may be taking, and if there will be any side effects. When a major procedure is recommended, get a second opinion.

Interestingly enough, a *Consumer Reports* survey found that patients tended to be more satisfied with their care when their problem could be treated in a clear, specific way–such as surgery for cataracts–than people with chronic conditions–back problems, headaches, intestinal ailments, which may not have a defined treatment protocol. Despite the legwork you may have done before selecting a doctor, you may not come away from your appointment satisfied. In such circumstances, it makes sense to seek out and interview other physicians until you have confidence in your choice; it is less likely that you will settle. Certainly, when it comes to health care for you or your family, that's not an option.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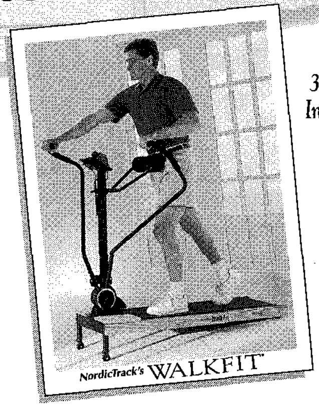

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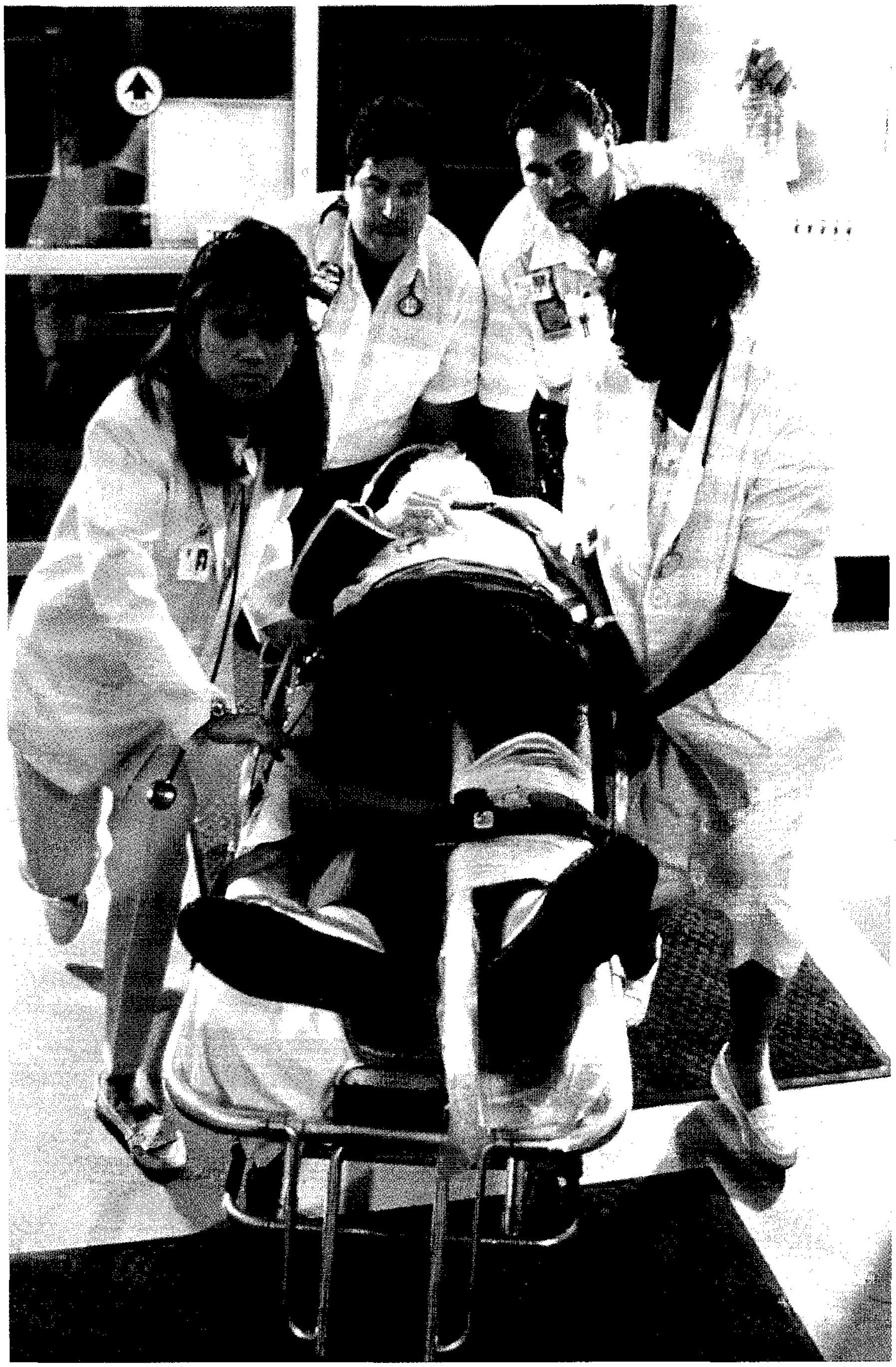
"Hospitals will have to demonstrate that they are patient-friendly as well as medically competent."



When Seconds Count: Nurses and paramedics at Brooklyn's Maimonides rush a patient into emergency.

HOSPITALS TODAY: STRIVING FOR QUALITY CARE

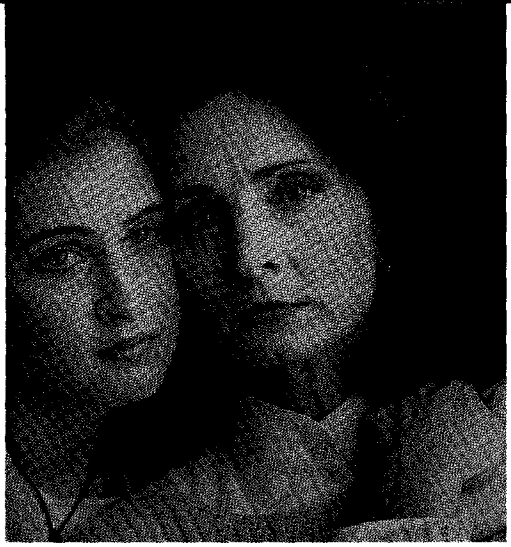
"High-touch" rather than "high-tech" care is what New Yorkers want, according to a survey of 3,423 adult patients hospitalized in fifteen New York hospitals. The survey, conducted last spring and summer by the United Hospital Fund, measured patient experiences in several dimensions of hospital care:

- respect for patient values
- needs and preferences
- coordination of care
- information and education
- physical comfort
- emotional support
- involvement of family and friends
- discharge preparation

The results show that "what patients want from a hospital is more personal care," says Lynn Rogut, the Fund's project director for patient-centered care consortium. The stress of the hospital environment, with its unfamiliar faces and routines, makes good communication and sensitive care all the more essential.

With the competition for patients heating up due to cost restraints, New York hospitals are now taking a more "patient as customer" approach. Patients are now being treated as partners in their health care, and hospitals seem more willing to acknowledge the emotional and psychological sides of sickness.

Adopting a friendlier attitude is an emerging marketing tool for New York City hospitals. By treating patients more thoughtfully and politely, hospitals stand a better chance of surviving in an increasingly competitive, shrinking market. "It's important for hospitals to think of patients as customers," says Stanley Brezenoff, president of the Maimonides Medical Center in Brooklyn. "We need to look at the patient and family experience, especially in light of the fact that there will be fewer hospital beds and shorter stays. Hospitals will have to demonstrate that they are patient-friendly as well as medically competent."



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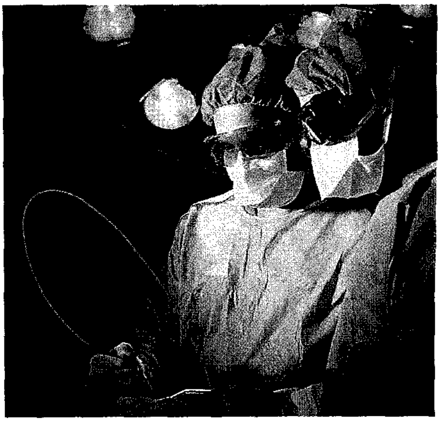

COURTESY STATEN ISLAND UNIVERSITY HOSPITAL

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From doctors to management to the support staff, the whole hospital is undergoing training and education to improve contact with patients, says Brezenoff. "Historically, if sick patients were made well, that was all they could ask of a hospital. But they can be made well in many different places these days," he says. "We don't want them choosing another hospital because our service was unfriendly."

Some hospitals, such as The New York Hospital-Cornell Medical Center, have turned to hoteliers for advice on how to treat each patient as an individual. Others now use management consultants to encourage better customer relations.

How Good is Your Hospital?

While there is no commonly accepted yardstick for measuring the quality of a hospital, you can better your chances of getting good care by checking certain criteria, including:

Volume of patients for particular procedures

Make sure you go to a hospital with the expertise you need, which improves chances for a successful outcome and can help prevent expensive complications. "You want a hospital that does one hip replacement a week, not one a year," says Columbia- Presbyterian Medical Center senior vice president Richard Kearns. The number of beds in an intensive care unit also gives an indication of the hospital's level of expertise and the type of care it provides. Similarly, the number of deliveries indicates the size of the obstetrics service.

Medical school affiliation

A medical school affiliation facilitates access to top specialists. Medical students rotating through the hospital keep physicians "on their toes" with regard to the latest diagnostic and treatment information available. Hospitals with medical school affiliations generally have solid research programs and are on the cutting edge of new developments, helping to advance the level of patient care.

Mortality rates

Compiled locally and at the national level, mortality rates provide a crude measure of success. These rates are often adjusted for such factors as age, severity of illness, or complicating conditions.

Accreditation

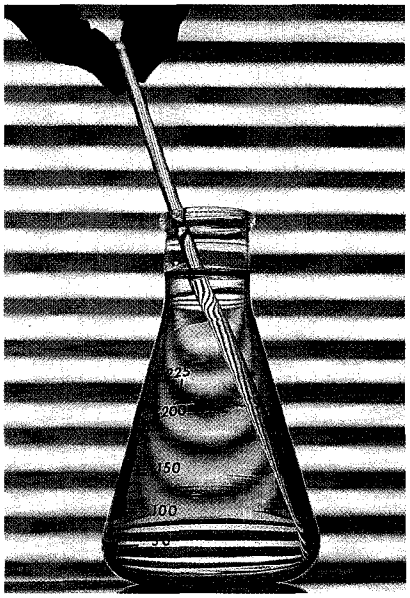
The Joint Commission of Accreditation of Healthcare Organizations (JCAHO) is a recognized body that monitors the nation's hospitals for meeting minimum standards of care and operational standards. Accreditation reports can be requested from the hospital or through JCAHO.

Staff-to bed ratios

Simply put, the more board-certified specialists, medical residents, and registered nurses (RN) there are per bed, the better and safer the care is likely to be.

Level of technology

The availability of high-tech services, such as sophisticated imaging equipment, is particularly important in difficult-to-diagnose and difficult-to-treat conditions.



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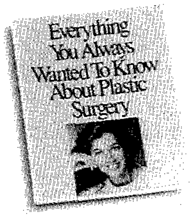

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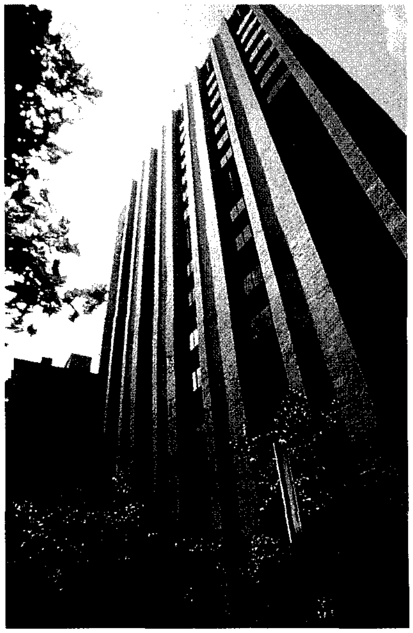


COURTESY OF CABRINI MEDICAL CENTER

Hospitals look to hoteliers to become more hospitable.

RN vacancies

The percentage of RN positions vacant is a sign of the quality of care you might receive. Most hospitals have plenty of full-time nurses on duty during the day, but they may become more scarce at night. These vacant positions are often filled by nurses working on a temporary, per-diem basis, or by unlicensed, minimally trained personnel. If you need to be hospitalized, you may want to consider paying extra for private-duty nursing, which can usually be obtained through the hospital's nursing department.

Special programs and centers

Many hospitals offer specialized care, such as sports medicine programs, genetic counseling, fertility programs, or a comprehensive geriatric service. These programs usually offer coordinated services and easy access to relevant medical resources.

Keeping Hospital Costs Down

For hospitals to survive, they need to keep costs down while maintaining high-quality care. Within the past decade, the average length of stay in hospitals has significantly declined and the trend toward performing procedures on an outpatient basis has virtually skyrocketed.

If you require hospitalization, most

hospitals will schedule diagnostic tests a few days before you are admitted since outpatient testing saves time and money. Same-day surgery is also a popular option. Instead of being admitted the evening before surgery, coming in the morning of the surgical procedure is a recommended alternative.

There are now more than 1,500 different outpatient procedures being performed, from minimally invasive laparoscopy to gallbladder removal to arthroscopic knee surgery to repairing damaged cartilage.

Almost all cosmetic plastic surgery can now be done in an outpatient setting, with patients going home the same day. A fully equipped operating room suite in a physician's office saves money and the hassles of being admitted to the hospital, according to one specialist in the field. An added benefit is that inevitably the patient is pampered in such an arrangement.

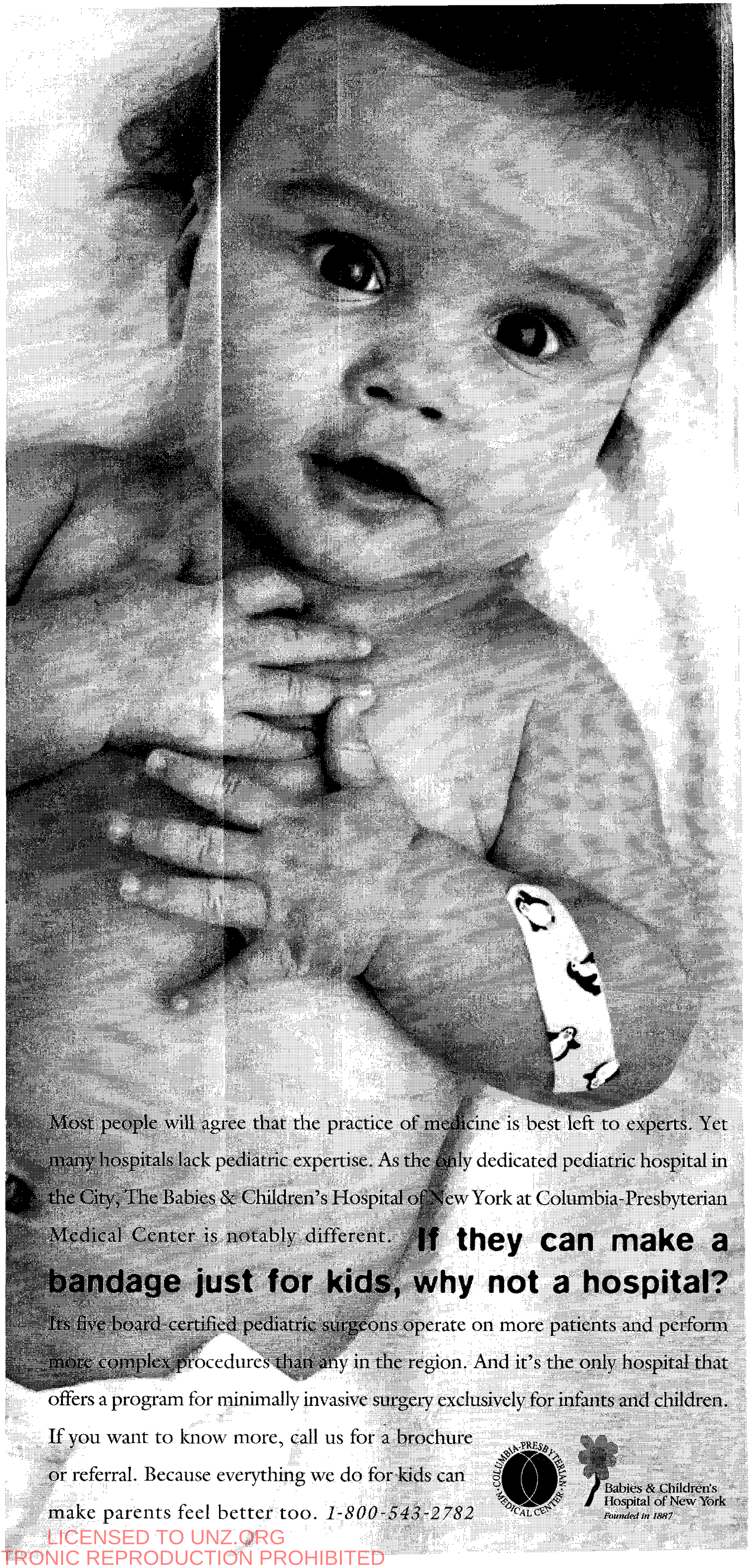
Working in an office setting is said to be considerably safer today than it was five years ago when plastic surgeons did all of their procedures in the hospital. New intravenous sedation monitored by a computerized pump allows safe general anesthesia. Reportedly, for a reduction mammoplasty, three minutes after the anesthesia is turned off the patient can now wake up with no nausea and go home within a short amount of time.

FAST FACTS ABOUT HOSPITALS

For the latest facts about a hospital in New York City, Long Island or the northern metropolitan area, contact **The United Hospital Fund** (212-494-0700), a philanthropic and health services research organization in New York, which publishes a health care annual containing easy-to-read tables and data on:

- hospital capacity and utilization
- certified beds
- discharges
- occupancy rates
- average length of stay

Updated maps show the location of all hospitals, their addresses, and phone numbers. The cost for a single copy is $20.


Most people will agree that the practice of medicine is best left to experts. Yet many hospitals lack pediatric expertise. As the only dedicated pediatric hospital in the City, The Babies & Children's Hospital of New York at Columbia-Presbyterian Medical Center is notably different. **If they can make a bandage just for kids, why not a hospital?** Its five board-certified pediatric surgeons operate on more patients and perform more complex procedures than any in the region. And it's the only hospital that offers a program for minimally invasive surgery exclusively for infants and children. If you want to know more, call us for a brochure or referral. Because everything we do for kids can make parents feel better too. *1-800-543-2782*
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"Emotional and physical needs must be met in order to manage total health."

Many of the improvements in plastic surgery have been driven by consumers, in particular the baby boomers. While health and longevity are extremely important to this demographic group, a long work week is also a regular feature of their reality. Plastic surgeons realized they needed to make procedures easier, quicker, with shorter recoveries, and less overall discomfort, thus prompting their move from the hospitals into the outpatient clinic.

Expanding Their Reach

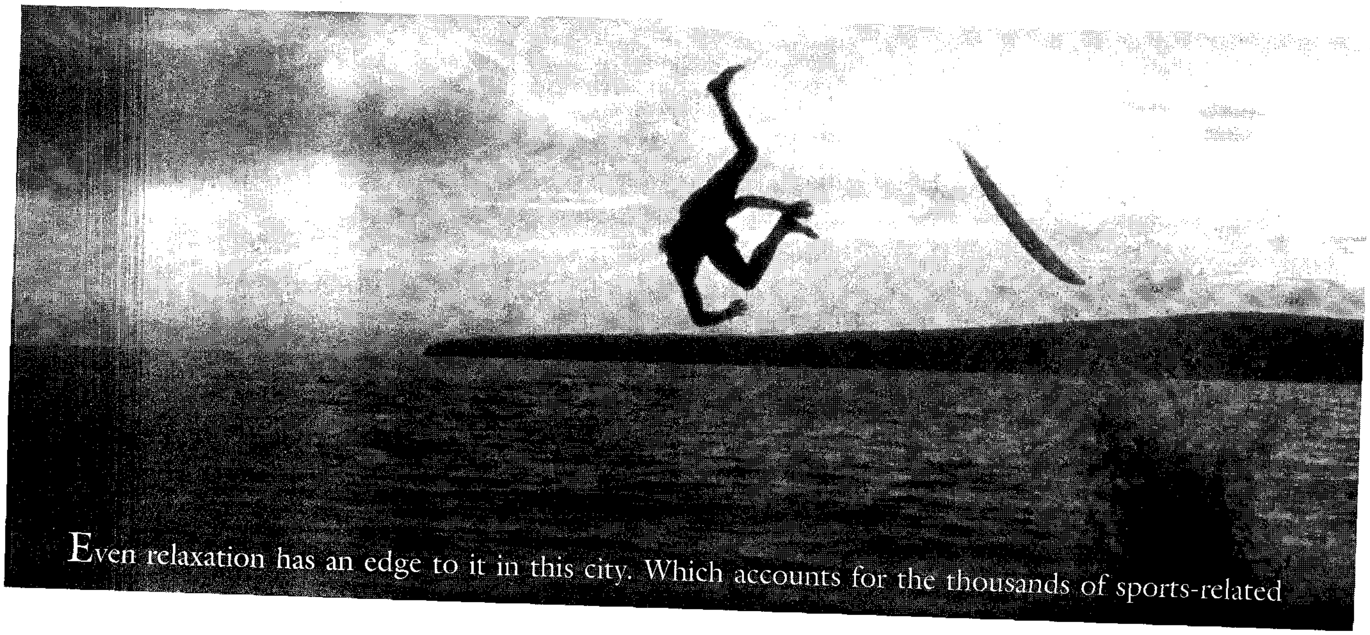
Outpatient satellite clinics, small hospitals, large group practices of doctors, and nursing homes are being acquired by academic medical centers in an effort to solidify larger patient bases. Community hospitals or doctors' groups may now be affiliated with a major medical center, which gives easier access to top experts.

The emerging regional health systems allow good community-based care in the outer boroughs and suburbs and "assure that patients with serious problems receive referrals to an academic medical center," says John W. Rowe, MD, president of Mount Sinai School of Medicine and Mount Sinai Hospital, adding that "all of the doctors in our network meet the training requirements characterized by Mount Sinai quality."

The Mount Sinai Health System is a regional network encompassing hospitals, long-term care facilities, and associated medical staffs and practices throughout the metropolitan area. It includes 42 facilities—23 hospitals, twelve nursing homes, and seven satellite medical groups. Mount Sinai also recently purchased two large, long-standing multi-specialty medical

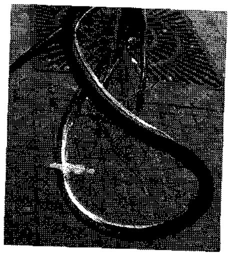
T.J. FLORIAN/PICTURESQUE

A fixed focus to help patients of all ages feel better all over.



Even relaxation has an edge to it in this city. Which accounts for the thousands of sports-related injuries every weekend. And while the City is full of many things, sports medicine facilities isn't one of them. Particularly one that weds orthopedic surgeons and physical therapists such as The Center for Sports Medicine. **New Yorkers torture their bodies all week. Why should weekends be any different?**

As part of Columbia-Presbyterian Medical Center, The Center for Sports Medicine treats injuries as only a serious medical facility can. Using an extensive biomechanical examination, doctors and therapists look beyond symptoms to treat the actual injury. So they may find, for example, that knee pain actually stems from a foot injury. This isn't the easiest way of practicing medicine, but we've found it gets people back to normal—and back to work—as quickly as possible. And considering all the damage you can do on weekends, the office seems like a pretty safe place to be.



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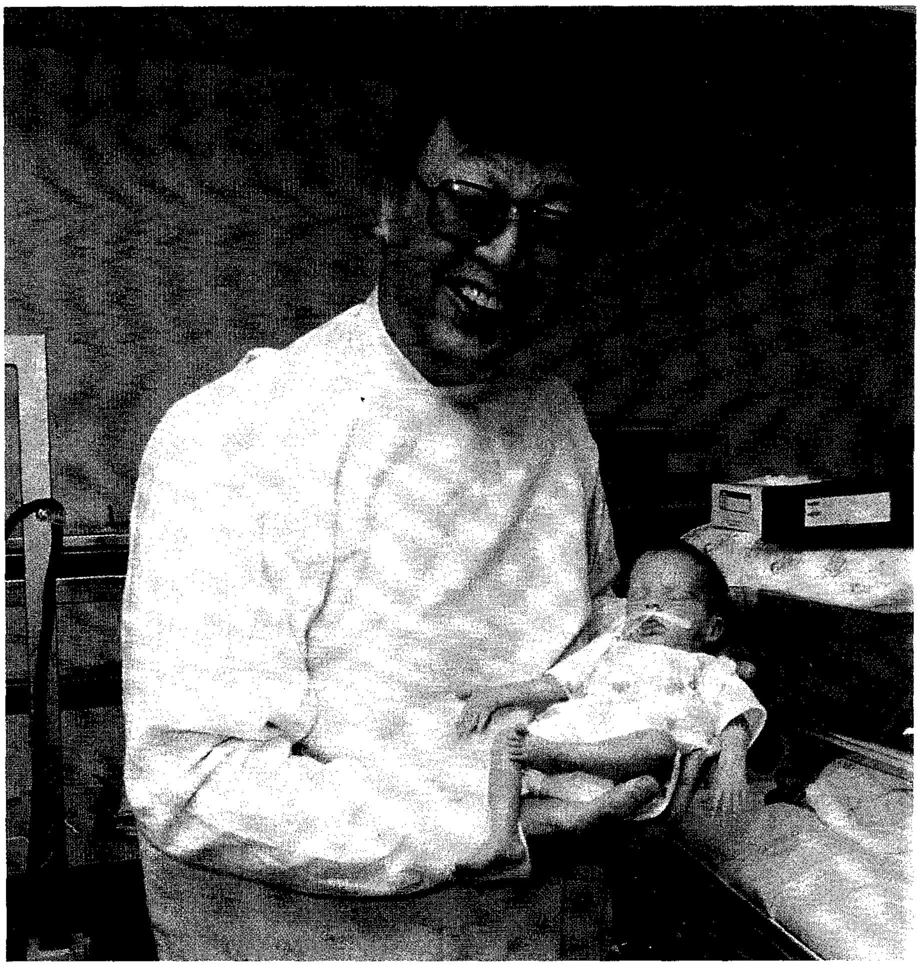
"What patients want from a hospital is more personal care."

groups, the North Shore Medical Group in Huntington and another in Mount Kisco, and established a satellite clinic in Scarsdale. Soon to be added are satellite clinics on Columbus Avenue and 90th Street, in Jackson Heights, and in the Five Towns area on Long Island.

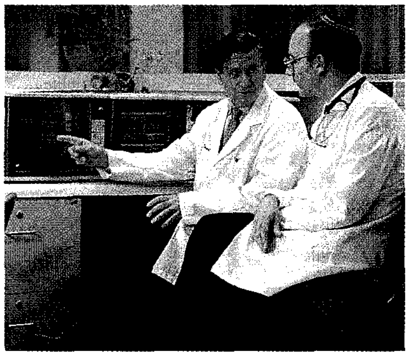
"We consider our region to be the area you see on a television weather map," says Dr. Rowe. The network is geographically distributed, he says, so that people can access the Mount Sinai Health System from wherever they live.

The Parkway Hospital in Forest Hills affiliated with Mount Sinai, says chief executive officer Paul Svensson, "ensures the availability of a full range of the highest quality medical services to the members of our community." The hospital, he says, "will continue to examine ways to develop clinical services, control health care costs, and maintain its tradition of quality care."

Columbia-Presbyterian Medical Center recently affiliated with small hospitals in Brooklyn, Bronxville, White Plains, and as far away as New Milford, Connecticut. "We have positioned ourselves as a tertiary care center. Patients can go to their doctors for primary care and their local



Young patient in the care of St. Barnabas Medical Center's Neonatal Intensive Unit.



Consulting physicians at Mt. Sinai.

community hospital for secondary care and then come to us for more complicated procedures," says Kearns.

Columbia-Presbyterian has been well-known among Upper Westsiders, but recently the medical center made the jump across town with a newly opened, comprehensive, outpatient medical office facility on the Upper East Side. "Patients can see Columbia-Presbyterian doctors there and then come to the medical center for more complicated testing or hospitalization," says Kearns. Putting in a new, readily accessible service "has done more for us than anything we could have imagined."

The New York Hospital-Cornell Medical Center has also established The New York Hospital Care Network, Inc., a non-profit corporate entity established to provide a comprehensive network of health care providers for the Metropolitan area. The thirteen-member network links acute-care and community hospitals, long-term care facilities, home-health agencies, ambulatory sites, and other health care entities to New York Hospital.

In Brooklyn, Maimonides Medical Center has put together a primary care network "to allow our hospital staff and voluntary doctors to work side by side," says Brezenoff. The center recently opened a primary care facility on 57th Street in Borough Park, the Brooklyn Women's Center in Bay Ridge, which emphasizes preventive health care for women, and a doctor's office on 8th Avenue in Sunset Park with Chinese-speaking doctors and staff.

"Our emphasis on a primary care array means that patients will have access to doctors for early, continuing care," says Brezenoff, "which avoids episodic treatments that can aggravate conditions and make hospitalizations necessary."

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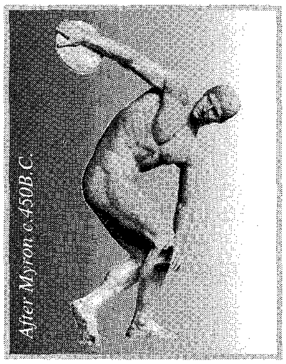
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"Managed care plans now seem willing to pay for meditation as well as medication."

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Healthcare beneficiaries crossing generational bounds.

MANAGED CARE IS HERE TO STAY

While only one in four New Yorkers receive health insurance through managed care plans, that number is expected to nearly double in the next few years. In managed care plans, you choose a local primary care doctor from an approved list. The doctor then acts as a gatekeeper, steering patients through the health care system by ordering tests, prescribing drugs, providing routine treatment, and making referrals to specialists. While this may mean giving up your current doctor if he or she is not on the plan's roster, these plans usually promise only small out-of-pocket expenses for medical care.

Ideally, you should first choose a good doctor, and then go to the managed care plan with which the doctor is associated. Most plans enable you to still go to top doctors by co-paying up to twenty percent of the bill. Check what plans are offered by academic medical centers, which have been buying primary care practices and making affiliations with small community hospitals because primary care doctors hold the keys to referral.

THE PROS AND CONS...

Each managed care plan has its own inner workings. Some plans require approval of all referrals to specialists; others give primary care doctors some leeway, but how many referrals they make and the number of tests and prescriptions they order are carefully watched.

The advantages of managed care include the low cost of care, more frequent checkups that lead to earlier diagnoses for conditions such as skin or breast cancer, as well as inexpensive long-term treatments.

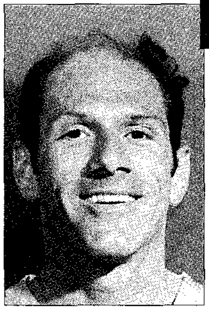
The main disadvantage is difficulty in getting care outside the plan's approved list of providers. If you go to an unapproved doctor or hospital, the plan may not foot the bill, or only pay part of it. This is why many people have to find a new doctor when they sign up for a managed care program. One way plans save money is to exclude certain services altogether, most commonly mental health care.

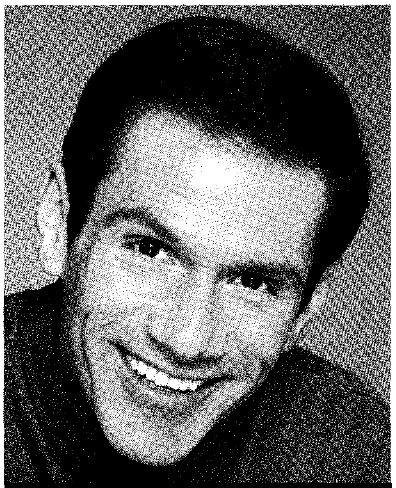
The Transplant Forefront: One Session Results

The latest advances in hair transplant techniques make it possible for us to complete most, if not all, of your work in only one session.

Philip had decided he'd rather be bald than be seen with the "pluggy" look of a hair transplant. Then he discovered the New Hair Institute, a medical group.

The New Hair Institute (NHI) utilizes state-of-the-art technology to transplant a patient's own permanent, naturally-growing hair in grafts containing one to three hairs (thus avoiding the "pluggy" look). NHI pioneered the Fast-Track^{SM} technique which allows their doctors to transplant as many as 3900 individual grafts in one session—a tremendous improvement over the traditional 100 to 200 graft sessions that require as many as 10 surgeries to do what NHI can do in one session!





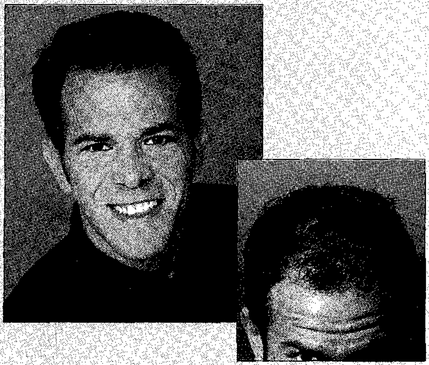
Patient PH before and seven months after one session of 1745 grafts.

Costs for the grafts are very affordable: Fees range from $5 to $15 per graft (call for a fully detailed fee schedule and ask about our Standby rate and air fare reimbursement program).

As you can see from the photos, the results for Philip have been impressive. He was able to have 1745 grafts in just one day. Philip's advice to others: *do your homework*. Ask questions, see real patient results and get a realistic personal assessment of what you can expect from a hair transplant procedure.

With this advice in mind, NHI has developed an education program that gives you all the information you need to make the decisions that are right for you. The program includes three books on hair and balding as well as a free video that shows real-life results and provides information on the actual procedure. NHI also conducts free seminars around the country and gives prospective patients a private consultation with a physician for a personal assessment in their many different offices around the U.S.

Treating Thinning Hair



J.H. researched hair transplant possibilities for three years. His hair was thinning, not balding, but he felt that a transplant made more long-term sense than a weave or wig, both economically and aesthetically. He chose NHI because they answered all his questions in a manner that made him feel comfortable about the results. With just one session of 1295 grafts he had a full and natural hairline again. Best of all, since he started the process early, no one really noticed that he'd had the work done.

Frequently Asked Questions About Hair Transplants.

Q. How do I know if I'm a candidate for these procedures?

A. The only way to know for certain is to meet with a doctor who specializes in surgical hair restoration and have him examine you. However, it is safe to say that the vast majority of men who suffer from male pattern baldness are candidates for the procedures.

Q. Why will the transplanted hair grow where my old hair fell out?

A. There is nothing wrong with the scalp in the balding areas. It's the actual hair follicles which were genetically programmed to die. The hairs on the back and sides of your head are permanent and when placed in the bald area will grow for the rest of your life.

Q. I've talked with several doctors who specialize in hair transplantation and their individual techniques differ greatly. How do I know which one is right for me?

A.There are some general guidelines to follow. Always look for:

1. A doctor who specializes in these procedures on a full-time basis.
2. One who uses the smallest grafts possible (rarely more than 3 hairs).
3. One who can complete the restoration in the fewest number of procedures, by placing large numbers of tiny grafts in each procedure. It should not require more than 1 or 2 visits.
4. A doctor who is willing and proud to introduce you to his patients, who are, in turn, proud to be seen.

Q. I've heard that once you start hair transplantation you can never stop or it will look unnatural.

A. It's true that with the old punch graft techniques, the results never seemed natural and the answer always seemed to be, "let's just do a few more grafts to fill in...". However, with current techniques, grafts are so small they actually "mimic" natural hair growth patterns. The pluggy look is a thing of the past, so you'll never have the look of a work in progress.

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PRESCRIPTION

RICHARD LAIRD/FPG

Rx for finding the right plan.

Sometimes the plan gives your doctor a financial stake in limiting your care. Some plans pay doctors a set "capitation" fee for seeing a patient. They are reimbursed at one rate, regardless of how much time is spent with each patient. Another plan may simply pay the doctor a fee for each service performed, which a *Consumer Reports* survey found to be most satisfying to subscribers.

A common gripe by doctors is that they need to go through a "rubber-stamp approval" process with untrained clerks in order to do a simple test or to make a referral in a standard managed care plan. Many primary care doctors, looking to make themselves more marketable to managed care, have banned together into groups. This may allow them to take control of patient care decisions once again. Many doctor-owned groups have eliminated the "gatekeeper" requirement, cutting down the need for multiple referrals. Others allow women to use an obstetrician-gynecologist as their primary care doctor, without any additional requirements.

Doctor surveys show that primary care doctors believe that patients are referred more often to unknown specialists in managed care plans compared to traditional fee-for-service plans. In a small survey of Washington, D.C., primary care doctors who saw both managed care and non-managed care patients, the doctors said they had fewer personal communications with managed care specialists. They also perceived that patients in managed care plans changed their primary care providers much more frequently than those in non-managed care plans.

Finding the Right Plan

Most New York doctors see a mix of managed care and traditional fee-for-service patients. If, like most New Yorkers, you are treated by a generalist for primary care and several different specialists when the need arises, it would be sensible to ask the doctors which plans they are connected with to help narrow the search. If your employer signs on with a plan, ask your current physician for recommendations from the plan's list of doctors. Sad as it is, a long-time family doctor will likely help you find a new doctor.

If you feel you can't leave your doctors behind, look for a managed care plan with a point of service option or a physician-provider organization. These types of plans allow use of an outside doctor or hospital, but out-of-pocket expenses are paid along with higher premiums.

"Making judgments about managed care is a new consumer experience New Yorkers did not have to go through in the past," says James Tallon, president of the United Hospital Fund. The best way to make a decision about a managed care plan, he says, is to talk to friends and colleagues about how satisfied they are with their care. Be careful about all the data a plan may throw at you in a report card, he warns. One plan's internal rating may use entirely different measures than another's. "Disenrollment rates tell me a lot more than the plethora of data a plan gives you," says Tallon.

One report card that may become valuable is through a proposal to computerize standard claims for health services, saving time and money for participants. New York area hospitals and Empire Blue Cross and Blue Shield, Group Health Inc., Health Insurance Plan of Greater New York, and the United Hospital Fund are sponsoring the electronic patient information system. The report cards would advise consumers which health plans and hospitals were achieving the best results. Doctors and hospitals would also have easy access to patient information to help them provide more effective care.

Some aspects of the plan you would want rated include: access to doctors, nurses, and physician assistants; the

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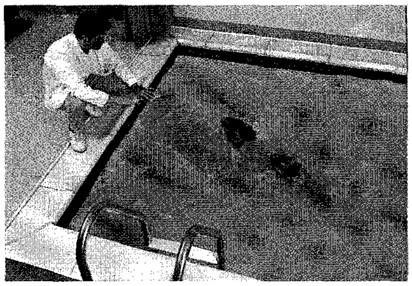


SUPERSTOCK

Hospital rounds: Physical therapist provides encouragement between laps.

range of services available; the amount of time it takes to get an appointment with a health professional; and how quickly, and courteously, bills and claims are handled.

There is a big gap between what consumers and experts find most important about various plans. Most consumers select a managed care plan based on their choice of a doctor, benefits information, results of patient satisfaction surveys, and recommendations of their friends, families, and co-workers. A consumer survey conducted by Oxford Health Plans, one of the larger managed care plans in the New York region, found that consumers are concerned less with quantitative measures of a plan's efficiency and effectiveness. They preferred more holistic evaluations of members' care, emphasizing the one-on-one of a doctor-patient relationship. Topping the list of consumer concerns was whether doctors "care about their patients and are rated highly by them." Ranking second was whether doctors were satisfied with the plan.

A plan with a national presence may interest those New Yorkers who travel regularly. MultiPlan, Inc. offers a national network of providers including 50,000 doctors and 2,400 hospitals. A toll-free-number service allows members to locate a MultiPlan facility or practitioner when they are out-of-town. "No matter where you go, you can obtain continuity of care from one network," says Donald Rubin, MultiPlan's president.

Getting the Care You Deserve

Mount Sinai's Dr. Rowe agrees that New Yorkers will have to be more vigilant to get the health care they deserve with managed care. To assure quality care and advanced services, academic medical centers are now linking up with managed care plans. Both Mount Sinai itself and groups of its doctors are developing contracts with a number of health maintenance organizations (HMOs). Like most academic medical centers, it is focusing more of its medical education curriculum on primary care. Next month, Mount Sinai will open up a new primary care building.

"I think the whole Clinton-style health care reform debate was a wake-up call for HMOs and managed care firms," says Oxford Health Plans chairman and chief executive officer, Stephen F. Wiggins. Many firms with lax managed care policies realize they couldn't thrive under a Clinton-style reform without a competitive cost structure. "If all HMOs were suddenly forced to compete for customers, most plans would not have the ability to win them over in this more price-sensitive market," says Wiggins. On the other hand, he claims that plans that are reorganizing their doctor-delivery systems and getting more efficient in how they manage medical resources will have a significant advantage.

> "One in four New Yorkers receive health insurance through managed care plans, a number that is likely to double in the next few years."

While New York opened its managed care market about ten years after the rest of the country, the city is tracking along the same lines as California, Minnesota, and Boston, says Dr. Rowe. He expects more than 40 percent of New Yorkers to subscribe to plans within two years. The rise may be even more meteoric as the state government plans to move Medicaid into managed care and the federal government is lobbying to get Medicare into managed care to help reduce the budget.

Managed Care for Older Adults

There are currently 36 million beneficiaries of Medicare — less than ten percent of them are enrolled in managed care plans. Despite predictions that seniors would be the group least likely to join managed care plans and give up their regular doctors, enrollment statistics indicate that some 2.2 million seniors have already signed on, and tens of thousands more are enrolling each month.

A study of New York Medicare recipients conducted by Oxford Health Plans found that not only are seniors joining, but that most are satisfied with the level of benefits and care they receive. A poll of more than 4,000 city Medicare recipients found that nearly 90 percent were "satisfied" or "very satisfied" with the plan, and virtually all of them said they would remain with Oxford through the rest of the year.

Americans age 50 and up represent more than 25 percent of the country's population, as well as its fastest growing demographic group. By the year 2000, the 50-plus segment is expected to grow by 12 million to 75 million as the "baby boomers" enter this age group. Older Americans already account for more than 55 percent of all doctor services, purchase more than 67 percent of prescription drugs, represent 60 percent of personal health care expenditures, and are responsible for 65 percent of hospital revenues. Nursing homes currently house 1.5 million people, and that number is expected to increase by 33 percent by the year 2000 and double by 2020. By the turn of the century, it is projected that 70 percent of all health care will be administered to the over-50 crowd.

COURTESY HOSPITAL FOR SPECIAL SURGERY

Surgery nurse manager leads a pre-op class.

The Alphabet Soup of Managed Care

Three-letter acronyms spell an assortment of managed care plans, that can be as mystifying as trying to decode a message in a soup kettle. While most managed care plans coordinate services through primary care doctors, there are crucial differences, described here:

An **HMO** or Health Maintenance Organization is a health plan that provides coverage of designated health services–such as preventative services, checkups, and serious illness–for a fixed, prepaid premium. There are four basic models of HMOs: group, individual practice association, network, and staff. Some models have doctors on salary who only serve plan members, who are covered only when they use the HMO's, doctors, and hospitals.

Under the Federal HMO Act, an HMO must have an organized system for providing health care or otherwise assuring health care delivery in a geographic area; an agreed upon set of basic and supplemental health maintenance and treatment services; and an enrolled group.

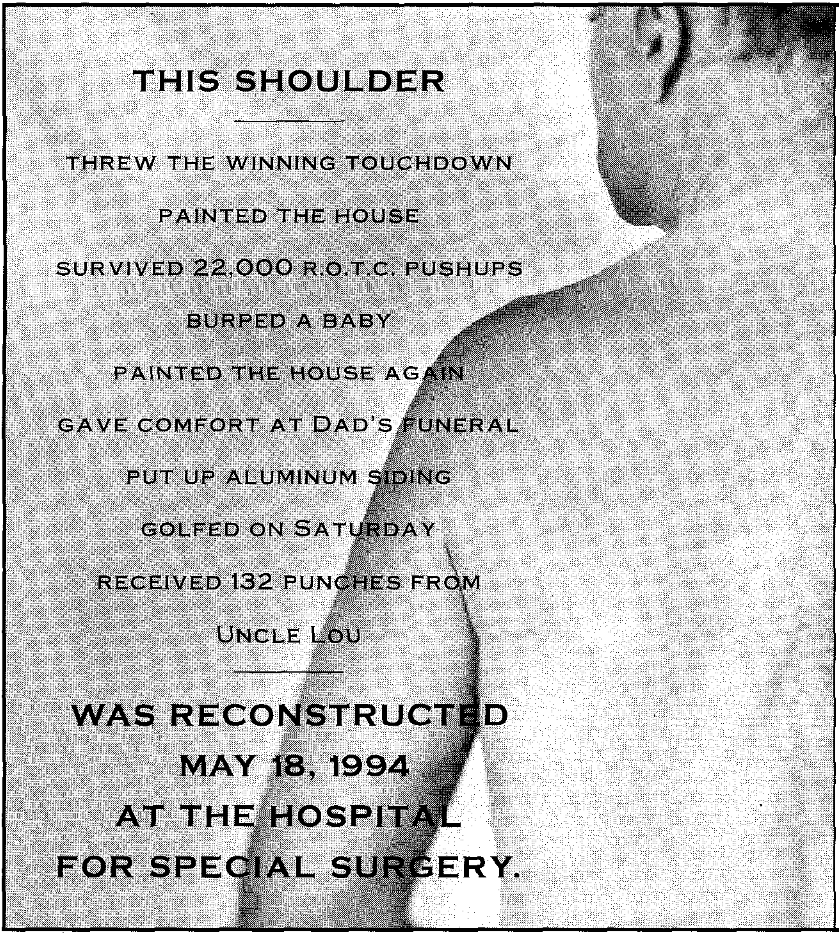
An **IPA** or an Independent Practice Association is an HMO-type model that contracts with a network of physicians to provide health care services in return for a negotiated fee. Physicians continue in their existing individual or group practices and are compensated on a per capita, fee schedule, or fee-for-service basis. Plan members are covered only when they use designated doctors and hospitals.

A **POS** or Point-of-Service health plan allows the covered person to choose to receive service from either a participating or non-participating provider, with different benefit levels. Plan members usually pay a higher premium and higher co-payments for using non-participating providers.

The service can be provided in several ways: an HMO may allow members to obtain limited services from non-participating providers; provide non-participating benefits through a supplemental major medical policy; or a PPO may be used to provide both participating and non-participating levels of coverage and access.

A **PPO** or Preferred Provider Organization is a program in which contracts are established with preferred providers of medical care. Usually, the contract provides significantly better benefits (fewer co-payments) for services received from preferred providers, encouraging use of these providers. Covered persons are generally allowed benefits for non-participating providers' services, usually on an indemnity basis with significant co-payments.

Indemnity, fee-for-service or **FFS** is an insurance program in which the insured person is reimbursed for covered expenses. In this traditional system, covered persons may use any provider or hospital. They pay a deductible and co-payment, with the insurer absorbing the rest of the fee.



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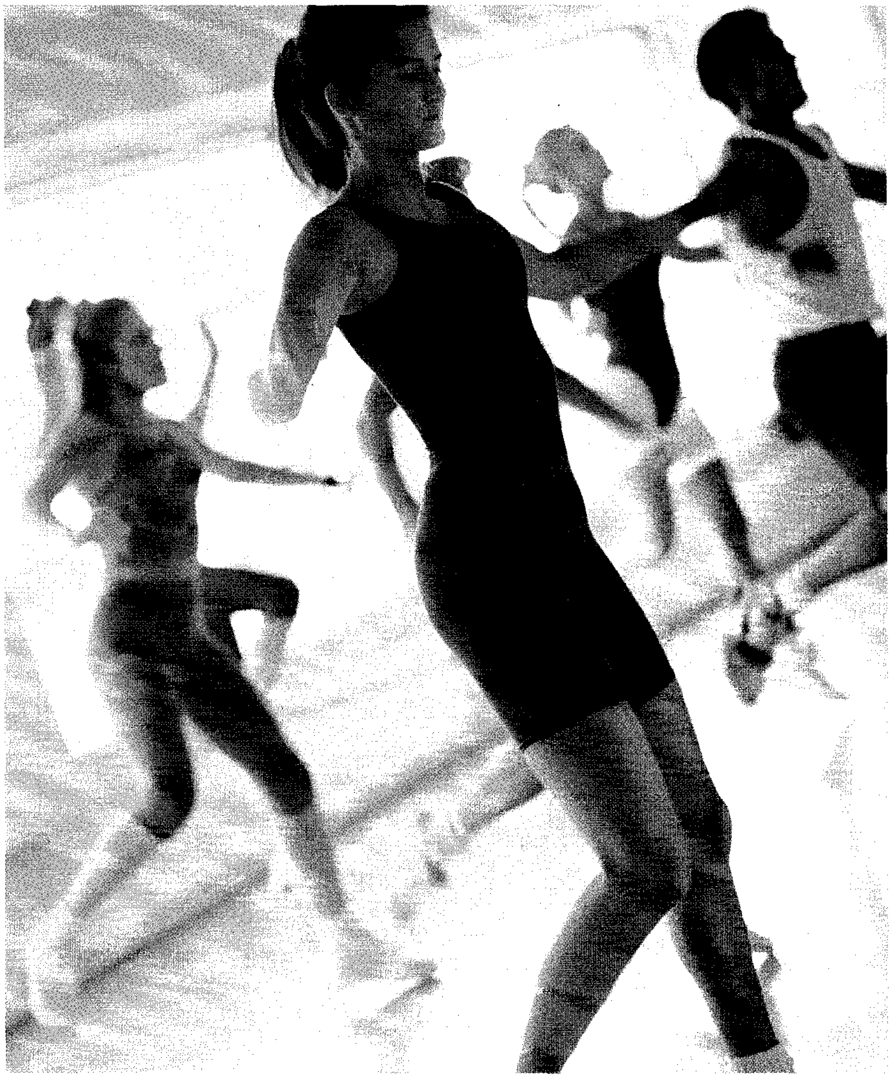

LORI ADAMSKI PEEK/TONY STONE

Harmony and balance: A definite difference between being fit and being healthy.

AN OUNCE OF PREVENTION...

In New York, wellness and fitness go hand in hand. Health clubs were among the wellness pioneers, and they continue their innovative ways. Instead of heading uptown for a meditation workshop, across town to a yoga class, and then to downtown for acupuncture treatments, your health club may conveniently offer these and other wellness programs under one roof.

In the early 1980s, such wellness stars as heart/diet doctor Dean Ornish, MD, and mind/body maven, Dr. Ken Pelletier, lectured at Manhattan Plaza Health Club as part of the club's "Fully Alive" wellness program, notes general manager Len Matheo. Today, the program continues to emphasize the unity of body, mind, and spirit with Dr. Ornish and Harvard's Dr. Herbert Benson–the guru of the relaxation response–now teaching stress control.

Getting Fit for Life

Some health clubs have created programs addressing how specifically to cope with stress in the workplace. Designed for people who seek to counteract its harmful effects on their health and lifestyle, participants become more aware of mind/body interactions and the effects of stress. Other programs get members focused on nutrition goals by helping participants to adapt healthier eating and lifestyle habits.

Living a balanced life can include incorporating meditations to help keep the physical and spiritual life in sync; widely available meditation classes also reveal how imbalance can lead to such problems as headaches and back pain Similarly, popular mind/body fitness techniques like yoga, tai chi, and karate classes have become *de rigueur* at most clubs citywide.

At the Atrium Club, eight massage therapists perform reflexology, shiatsu, Swedish, and sports massages throughout the day, says club manager Mike Pethybridge. The club offers periodic seminars related to massage and other modalities, including chakras (manipulating energy centers in the body) and craniosacral therapy

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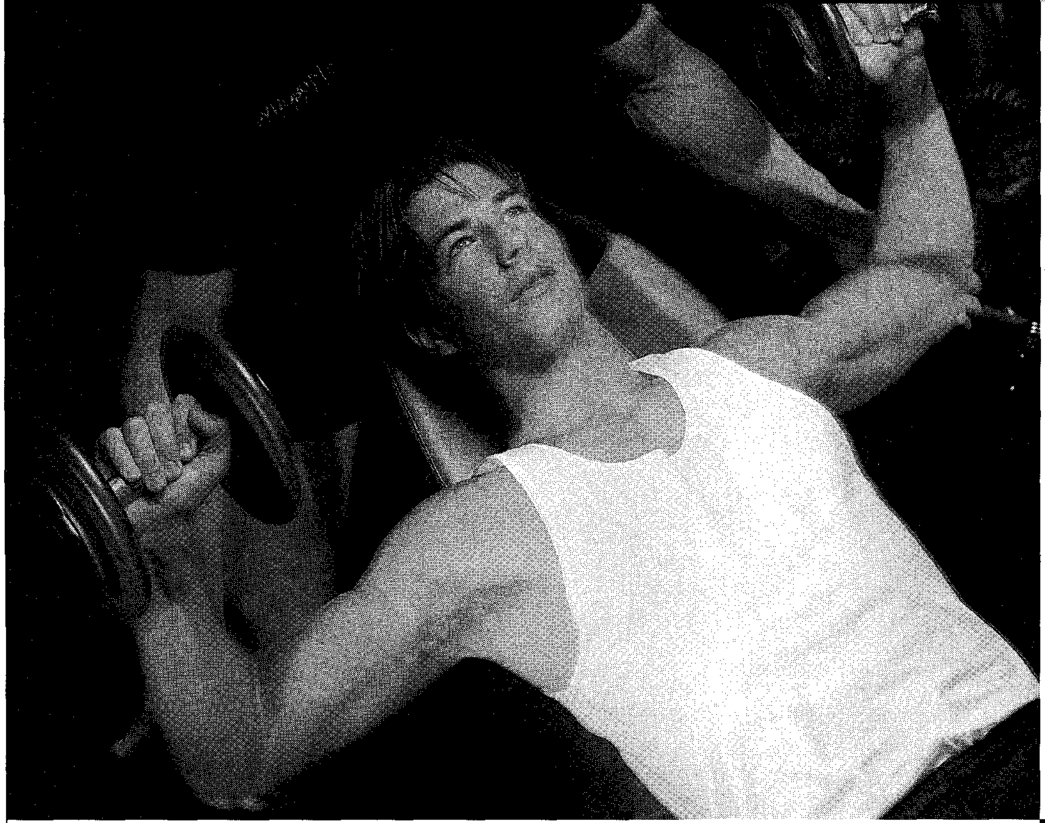

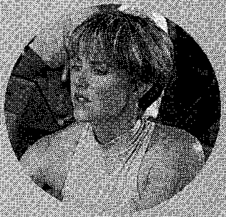

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A busy, stress-filled Manhattan lifestyle led Lavinia Errico, owner of the Equinox Fitness Club, to open up The Equinox Wellness Center recently. After landing in the hospital from exhaustion, she sought out and sampled different healing, transformational modalities, from nutrition to yoga, herbal remedies to meditation. "It was this journey to find harmony and balance in my hard-driven life that led to the Wellness Center," says Errico.

The Vertical Club offers about 70 classes a week, including yoga, tai chi, massage, and power plunge, an aquatic workout to condition the total body without excess stress on muscles and joints. "Our yoga classes include a total stretch, flexibility, and relaxation sessions for the mind and body," says Edward Vitali, the club's managing director. "Tai chi is an ancient Chinese martial art and health practice using slow, smooth circular movements to work the body, center the mind, and harmonize emotions." Swedish and sports massage are available for men and women, as well as Shiatsu and reflexology.

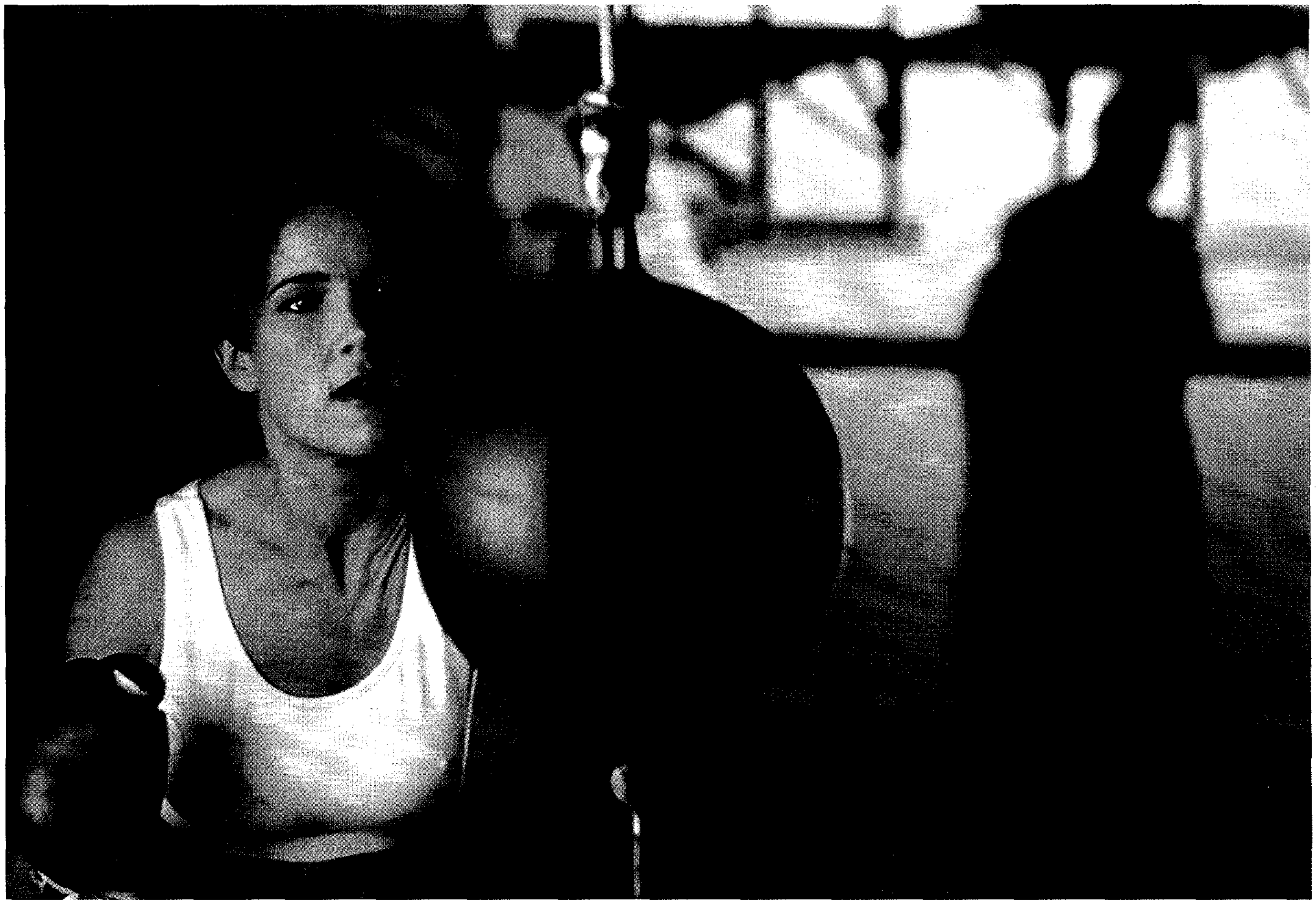
Healthy Alternatives

Preventive medicine is one of the basic tenets of the alternative medicine movement. Alternative medicine encourages people to become equal partners in their own health maintenance by preventing or, at least, ameliorating illness. The alternative medicine juggernaut is driven partly by a general disenchantment with often impersonal traditonal medicine. Alternative care takes into account relationships, your environment, and attitude.

Managed care plans now seem willing to pay for a prescription of meditation as well as medication. Some plans now allow members to choose naturopaths and other holistic doctors as their primary care providers. For specialized care they can turn to practitioners of homeopathy, acupuncture, massage therapy, and other unconventional methods.

One third of all Americans now pursue some kind of alternative care in hopes of warding off disease, according to a recent Harvard study. Americans make an estimated 425 million visits to providers of unconventional therapy, more visits than to their primary care doctors. Traditional medicine is escalating its efforts to test the validity of unconventional therapies. The National Institute of Health's Office of Alternative Medicine has awarded funding to 30 pilot projects in such areas as acupuncture, massage therapy, music therapy, hypnosis, homeopathy, guided imagery, and prayer. And more than a dozen medical schools now offer courses in alternative medicine.

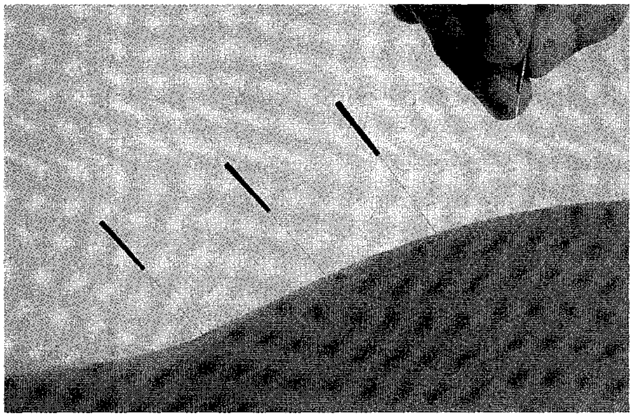
Almost half of all preventable deaths



Empowerment: Focus on mind/body can help to cope with stress in the workplace.

have been linked to lifestyle risk factors, such as smoking, drinking, poor diet, or lack of exercise. It makes sense, therefore, that preventive medicine, with its goals of prolonging life and reducing disability, is the guiding philosophy of healthy living in the 1990s. The rationale is simple: preventing an illness, or diagnosing one early, is both more successful and less expensive than treating an advanced disease.

Offering health promotion programs and illness prevention services,insurers have found, is far more cost-effective than waiting to treat diseases and maladies down the road. These services include screening for early detection of disease or risk factors, childhood and adult immunizations, and health-behavior counseling. Most hospitals also offer extensive health promotion and screening programs at no cost to the community. The hospital's department of public relations can direct you to these programs.



Americans make as many visits to providers of unconventional therapy as they do to their primary care doctors.

Knowledge is Power

Whether you are trying to locate a good doctor, evaluate your local hospital, find a reliable managed care plan, assess alternatives to traditional medicine, or enlist wellness and fitness programs—it is best to be armed with your own information.

Patients are no longer passive consumers of health care. They are becoming savvy health care consumers, taking advantage of the wealth of information resources available. One phone call or a visit to the library gives easy access to health information clearinghouses, health magazines and newsletters, toll-free hotline numbers, medical advice lines, voluntary health associations, and most recently, on-line and CD-ROM databases, which have up-to-date medical, scientific and health information. Consumer magazines, newspapers, and television and radio shows routinely bring news on how to manage your health. In today's world, the more you know, the more you can actively participate in managing your health care.•

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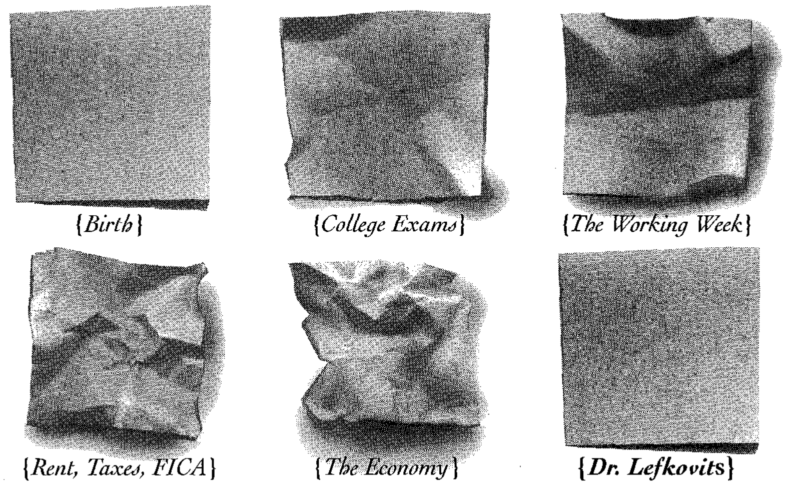

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American Medical Association
800-AMA-3211

For information about a physician:
American Board of Medical Specialties
800-776-CERT

Medical Society of the State of New York
800-523-4405

New York State Education Department, Division of Professional Licensing
900-555-6978
518-474-3817

New York County Medical Society
212-684-4670

For information about a hospital:
Joint Commission on Accreditation of Health Care Organizations
708-916-5600

For information about HMOs and other managed care companies:
National Committee for Quality Assurance
202-783-2242

To register a complaint:
New York State Department of Health's Office of Professional Conduct
518-474-8357

New York State Department of Health's Bureau of Hospital Services
518-474-5013

HEALTH INFORMATION RESOURCES

From books, to medical magazines, and newsletters to databases and software, to health information clearinghouses, there are thousands of health resources available to consumers. Among them:

Alzheimer's Association
800-621-0379

Cancer Information Service
800-4-CANCER

Food and Drug Administration
301-443-3170

National AIDS Information Clearinghouse
800-458-5231

American Diabetes Association
800-ADA-DISC

Women's Health Information Service
202-347-1140

ODPHP National Health Information Center
800-336-4797
The ODPHP National Health Information Center publishes a pamphlet of toll-free numbers for health information.

Toll-free health hotlines can also be obtained through the National Library of Medicine's DIRLINE Database **800-272-4787**.

Combined Health Information Database
(CHID)is an online database containing references to health information for patients and the public. Write to CHID, National Institutes of Health, 9000 Rockville Pike, Rockville, MD 20892.

There are also **fax-based consumer health information services** for the general public, including:

Agency for Health Care Policy and Research
800-358-9295
Consumer information on clinical practice guidelines, health insurance, Medicare, nursing homes, and others.

CancerFax
301-402-5874
Up-to-date and reliable information cancer in English and Spanish. A list of patient publications produced by the National Cancer Institute is also available.

Centers for Disease Control Fax Information Service
404-332-4565
Three directories available: disease directory, childhood immunization directory, and international travel directory.

A comprehensive, well-organized directory of these and other resources, *Consumer Health Information Source Book*, is published by The Oryx Press, 4041 North Central at Indian School Road, Phoenix, AZ 85012-3397.

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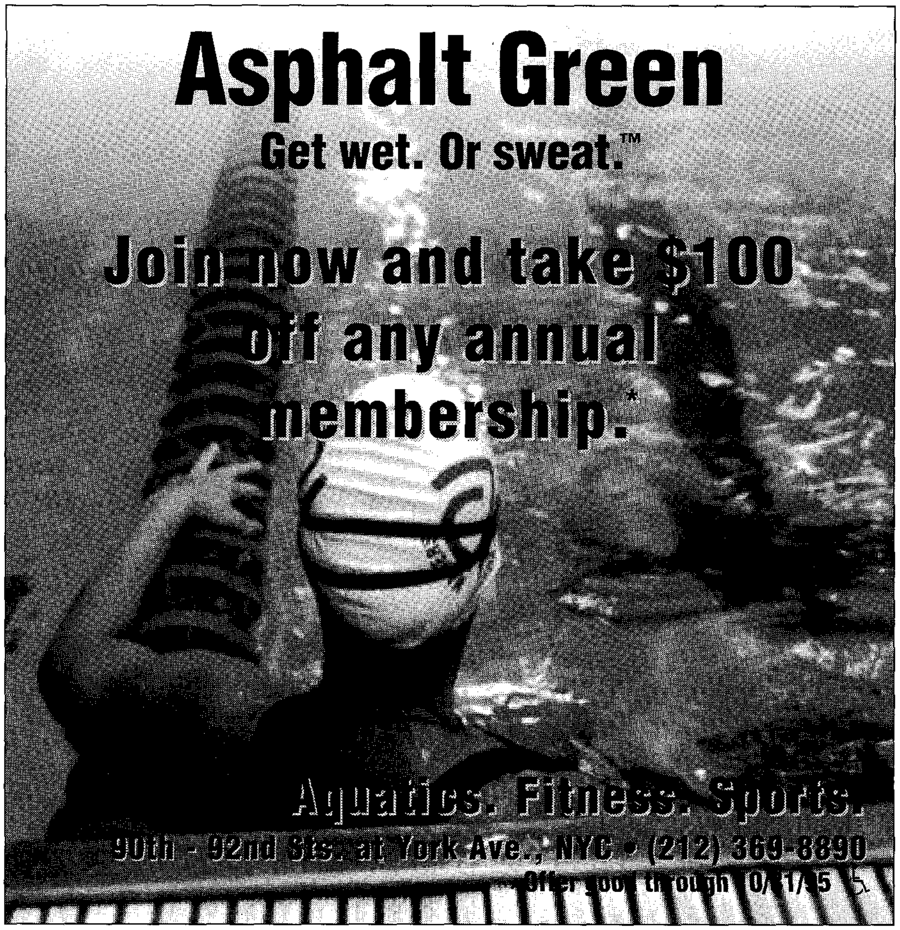

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Cabrini Nursing Home
62 Avenue B at 5th Street
212-677-4161

This 240-bed skilled nursing facility, sponsored by the Missionary Sisters of the Sacred Heart, offers 24-hour nursing services by fully trained registered nurses, licensed practical nurses, and certified nurse's aides. Each resident has their own primary care physician who assures that all medical needs are addressed. The nursing home's affiliation with Cabrini Medical Center ensures that a comprehensive array of medical and support services is available to residents. Clinical services offered include dental, opthamology, orthopedics, audiology, and podiatry, and a complete range of hospice services is available to the nursing home residents and their families.

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Flushing Hospital Medical Center
45th Avenue and Parsons Boulevard
Flushing, NY
718-670-5000

This 447-bed acute-care teaching facility is an affiliate of Preferred Health Network and a major teaching affiliate of Albert Einstein College of Medicine. Specialized areas include adult and pediatric emergency room; paramedic services; high-risk obstetrics; medical, surgical, cardiac, and neonatal intensive care units; ambulatory surgery center; full diagnostic imaging capabilities; renal dialysis center; outpatient services; and rehabilitation medicine unit.

The Hospital for Joint Diseases
301 East 17th Street
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This 220-bed specialty hospital includes areas in orthopedics, rheumatology, neurology, and rehabilitation medicine. The hospital is performing newly FDA-approved cartilage transplants for damaged joints and new surgery for epilepsy. A fitness center to rehabilitate arthritic patients is part of a comprehensive arthritis management program. The hospital also offers an orthopedic immediate care center, an inpatient pain management program and a new program for rehabilitation of traumatic brain injuries.

The Hospital for Special Surgery
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212-606-1000 (General)
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Widely recognized as one of the country's top hospitals, the Hospital for Special Surgery is a 160-bed hospital specializing in orthopedics, including joint replacement, back surgery, sports medicine, and a highly regarded osteoporosis center. The hospital also specializes in rheumatology, including research on and treatment for arthritis and lupus.

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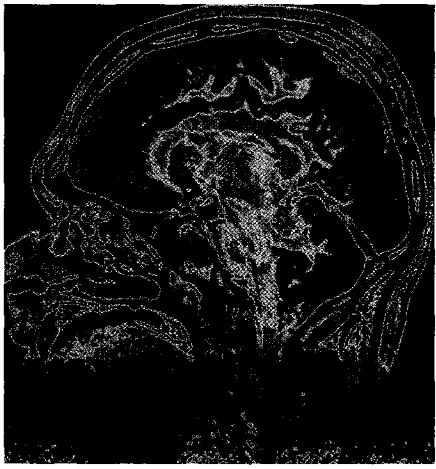

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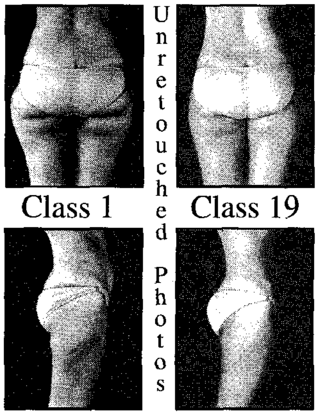

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Memorial Sloan-Kettering Cancer Center
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800-525-2225 (Physician Referral)

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The Mount Sinai Medical Center
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The New York Eye and Ear Infirmary
Second Avenue at 14th Street
212-979-4000

This 103-bed teaching hospital provides comprehensive diagnosis and treatment for all disorders and diseases of the eyes, ears, nose, throat, and related areas. More than 450 of the tri-state area's most prominent ophthalmologists, otolaryngologists, and plastic surgeons are affiliated with the infirmary. More than 18,000 surgical procedures are performed each year. Specialized emergency and outpatient services are also available.

The Parkway Hospital
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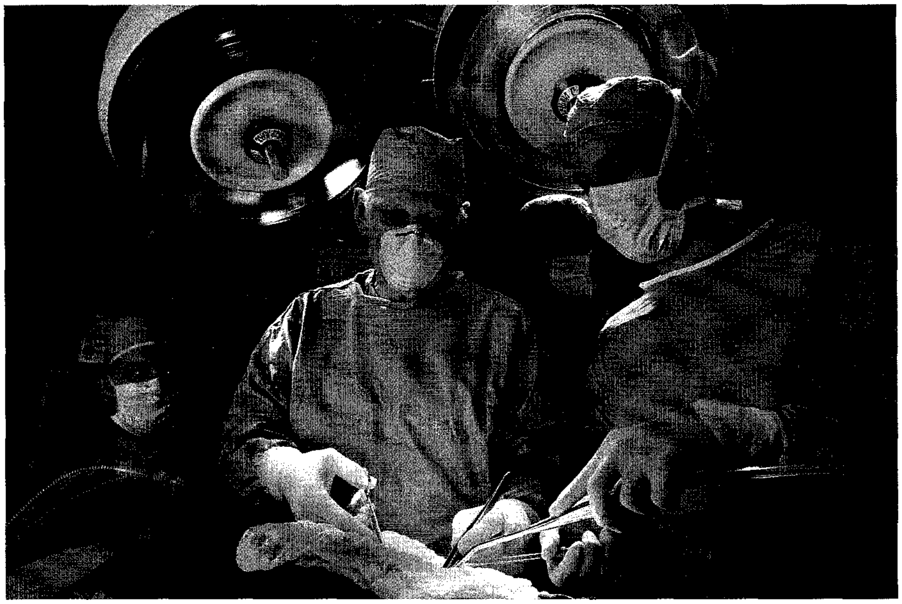
800-MD-HELP (Physician Referral)

This 251-bed general medical and surgical facility located in the heart of Forest Hills was founded in 1963 with the objective to



CHARLES THATCHER/TONY STONE

provide acute-care services to any and all patients. Specialized services include a laparoscopic laser surgery program, a geriatric care program, an expanded Ambulatory Surgery and Endoscopy Suite, a fully modernized emergency room, and state-of-the-art diagnostic facilities. This fall, the hospital will introduce its Nursing Home and Adult Home Placement Service, which will be available to the public.

Saint Barnabas Medical Center
94 Old Short Hills Road
Livingston, NJ
201-533-5000

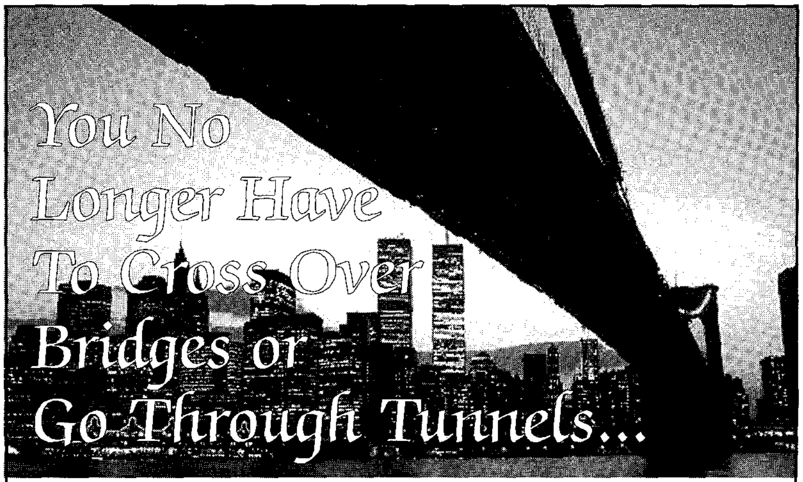
Saint Barnabas is New Jersey's oldest and largest non-profit, nonsectarian hospital. The 620-bed institution offers a certified burn treatment facility, a renal dialysis and transplant service, a perinatal center, an institute on reproductive medicine and science, a large cancer center and an obstetrics and gynecology program.

St. Luke's-Roosevelt
Hospital Center
St. Luke's Division:
1111 Amsterdam Avenue
at 114th Street
Roosevelt Division:
1000 Tenth Avenue at 59th Street
212-523-4000 (General)
212-876-5432 (Physician Referral)

There are two locations on the West Side of Manhattan with new state-of-the-art inpatient buildings at each site. The hospital operates 1,315 licensed beds and its specialty areas include the Joslin Center for Diabetes, the Heart Center, the C.V. Starr Hand Surgery Center, the Birthing Center, and a comprehensive AIDS program.

Staten Island University Hospital
North Campus:
475 Seaview Avenue
718-226-9000
South Campus:
375 Seguine Avenue
718-226-2000

An affiliate of The Mount Sinai Hospital and Mount Sinai School of Medicine, the 633-bed hospital offers inpatient, acute-care and outpatient services. New facilities include the Breast Health Center, Center for Women's Health, and an inpatient head trauma unit. Specialty services include comprehensive ambulatory cancer care and state-of-the-art treatment including stereotactic radiosurgery, radiation implantation, and autologous bone marrow transplantation.



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At **Flushing Hospital Medical Center's Department of Surgery**, we have the expertise and sensitivity in knowing that when surgery is needed...you want to be in the best possible hands. Our board certified surgeons utilize the latest technological equipment including state-of-the-art lasers and ultrasonic scalpels for effective results and quicker recovery; backed by board certified, highly skilled Anesthesiologists.

The Department of Surgery performs the following specialties:

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Head & Neck Plastic Neurosurgery Podiatric
Ophthalmology Thoracic Orthopedic
Urology Pediatric Vascular

We also have added expertise in performing:

Ambulatory Surgery Colon and Rectal Surgery
Joint Replacement Laparoscopic Surgery
Laser Surgery Microvascular Surgery
Oncologic Surgery Surgery for Obesity

FLUSHING HOSPITAL MEDICAL CENTER
45th Avenue at Parsons Blvd
Flushing, New York 11355

When surgery is needed, remember, we are conveniently located right in your own community. **Call our Department of Surgery at (718) 670-3135 for further information.**

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You can lose it NOW!

You've read about it in *Readers Digest, US News & World Reports and seen it on T.V.*.
The new painless and safe medical weight loss pills, (Pen/Fen Program) available only with doctor supervision, will control the appetite cravings enabling you to lose weight.

When willpower isn't enough...
call for a FREE Office Consultation

45 Gramacy Park N.
Suite 1B Manhattan
(212) 674-1888

7819 18th Ave.
Brooklyn
(718) 331-9600

Medical Care
Weight Loss Program
Evening Appointments Available

Helping Others Overcome Infertility

Donated eggs from women 21 - 34 are needed for couples pursuing infertility treatment. Donors will be carefully evaluated and required to take medications and undergo a minor procedure. Participation is confidential and compensation of $2,400 is provided for time and effort.

*For further information, please call Betsy Kase at **(914) 934-7484***

IVF America Program - Westchester
United Hospital, 406 Boston Post Road, Port Chester, New York

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and
THE PILATES STUDIO®
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The Pilates® Method of body conditioning is an exercise system focused on flexibility and strength for the total body. The Pilates® method is not just an exercise. It is a series of more than 500 specifically designed, controlled movements engaging the body and mind, performed on five major pieces of exercise apparatus, developed in the 1920s by the legendary physical trainer, Joseph H. Pilates. To provide safe and effective body conditioning, instruction is given only by trainers who complete a rigorous certification program, including two weeks of seminar training and 600 apprenticeship hours.

In an unbroken legacy from the founder of The Pilates Studio®, Joseph H. Pilates, to Pilates Inc. today, Pilates Inc. continues to provide safe and effective body conditioning under the Pilates® and The Pilates Studio® trademarks. **The trademarks are vigorously protected, and violators will be prosecuted.** For permission to use the trademarks or for further information regarding classes, teacher certification, and exercise apparatus, write to The Pilates Studio®, 2121 Broadway, Suite 201, New York, NY 10023, or call (800) 474-5283 or (212)875-0189. In Santa Fe, call (505) 989-1700.

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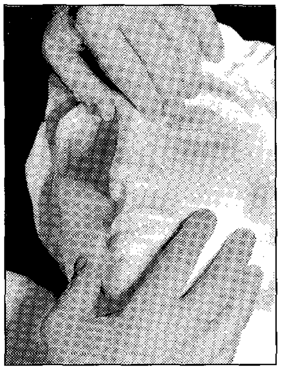
The Talents of a Sculptor and The Skills of a Surgeon



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Cosmetic Surgery

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- Male Breast Reduction
- Liposuction/Body Contour
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737 Park Ave., NYC. Outpatient Surgical Facility

DOCTORS and SPECIALTY CENTERS

Advanced Eye Care Associates
750 Park Avenue at 72nd Street
212-744-6370
800-503-EYES

This practice advocates preventive eye care by providing the most up-to-date approaches to maintaining eye health. Founder Liviu B. Saimovici, MD, is a board-certified ophthalmologist who holds appointments at five Manhattan teaching hospitals. His areas of expertise include microsurgery for the correction of cataracts and glaucoma, radial keratotomy to correct nearsightedness and astigmatism, and expert fitting of contact lenses. A free consultation to determine candidacy for radial keratotomy is offered.

Garth Ballantyne, MD
50 East 69th Street
212-249-2626
800-LAP SURG

Dr. Ballantyne specializes in "band-aid" surgical treatment of heartburn, gall stones, colonic diseases, and hernias using laparoscopes and digital video technology. Tiny incisions into the abdomen help speed recovery, reduce pain, and allow you to return to normal activity sooner. This internationally known general surgeon demonstrates his unique techniques all over the world.

L.A. Cenedese, MD
Plastic Cosmetique
715 Park Avenue at 69th Street
212-570-0350

A practice of superb, caring, board-certified plastic surgeons who use state-of-the-art techniques in body-facial *contouring and rejuvenation.*

The Center for the Prevention of Premature Birth
888 Park Avenue at 78th Street
212-744-6644

The center addresses all aspects of a healthy pregnancy, combining the best of one-on-one communication and personal attention with access to the latest in obstetrical technology. Founder and director David Fields, MD, JD, a board-certified obstetrician-gynecologist and senior attending obstetrician-gynecologist at Lenox Hill Hospital, has an unmatched record of full-term births, having delivered 98.5 percent of his patients' babies at term in eighteen years of practice. He only missed one delivery in that time, the result of being stopped by a police officer for speeding on his way to a patient.

Jeffrey D. Dorfman, MD
18 East 50th Street, Suite 11C
212-754-6555

Dr. Dorfman performs general, cosmetic, and implant surgery. This practice consists of five generalists and specialists available to those with demanding schedules and who want quality cosmetic dental work done quickly. Free consultations and evening appointments are available.

Mark A. Erlich, MD
800 A Fifth Avenue at 61st Street, Suite 202
212-861-4100

Dr. Erlich is Director of the New York Plastic Surgery Center and a clinical assistant professor of facial plastic surgery at New York Medical College. He

PHYSICIAN REFERRAL SERVICES
Finding a Doctor can be Painless

Using an emergency room for general health care is a fairly common, but expensive, practice among New Yorkers—especially by those new to the area who have not previously had need of a physician. Recognizing this, many hospitals now offer physician referral services as an easy way to locate a doctor affiliated with their institution. Referral service staff, which may be nurses, will ask about your symptoms or condition, provide names of appropriate physicians, and will even make appointments.

These services generally provide specifics on:
board certification, specialties, areas of interest, medical schools attended, residency and fellowship training insurance accepted, fees and billing policies, languages spoken

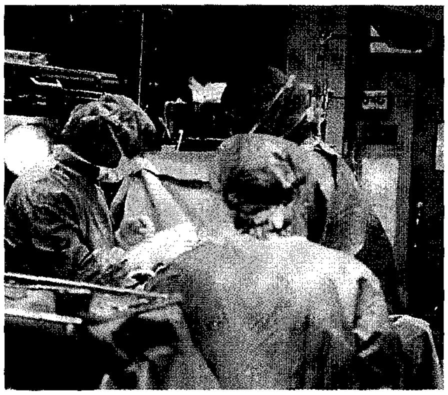
specializes in surgery of the aging face and rhinoplasty. A pioneer in the use of computerized surgery, he has fifteen years of experience and has performed more than 7,000 procedures.

Richard Kroner, MD
17 East 76th Street
212-717-4800

With more than 30 years of experience in his field, Dr. Kroner is a board-certified internist who specializes in weight loss and maintenance. Hypnosis, appetite suppressants, or a combination of the two is used, in conjunction with an exercise program to facilitate the goals of his patients. A private gym on the premises is also available for their use.

Laser Spine Center
170 East 77th Street
212-535-6040

Laser Spine offers an outpatient treatment of herniated discs under local anesthesia that uses a laser beam through a needle eliminating cutting, scarring, or spinal instability. The director, Daniel S. J. Choy, MD, is an assistant professor of medicine at Columbia and the former director of the laser laboratory at St. Luke's-Roosevelt Hospital Center.


Parkway Hospital surgeons: A collaborative effort.

George Lefkovits, MD
9 East 62nd Street
212-750-9494

Dr. Lefkovits is a board-certified plastic surgeon and assistant professor of plastic surgery at New York Medical College. His practice is devoted to cosmetic surgery, and procedures such as liposuction, rhinoplasty, breast surgery, including breast reduction, are performed in an office operating suite. Permanent lip-liners, eye-liners, and a revolutionary new laser technique to resurface lines and wrinkles of the face are also available.

Adam Lewenberg, MD
184 East 70th Street
212-249-8800

Dr. Lewenberg is a specialist in internal medicine and founder of The Skin and Hair Treatment Center, which specializes in hair regrowth. He developed the first successful medical treatment which regrows normal, healthy hair. It's a spray composed of two percent minoxidil and .025 percent tretinoin, which, when combined, absorb into the skin better than menoxidil alone. His pioneering in hair treatment began thirteen years ago.

Rhoda Narins, MD
Dermatology Surgery
and Laser Center
1021 Park Avenue at 85th Street
212-348-1800

Dr. Rhoda Narins is an experienced surgeon specializing in tumescient

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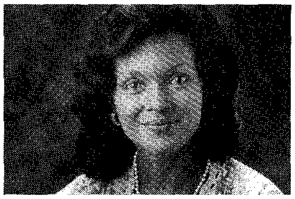
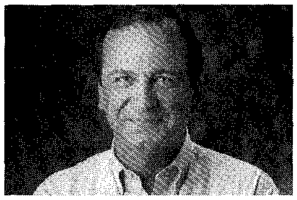
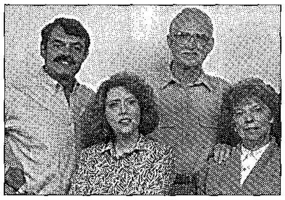
CABRINI MEDICAL CENTER IS
NEW YORK'S ALL AROUND PERFORMER.



FOR HER
Newer techniques for hysterectomy, treatment for endometriosis, bladder incontinence, cosmetic problems and other procedures



FOR HIM
Treatment for benign prostate enlargement, hernia repair, back problems and other procedures



FOR THEM
Less invasive surgery for gallbladder removal, appendectomies, bowel and thoracic procedures, sports injuries and sinus endoscopy

The Laser and
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at Cabrini Medical Center

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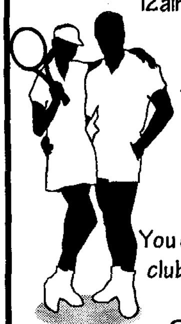
* Full membership includes membership fee & one-time initiation fee.

FREE COURT TIME COUPON! Bring this Ad and receive 1 FREE HOUR of court time. (New members only. Some restrictions apply.)



BACK PAIN?

If you have a herniated disk there is now a new, remarkably effective LASER treatment

This outpatient procedure requires only local anesthesia, takes less than an hour, is FDA approved, and is reimbursable by insurance.

The above procedure known as Percutaneous Laser Disk Decompression (PLDD) was the subject of a special issue in June, 1995 of the prestigious *Journal of Clinical Laser Medicine & Surgery.*

LASER SPINE CENTER
1-800-652-7377
http://cvinet.com/impact/choy.html

liposuction as seen on *20/20*, laser resurfacing, fat transfers, peels, collagen schlerotherapy, and all cosmetic procedures.

The National Center for Stuttering
200 East 33rd Street
212-532-1460

The nation's largest center for the treatment of stuttering has five full-time and seven part-time specialists who treat more than 400 New York-area clients a year. The center also has satellite treatment centers in fourteen other cities, and is the only center to treat the physical cause of stuttering, with a published, long-term success rate of 93 percent.

New Hair Institute
800-NEWHAIR

This medical group specializes in hair transplantation of thousands of one, two, and three-hair grafts in a single session. Prices range from $5-$15 per graft, and there are two New York-area locations. This leader in extensive hair transplantation pioneered the Fast-Track method where thousands of one-, two-, and three-hair grafts are transplanted in a single session.

James Reardon, MD
737 Park Avenue at 71st Street
212-832-0770

A board-certified plastic and reconstructive surgeon, Dr. Reardon has an outpatient facility with two operating rooms and a three-bed recovery area that includes a full-time anesthesiologist. He performs a full range of cosmetic and reconstructive surgery.

Renaissance Plastic Surgery Associates
999 Fifth Avenue at 81st Street
212-861-2075

Dr. Michael A.Kalvert and Dr. Paul R. Weiss, board-certified plastic surgeons and faculty members at the Albert Einstein College of Medicine, specialize in breast surgery, cosmetic facial surgery, liposuction, and laser surgery. There is a fully accredited operating facility on the premises.

Stanley Taub, MD
737 Park Avenue at 71st Street
212-628-8585

Dr. Taub has been practicing board-certified plastic surgery for more than 25 years. He is one of America's most respected specialists in nasal reconstruction and face and neck cosmetic surgery. All consultations and procedures are conducted in his state-of-the-art private facilities.

The Vein Treatment Center
327 East 65th Street
212-249-6117

It offers several different types of treatments for both varicose veins and spider veins. Following diagnostic testing, a determination is made as to which type of treatment is appropriate. Most cases

JOHN RUNNING/TONY STONE

Strides closer to overall fitness, health, and well-being...

involve sclerotherapy, mild solution injections used to dissolve the veins over several weeks. Laser ambulatory surgery is another treatment offered by the center.

Jonathan Yubas, DPM
60 East 42nd Street, Suite 2005
212-286-2300

Dr. Yubas is a Fellow of the Academy of Ambulatory Foot Surgery and the American Society for Laser Medicine and surgery. He is a board-certified podiatrist specializing in sports medicine, who utilizes in-office, diagnostic fluoroscopy. He is conveniently located across from Grand Central Terminal.

Grace Zaidman, DDS, and Associates
287 Broadway at Reade Street
212-608-3800

The staff performs comprehensive general dentistry and specializes in cosmetic dentistry, including bonding, laminates, and bleaching. The four full-time dentists and one hygienist strictly observe disinfection and sterilization techniques in their eight operatories. Most insurance and union plans are accepted.

HEALTH & FITNESS ORGANIZATIONS

Asphalt Green
York Avenue between
90th and 92nd streets
212-369-8890

This sprawling fitness center was recently renovated to add a free weight room to its total workout facility. Fitness programs include ab challenge, aeroba-step, personal training, the vintage body, yoga, and a multitude of aquatics classes. The club also offers a men's basketball league and sports and fitness programs for members with disabilities.

The Atrium Club
115 East 57th Street
212-826-9640

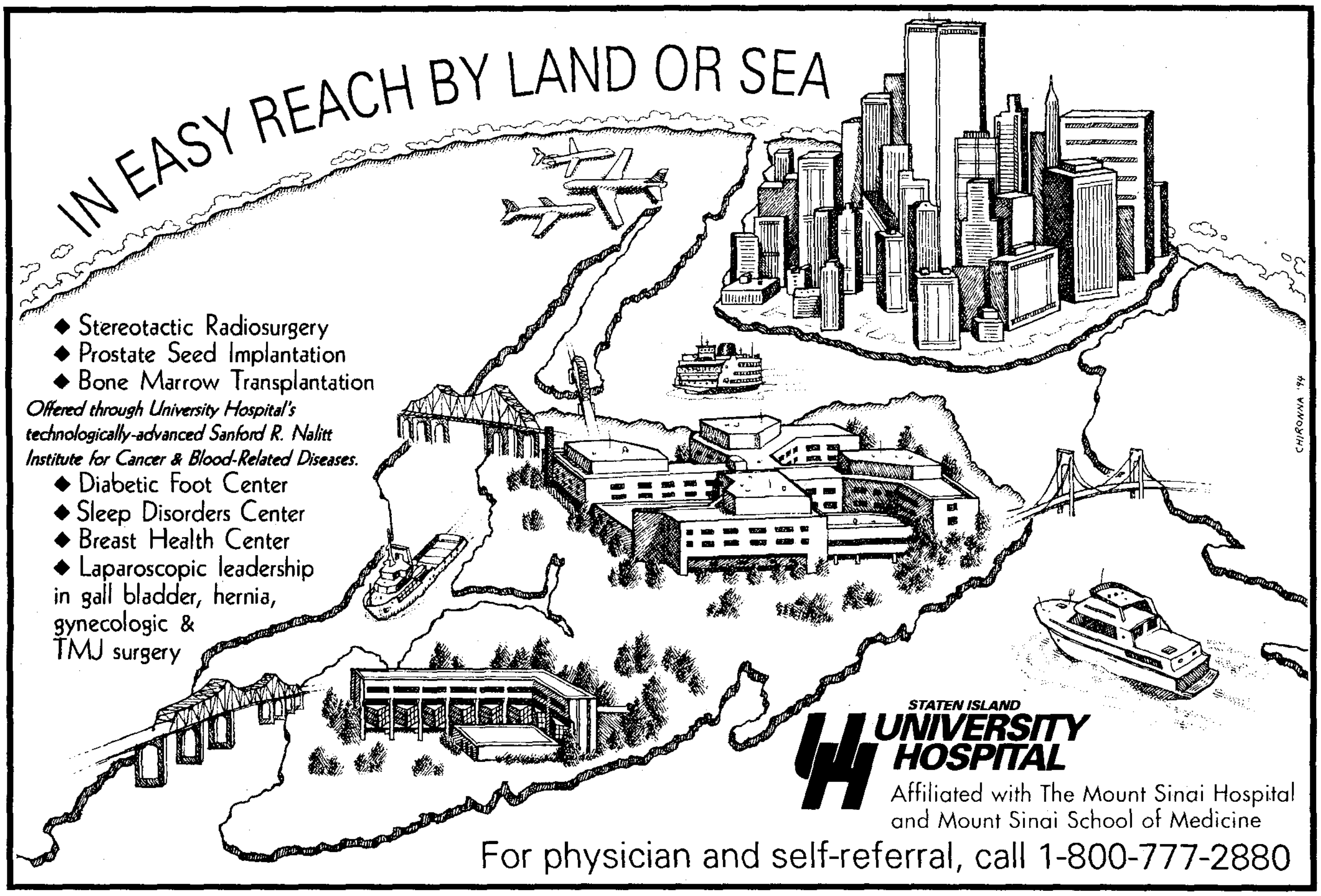
This plush facility offers a full complement of exercise facilities, including weight training, aerobics classes, cardiovascular equipment, a large swimming pool, as well as massage and personal training services. Spa-like dining is available in support of nutrition and weight loss programs.

E. H. WALLOP

Strength-training, a regular feature in fitness club circles.

Callanetics Studios of Manhattan
Carnegie Hall
154 West 57th Street, Studio 832
212-765-2900

Callanetics is a deep-muscle, non-injurious exercise that allows one to tone, strengthen, and reshape the body. Emphasis on the hips, buttocks, and "saddle bags," as well as the stomach and legs, helps eliminate cellulite. CardioCallanetics, a low-impact version with ballet and yoga movements, is also available.



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As Seen On
60 MINUTES • 20/20 • PHIL DONAHUE

LOSE WEIGHT & KEEP IT OFF

If you were unable to lose weight before...
it may not be your fault!
IT MAY BE A CHEMICAL IMBALANCE.

Serotonin is a powerful brain chemical that affects fullness and obsessive behaviors. The higher your serotonin level the less food you desire or crave.

With the combined use of two medications, we can raise your serotonin level and also boost your metabolism. (TIMES MAGAZINE, January 16, 1995)

"What the drugs do is take away the thinking about food." (WASHINGTON POST, December 6, 1994, Dr. Michael Weintraub, FDA)

RICHARD KRONER, MD
17 EAST 76 STREET NYC 212.717.4800

NEVER HAVE A HAIR PROBLEM AGAIN OR A PROBLEM PAYING FOR IT.

If you're a woman with thinning, limp or short hair, you'll never have to worry about it again. Calista announces a new carefree totally natural hair system—the most beautiful, fullest human hair available anywhere can now be yours for only **$1199**. You'll sleep, swim, shower, live and love with your new hair. It's full and can be cut, styled or colored any way you want. It's easy to care for and completely self-service, so you won't have to be at the mercy of a hair expert.
Now for a limited time save thousands at this unprecedented low price of only **$1199**.
For a free, no obligation appointment, call the toll-free number below.

Calista
Natural Hair FullFillment
1-800-270-FREE (3733)
One Dag Hammarskjold Plaza New York, NY

Club La Raquette
119 West 56th Street
212-245-1144

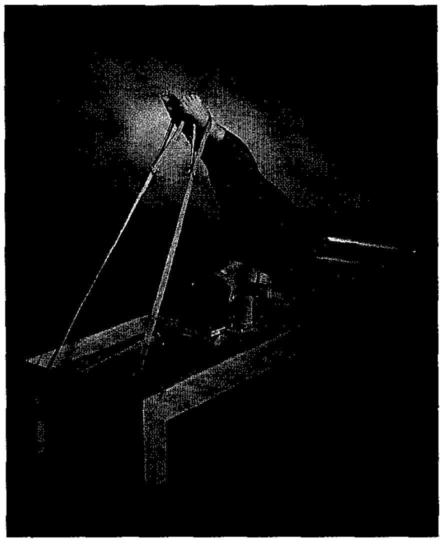
This multilevel, 15,000-square foot facility features racquetball courts, Nautilus equipment, free weights, Gravitron, a cardio-conditioning center, as well as aerobics, yoga, stretch, aerobox, body-sculpting and step classes. A glass-enclosed rooftop pool provides the setting for aquatic exercise classes.

Manhattan Plaza Health Club
482 West 43rd Street
212-563-7001

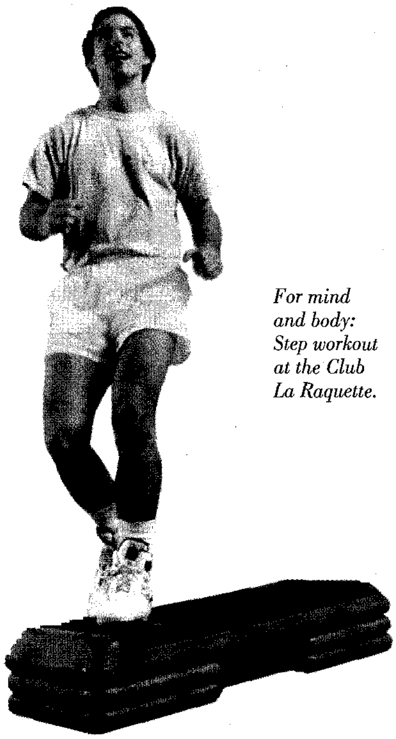
Manhattan Plaza maintains the philosophy that good physical health is also dependent on psychological and emotional well-being. The club's facilities include a 75-foot indoor/outdoor pool, a 2,000 square-foot rock climbing wall, a sun deck, a 3,500-square foot fully equipped fitness training floor, and a 1,000-square foot aerobics room.

NordicTrack
104 Peavey Road
Chaska, MN
800-528-3088

The leading manufacturer of inhome exercise fitness equipment is launching a new family of treadmills this fall. With five treadmills for unique total body fitness, the WalkFit® line offers a machine to match any fitness level: The WalkFit 4500 and 5500 have exclusive arm-swinging exercisers that simulate natural walking. The WalkFit 4000 and 5000 offer push/pull arm resistance, and the 3000 model has handrails for ease and safety.



The Universal Reformer developed exclusively for the upper and lower body Pilates exercise method.



For mind and body: Step workout at the Club La Raquette.

The Pilates Studio™
2121 Broadway at 74th Street
Suite 201
212-875-0189

Private one-on-one sessions and group classes from beginner through advanced levels are available at Pilates. The studio's 70-year-old method of body conditioning improves posture, increases flexibility, corrects muscular imbalances and builds strength to prevent injury. Certified Pilates instructors use specialized equipment and floor work to reshape your entire body, not isolated muscle groups. The studio also designs special programs for people in physical therapy, pregnant women, and the elderly.

Roosevelt Island Racquet Club
281 Main Street
Roosevelt Island
212-935-0250

The club has twelve air-conditioned green clay courts and specializes in private and group lessons. Tennis leagues and programs for all ages and skill levels are available including doubles workouts and Tennis in No Time, which offers six hours of group instruction. Games can be arranged 48 hours in advance for the membership, and a junior after-school program begins in the fall. Racquet stringing, a pro shop, a café, and party facilities are also available.

The Vertical Club
330 East 61st Street
212-355-5100

The Vertical Club is one of the largest, full-facility health clubs in New York with seven floors. It has one of the largest tracks in the city, as well as a swimming pool. Special programs include wellness and nutritional counseling, tennis, racquetball, and squash. There are also three other Manhattan locations.

GENERAL

Amanda-Beth Uhry Public Relations
65 West 55th Street, Suite 306
212-957-5500
http://www.mcny.com/amanda-pr
(Internet)

One of the most successful health care and medical public relations firms in New York, the company represents all aspects of medicine and health care, including physicians, medical groups, clinical divisions of hospitals, medical centers and hospitals, and health care firms. In light of the health care crisis, the company has expanded enormously within the past two years and specializes in consumer-oriented medical and health care public relations.

Calista Natural Hair FullFillment
1 Dag Hammarskjöld Plaza
between 48th and 49th streets
800-270-3733

Calista provides a natural human hair system that combines with the client's existing hair for a totally nondetectable appearance. After initial styling, it is maintenance-free and may be removed and worn again anytime as desired—in the shower, in the pool, or to bed.

MultiPlan™ Inc.
115 Fifth Avenue at 18th Street
212-780-2000

This is the nation's largest preferred provider organization, serving more than twenty million Americans with a network of more than 20,000 health care facilities and more than 50,000 physicians and other health care practitioners. Clients include insurance companies, health benefit plans, and third party administrators. In addition, MultiPlan has specialty networks of psychiatric and substance abuse facilities, rehabilitation centers, and home health care.

Every Newborn Baby Should Be Nine Months Old

Since premature babies today are often saved with intensive care and extraordinary measures, many people no longer think of prematurity as a serious problem.

Unfortunately, nothing could be further from the truth.

Nearly 10% of all babies are born more than one month before their due dates, and prematurity remains the major cause of death in newborns.

It can also lead to chronic and incurable damage, as well as mental retardation.

Amazingly, more than half of all premature babies are born to women who are not "high-risk."

And what makes these terrible consequences all the more tragic is that the vast majority of premature births can be prevented.

In fact, it's the reason that The Center for the Prevention of Premature Birth came into being.

In over 17 years of delivering babies, its founder and director, Dr. David Fields, has delivered 98.5% of "his" babies at full term.

Including twins.

His unusual rate of success rests on a commitment to personally care for each of his patients during her entire pregnancy and delivery, combined with a specially designed program of prenatal supervision and, when necessary, premature labor management. His techniques have enabled "low-risk" mothers to avoid unsuspected tragedies, and "high-risk" mothers, who have delivered prematurely before, to have full-term, healthy babies.

So, if you are pregnant or planning to be pregnant, please call for a consultation.

Because when your baby is delivered,
It should be ready to enter the world.
Not an incubator.

The Center for the Prevention of Premature Birth
888 Park Avenue, New York, NY 10021
(212) 744-6644
Serving the Greater Metropolitan Area

Dr. Jonathan L. Yubas DPM PC

Fluoroscopic Diagnosis of Foot Problems * Orthotics * Sports Medicine *
Laser Surgery for: Plantar Warts, Ingrown Toe Nails, Fungus-Infected Nails, Inflamed Nerves (neuroma) and Ganglion Cysts.

Dr. Yubas *was featured on the* ***Channel 7 ABC Program "Views"*** *utilizing Fluoroscopic techniques in the practice of podiatry and is the* ***author*** *of* ***"A Common Sense Approach to Common Foot Problems."***

Dr. Yubas is BOARD CERTIFIED in AMBULATORY FOOT SURGERY and is available for consultation by calling
(212) 286-2300
The Lincoln Building - 60 East 42nd Street, Suite 2005
(Across from Grand Central Station) New York, NY

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HOSPITAL

A Clinical Affiliate of
The Mount Sinai Hospital

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The Best For Your Family…
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And Doctors Trust
The Parkway Hospital**

Ranked among the *best* hospitals in Queens in "How To Find The Best Doctors For You And Your Family," published by Castle Connolly Medical Ltd.

- Leaders in laparoscopic surgery and medical/surgical services
- Leaders in social programs for the community
- First hospital in the country to acquire an Elscint Spiral Twin-Flash CT Scanner
- Offering a non-surgical biopsy procedure through the Fischer Imaging Mammo System

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Nursing Home and Adult Home
Placement Service
for FREE Consultation:
718-990-4246

NEED A PHYSICIAN?
CALL **1-800-MD-HELP-4**
1-800-634-3574 Mon - Fri 9 am - 5 pm

The leading healthcare accrediting body in the world, The Joint Commission on Accreditation of Healthcare Organizations, has rated The Parkway Hospital in Forest Hills, Queens among the best hospitals in the nation. It received a 96 percent rating, out of a possible 100 percent, for quality care.

"I'm very proud that we received such a high grade from the Joint Commission," said Alan P. Zeitlin, M.D., F.A.C.S., president of the Board of Directors at Parkway. He added that the marks are a public recognition of what this community hospital has strived for and achieved. "It is no surprise that our patients receive the best possible care and our resources are being managed efficiently and effectively."

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COMMUNITY CARING, WORLD-CLASS CARE

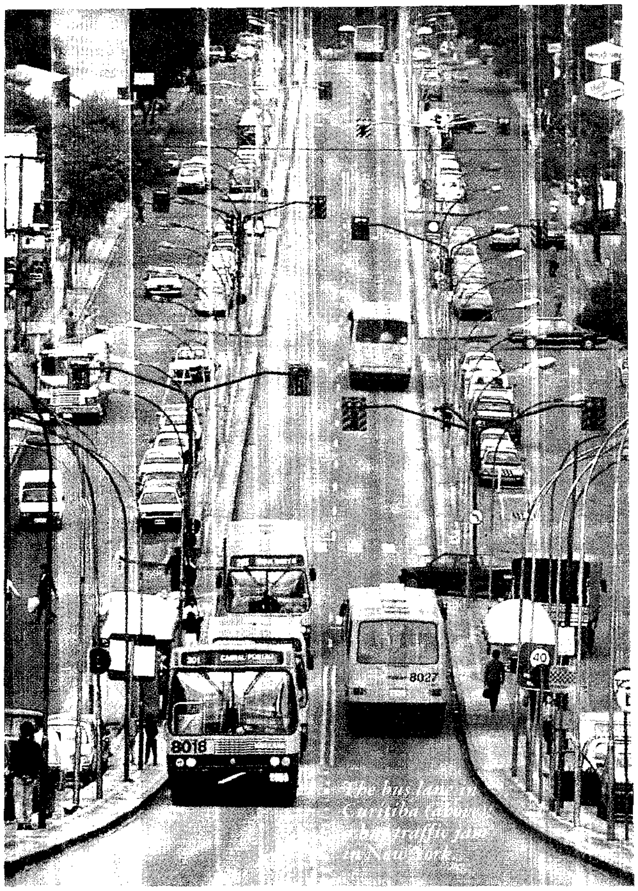
Monheim, released a study in December showing that the number was in fact 49 percent—and then only if five minutes late counted as "on time." The TA's inspector general, Henry Flinter, issued a scorching report in March that showed more than a third of the city's bus fleet had outlived its useful life, less because of tight money than "bad management." The report included pictures of corroding engine mounts and bulkheads and stories of buses whose motors had simply fallen out. The average bus, in fact, manages barely 2,000 miles between breakdowns—according to a survey by the *Times,* 8 percent of Manhattan buses, one out of twelve, break down *each day*.

Meanwhile, of course, the number of riders has fallen steadily, plateauing in 1994 at half as many riders as when the bus system started counting, in 1970. The only people left on the buses are those too poor to take a cab, or too old, too young, or too scared to go in the subways. And that, says Ellen Roberts, is part of the problem. "The TA is a very military organization, and the subways are filled with people its managers can relate to," she says. "Suits. And female suits. You never see a necktie on the bus. I remember once the subway broke down and they transferred a whole bunch of people over to our 104 bus. It was like the foxes coming into the hamster cage."

The situation will likely get worse. The TA this month cut several routes and limited service on many more. For the next few months, thanks to a last-minute compromise with the mayor, students will continue to ride for free, but after that there's no guarantee. "It's not clear what will happen next year," says bus boss Monheim. "There's a significant financial gap, which will be addressed through some combination of fare increases and budget reductions." At the moment, the $1.25 fare covers half the cost of the ride; taxpayers subsidize the system at the rate of another $1.25 per passenger. At best, the buses will lurch on, a belching reminder of why America stopped believing in government.

And in Curitiba, in a city where ragpickers still drive horse carts through the streets? Bus ridership was 27,000 in 1974 when a new mayor, Jaime Lerner, began expanding the system. In July, 1,870,000 passengers a day were riding the system. The biggest jump in traffic came five years ago, with the introduction of the tube stations. Lerner, an architect, sat by the bus stops and noticed how long loading and unloading could take—even with the bus lanes, it slowed the system. So he and his colleagues designed the tube stations, and now eight passengers can board per second (not to mention people in wheelchairs, since each of the tubes is equipped with an elevator). Three hundred thousand people a day were soon riding the new *Ligeirinhos,* or "Speedybuses." City surveys showed that 28 percent of them had stopped commuting by car because of the new buses. Because of the buses, Curitibans use 30 percent less fuel per capita than their countrymen. That's a number big enough to interest environmentalists concerned about issues like global warming: 30 percent less gas before you redesign car engines, or raise gas taxes, or do any of the other things that only federal governments can do.

Setting the fare for this system is simple. Every month, the city issues a report on how much the buses cost: how many tires, how much fuel, how much depreciation on the tube stations. That figure is divided by the number of passengers, and that's the new fare. (After a decade of wild inflation, Brazilians are unfazed by monthly fare hikes.) No subsidy—no cost to the taxpayers. In fact, the buses themselves are owned by private companies that run them according to the city's plan. The buses were manufactured in Curitiba; Volvo was so excited by the city's innovations that it built a large factory on the outskirts of town. Right on a bus line.


The bus lane in Curitiba (above); a bus-traffic jam in New York.

"In this city," says the head of the Curitiba bus system, "the bus says to the car, 'Sorry, this is my place. I'm more important than you.' "

THE REAL DIFFERENCE between New York and Curitiba, though, has little to do with technical innovation. The real reason the buses run faster is politics.

Lerner, a short and heavy man who looks a little like Norm at the end of the bar in *Cheers,* was studying architecture in the late sixties at the university in Curitiba. The city had begun to grow, and its leaders had begun to plan—for the automobile, of course, as city fathers had been taught to do since at least the time of Robert Moses. The streets were starting to get crowded, so the plan, as always, was—more streets. They started work on some overpasses and road-widenings that would have wiped out the city's historic downtown.

Lerner led the fight against the plan; a few years later, through a series of bizarre flukes, Lerner was appointed mayor of the city by the then-reigning military. Almost his first act was to squelch forever the auto plan. Instead, he closed off the main street and turned it into a pedestrian mall—except for Munich's old quarter, perhaps the only big city to do so. Overnight, business boomed in the stores along the mall; when, a week later, the local automobile club announced that it would "retake" the street, Lerner sent no policemen to stop it. Instead, he had city workers roll out huge sheets of paper along the mall and set out pots of paint. When the cars arrived, they found children drawing pictures.

The city still puts out paints every Saturday morning, and the kids still show up to draw. But the mall, now expanded to cover much of downtown, only worked because Lerner had already planned how to absorb traffic. Instead of widening streets, he took the existing roads and grouped them by threes. The middle avenue was reserved for buses (and emergency vehicles—Curitiba is a good place to suffer a heart attack), while one block to the west traffic flowed into the city, and one block to the east it flowed back out. "We gave priority to the collective

Photograph: top, Nani Gois/Abril Imagens.

transit," explains Carlos Ceneviva, one of Lerner's earliest collaborators and the longtime head of the bus system. "In this city, the bus says to the car, 'Sorry, this is my place. I'm more important than you.' " That's the real innovation in Curitiba's system. Far more than the tube stations, it's the reason the buses move as fast as New York's subways along the express-line routes, carrying as many passengers an hour. (Lerner calls the system a "surface subway," and points out that it cost about one-hundredth as much per mile to build). It's why bus service is relatively clean—fewer starts and stops, and hence smaller clouds of black diesel smoke. It's why it's so cheap—not only do you save on gas and brakes when the buses run smoothly, but because they're making such quick round trips, the city moves more passengers than New York with a fleet just one-third the size. With half as many drivers and one fifth the mechanics.

There's no reason New York couldn't do something similar, something adapted to its own terrain and economy and pace. Last September, two TA researchers, Shoshana Cooper and Larry Gould, wrote a report about the city's buses. Aptly titled "Faster Than Walking?" and with myriad graphs of esoterica like "Correlation of Evenness and Bus Congestion on M101/M102," it detailed not only the scale and cost of Manhattan's street congestion but also proposed a solution: the New York City Bus Lane. The current bus lanes adjacent to the curb on several avenues are mainly "symbolic," they found. Because Manhattan has no alleys, trucks need to make curbside deliveries and hence have no choice but to block the bus lanes. Intense enforcement efforts help a little, but they're far too costly to maintain, and as soon as the extra police vanish, the vans return to the curbs.

Instead, said Gould and Cooper, buses should run in the second lane out, with the lane nearest the curb reserved for deliveries. That delivery lane would be broken by a peninsula of sidewalk every two or three blocks at bus stops, so that riders could cross safely. The outside of the bus lane would be guarded by a "rumble strip," an eight-inch high concrete stub that trucks could cross going slowly, but that taxis and cars wouldn't want to mess with.

There's no use pretending. Any such scheme would inconvenience cars. They'd have fewer lanes to drive in, and right turns would be restricted so as not to constantly cross the bus lane. As Cooper and Gould point out, however, the history of events like the closure of the West Side Highway show that "when overall capacity for through vehicle traffic is reduced, other modes become relatively more attractive and individual vehicle trips are suppressed." In other words, fewer lanes would mean fewer cars trying to get through them. In any event, cars are simply not as important to the flow of the city as buses. On Fifth Avenue at morning rush hour, for instance, buses carrying 4,340 passengers use the single bus lanes, while all the cabs and taxis in the remaining three lanes carry 2,932 people, or 977 per lane.

By keeping things the way they are, in other words, the city implicitly favors cars and cabs. Change seems unlikely. Cooper and Gould's report sank without a trace. Monheim, the bus division's new head, is well respected, and is given a good chance of reforming the chaos at the bus depots and replacing some of the creaking fleet. But he talks about "working on trying to make service friendlier within existing constraints," and acknowledges that "I don't have a sense that the speed of a bus through Manhattan is likely to be much improved." Setting other priorities is the province of "the powers that be," he says.

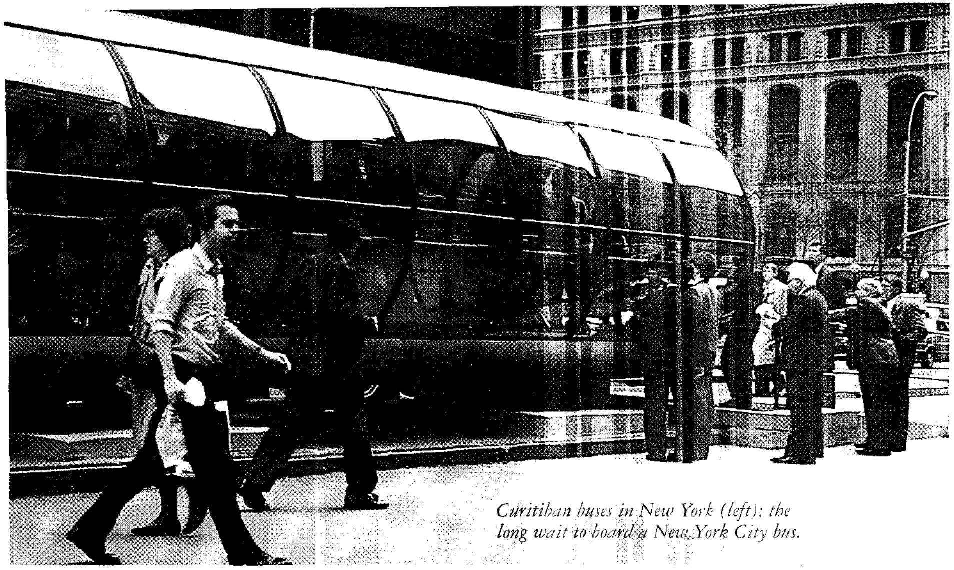
And in New York, there are enough different powers that be to assure a seemingly permanent policy gridlock. Lou Riccio, who ran the city's Department of Transportation under Mayor Dinkins, says there is no shortage of good ideas, from tube stations and bus lanes to increasing the cost of driving into Manhattan: "But even if you came up with a rational transit plan that would maximize mass transit and goods delivery and minimize automobiles, you'd still have a hell of a fight with the entrenched interests." His predecessor in the Koch administration, Ross Sandler, said he made a number of proposals to shift priorities from cars to busses. "The opponents were every business interest in the city—hotel operators, theater owners, the restaurant-workers' union, the parking-garage owners," he says. If a mayor wanted to do something obvious, like make dedicated bus lanes on First and Second Avenues, the fight would be so intense "that it would have to go to the top of his priority list, right along with schools and crime," says Sandler. Opponents would demand environmental-impact statements and fight them in court: "If Mayor Giuliani decided it was in the interest of the city to have exclusive bus lanes on First and Second Avenue, it wouldn't happen until the beginning of his third term, even though it required no new construction at all." It's taken years of protest for environmentalists to get the city to close Central Park to cars, and then only during slow times.

In terms of moving people, New York has a safety valve. The Transit Authority, in a great burst of cash and energy over the past decade, has succeeded in reviving the city's subway system to some semblance of its onetime efficiency. The rattling trains manage the task of ferrying a large number of New Yorkers back and forth to their jobs, though at a heavy subsidy—$1.11 cents a ride, not including the cost of the recently completed $15 billion capital campaign. In an odd way, though, the city might be better off without the trains, since then it would actually have to grapple with its surface. It's clear, for one thing, that the subways will never be expanded to the vast unserved stretches of the city (we look on the thought of building a subway with the same mystified awe with which we survey the pyramids at Giza). And if buses were given priority on the streets, they'd bring with them a dozen other benefits. You see the city from a bus, and feel part of its life. If by reducing congestion the bus system could save $225 million, as Gould and Cooper's report suggests, how much could businesses save on deliveries? And think how *pleasant* it would be to navigate a less crowded city by bus and by foot. Pleasant should count for something.

EVERYWHERE I WENT IN CURITIBA I met architects. Architects running bus lines, designing programs for the homeless, coordinating recycling campaigns. All of them drew as they talked, sketching their ideas. What's useful about architects, I decided, is that they're used to solving problems. You ask them to design a house and they don't come back a month later and say "There's no way to put a house on that lot." They come back with ideas. They see the world visually, physically; they see not despair and difficulty, but simply constraints around which to work. "In many cities, a lot of people are specialists in proving it's im-

LOWER MANHATTAN
VOLVO
RT
leasing

In 1992, Curitiba lent New York four of its tubular stations and
lower Manhattan, from South Street Seaport to South Ferry. Three years



Curitiban buses in New York (left): the long wait to board a New York City bus.

, and for six weeks in late spring, the Speedybuses looped through no one in city government seems able to remember

possible to do things," says Lerner. "I try to work with professionals who think it is possible." It's the kind of can-do tinkering ethic for which Americans were once famous. Lerner, unlike most of our current leaders, does not see the world through the lens of law or of budgets. Neither is he limited by ideological purity. Lerner decided that *public* transit was more important than *private* transit—a clear ideological choice. But then he was content to turn the system itself over to profit-making companies. "The bus is property, it has an owner, so it gets taken care of," Ceneviva explains.

The irony, of course, is that by making bold choices and making them pay off, the men who run Curitiba have made themselves very popular. Delegations routinely arrived in Curitiba from other Brazilian cities asking Lerner to move and run for mayor in their hometowns. When term limits forced him from office in 1992, his popularity rating was 92 percent, and he was quickly elected governor of the vast state of Paraná. "Even the people of the cars, they understand that what we do is serious—they respect it," says Ceneviva.

Successful innovation has won the leaders the right to innovate some more. There's barely a corner of civic life that hasn't changed in the past two decades. Some of the changes are small. The city built one of the world's most extensive systems of parks, partly because it was the cheapest and nicest method of flood control. But then it was faced with a lawn-mowing problem—which it solved by setting up a municipal flock of 33 sheep, tended by a single shepherd.

Other improvements are more serious. When agribusiness displaced peasants from the Brazilian countryside, for instance, they began moving to Curitiba and building the same kind of vast shantytown *favelas* that are the curse of Rio and São Paulo. To keep them clean and free of disease, the mayor launched a program allowing slum-dwellers to trade a bag of garbage for a bag of food—and since the *favelados* carry the trash to a central spot in each neighborhood rather than make garbagemen fetch it, the system pays for itself.

Since the city was so pleasant, it prospered—even during Brazil's endless recession of the eighties it drew a steady stream of new tenants to the Industrial City it built downwind of the city—an industrial complex zoned so that more than half the land stays forested. All the innovations were made as cheaply, simply, and quickly as possible and studied once they were in place. "That's the problem with other cities," says Ceneviva. "They think and think and think. Here we think just a little."

Speed is crucial, since it prevents a problem from becoming a *fait accompli.* "If people start to feel like *favelados,* then they will go against the city." explains Hitoshi Nakamura, parks commissioner and another longtime Lerner colleague. "If we give them attention, they don't feel abandoned. They feel like citizens."

Do you want proof of this civic integration? In 1990, when city planners were designing the tube stations for the buses, they had to decide what to build them from. Glass was in some ways the obvious choice, easy to clean with water alone, "and almost like iron in the sense of durability against time," says Ceneviva. "My office window has been there 30 years and it's as good as new." On the other hand, "it's not very durable against the smash." So installing the glass tubes was a gamble, one that any resident of New York would understand. (Ours is a city which, though far richer, had to experiment with various pepper sprays in the eighties to keep people from sucking tokens back out of turnstiles.) "Sure, it scared us a little to make them from glass. But we've learned that people respect things that work. If something is good for people, they protect it." Indeed, half a decade later, exactly one tube station has been broken.

THROWING ONE'S HANDS UP IN DESPAIR may have replaced the high-five as a New Yorker's gesture of choice, but the example of Curitiba proves it's a bogus reflex, a cover for business as usual. Curitiba is a real place, not an environmentalist's Oz or a planner's paper utopia. Rudy Giuliani may not be a Jaime Lerner, but he can find people throughout his city who are every bit as brash and skillful. Some of those people managed to resuscitate the city's subways, and in recent years others have revived a few of its landmark parks.

Still, real change, the sort large enough to make the city feel different, would be a near-miracle. There is a punch line to this story of the buses. In 1992, as part of Earth Day celebrations, Curitiba lent New York four of its tubular stations and buses, and for six weeks in late spring the Speedybuses looped through lower Manhattan from the South Street Seaport to South Ferry.

When I asked the New York bus-system managers how the tryout had gone—if they had learned anything from it—they said it was a Department of Transportation project and to ask that office for details. Riccio, DOT commissioner at the time, said "we tried the experiment so the TA could take a good look at it—they'll have to tell you how it went."

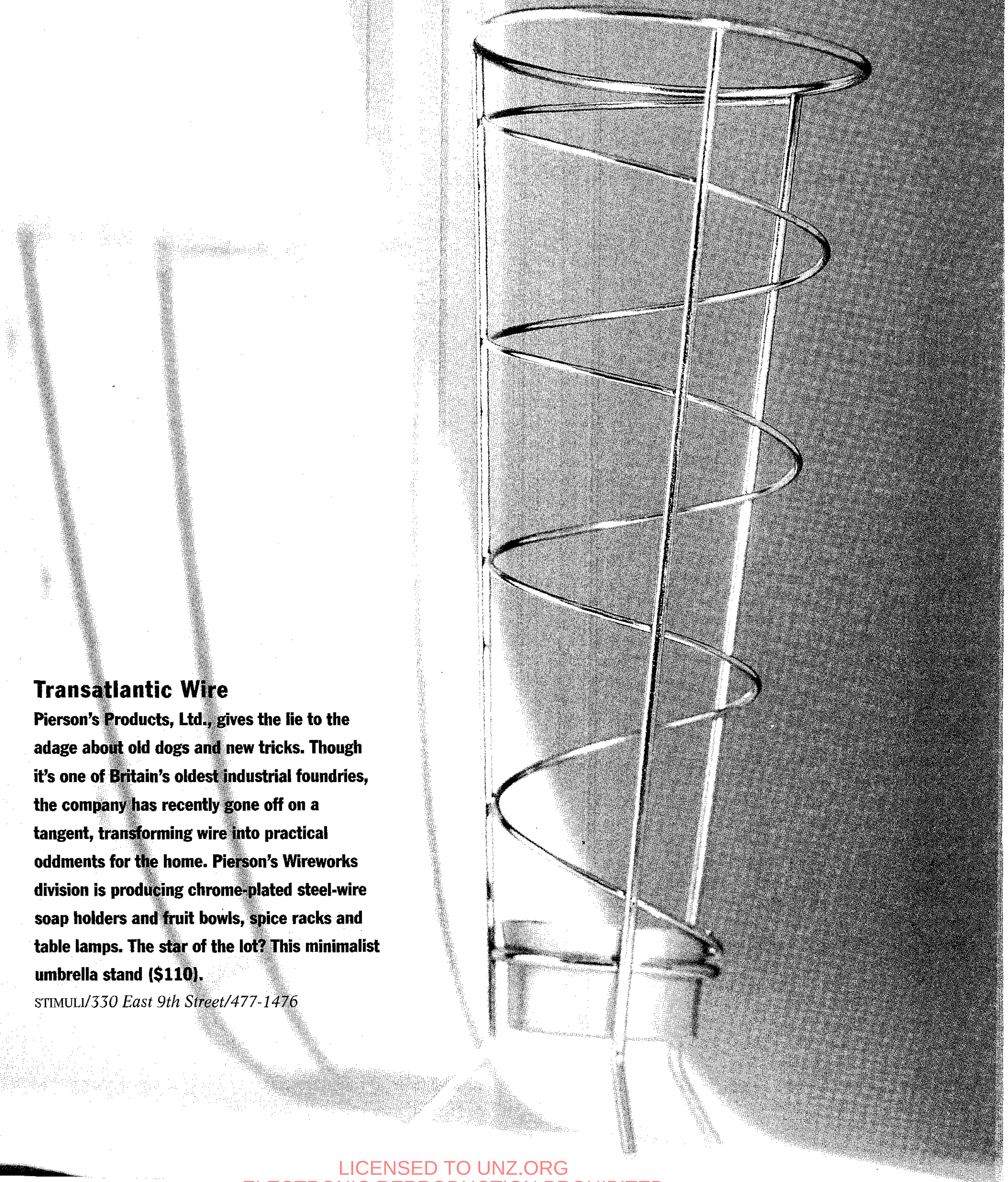
Almost the only one who seems to remember is bus advocate Ellen Roberts, who rode the Curitiba bus daily that spring. I asked her about it as we crept down Second Avenue, staring out though Plexiglas so scratched it was hard to see the cross streets. She smiled the kind of smile that comes when you think back on a classic meal. "That was the best bus in the world for me," she said. "It was perfect." ■

Photograph: top left, Frances M. Roberts.

BEST BETS

BY CORKY POLLAN

The best of all possible things to buy, see,
and do in the best of all possible cities



Transatlantic Wire

Pierson's Products, Ltd., gives the lie to the adage about old dogs and new tricks. Though it's one of Britain's oldest industrial foundries, the company has recently gone off on a tangent, transforming wire into practical oddments for the home. Pierson's Wireworks division is producing chrome-plated steel-wire soap holders and fruit bowls, spice racks and table lamps. The star of the lot? This minimalist umbrella stand ($110).

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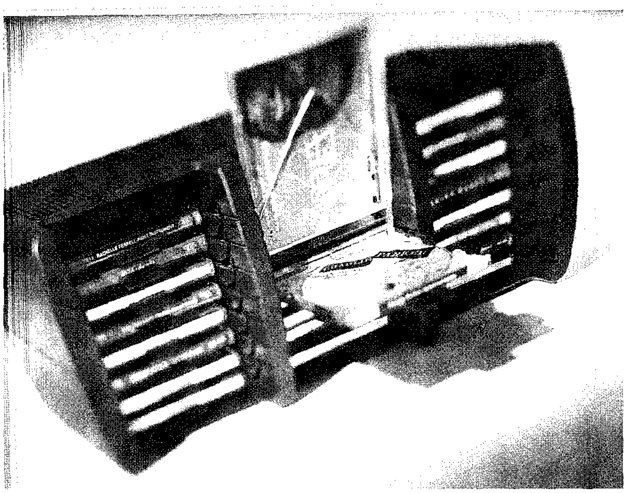

Open-and-Shut Case

For those of us who routinely stack our CDs on top of the CD holder (rarely returning the CD back to its case, and the case into the holder) Dynasound's Easy Access is a find. This plastic holder not only stores discs, but actually flips open the unwieldy jewel box as you pull out its storage shelf. So keeping discs with their cases is virtually automatic. Easy Access can hold 24 discs, it's stackable, and it works for double CDs as well as CD-ROMS ($34.95).

STERN'S/*Sixth-floor electronics/899 Sixth Avenue, at 33rd Street/244-6060*

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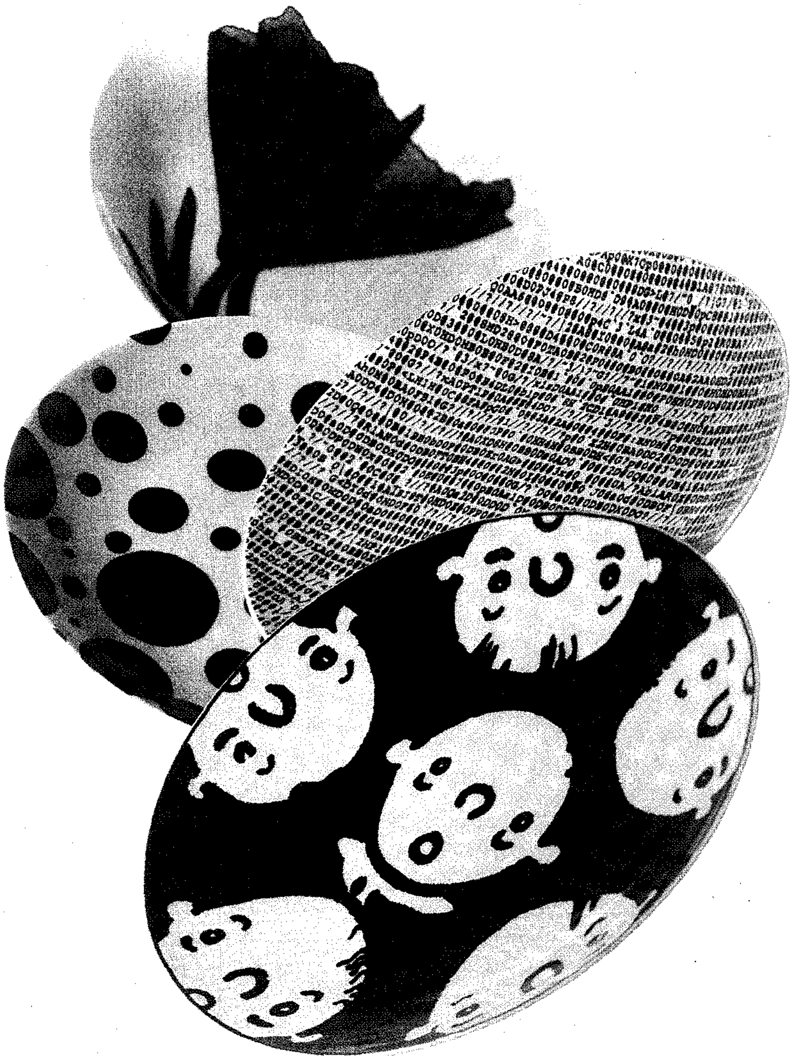
E-Meals

How determinately nineties: fax-generated dinnerware. Italian home-furnishings designer Prospero Rasulo dreamed up the heterodox notion of having 48 international artists, poets, and designers transmit their artwork by fax to Fine Factory, an Italian porcelain manufacturer. The blue-and-white porcelain dishes in the Piatto Fax collection are numbered and bear the names of the artists, who are as diverse as Gianfranco Ferré, Alessandro Mendini, Christina Hamel, and Ingo Maurer ($40 each).

MOSS/*146 Greene Street/226-2190*



BOOKS **LUC SANTE**

A Man, a Plan, Some Corpses

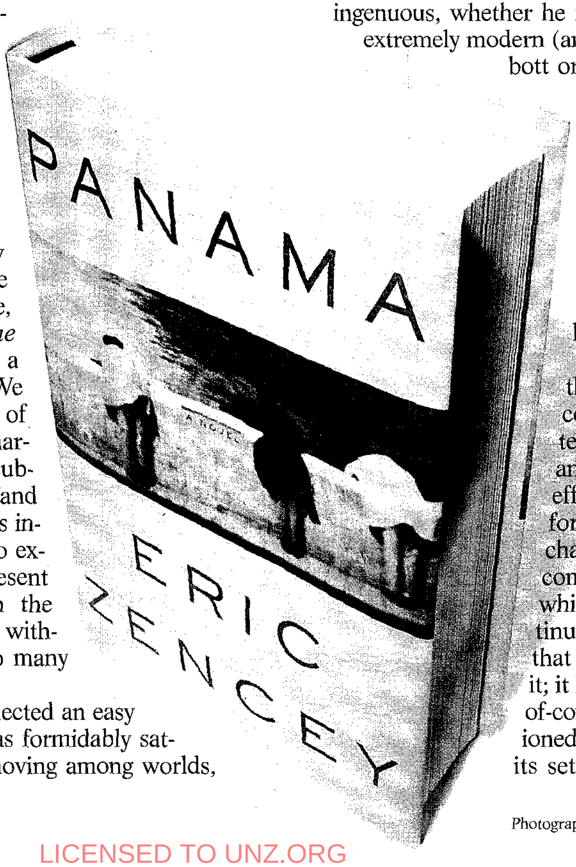
Can a first novelist take one of the nineteenth century's leading public intellectuals, Henry Adams, and turn him into Hercule Poirot? Amazingly, yes.

Panama
BY ERIC ZENCEY
Farrar, Straus and Giroux; 375 pages; $24

PARIS, 1892. HENRY ADAMS, GRANDSON AND great-grandson of presidents, the major public intellectual of the *fin de siècle* United States, is sojourning among cathedrals, taking notes for *Mont-Saint-Michel and Chartres,* which he will publish twelve years hence. He enjoys the company of his semi-mistress, Elizabeth Cameron, who is traveling with her husband and stepdaughter, although he remains haunted by the memory of his wife, Clover, who killed herself seven years earlier. Suddenly, both attachments are suspended by his meeting a young American woman, an expatriate painter.

But this flirtation leads him into a tangle of scandal and extortion and murder revolving around France's doomed plan for a Panama canal. Coincidentally, he had two months earlier visited the remains of the French operation in Panama at the behest of his close friend, the diplomat John Hay. He had felt strangely drawn to the tragic figure of the project's chief engineer, Jules Dingler, now dead. In Paris, the expatriate painter has disappeared, the mysteries and corpses are piling up, and now only Henry Adams, a less-than-dashing 54, can penetrate the intrigue, rescue the maiden, and see that justice is served.

In summary, Eric Zencey's first novel, *Panama,* sounds like a cartoon—a *Classics Illustrated* title starring Mr. Magoo as Henry Adams. Although fictions populated by historical figures have been appearing regularly since E. L. Doctorow animated Freud, Theodore Roosevelt, Stanford White, and others in *Ragtime* (1975), the tactic carries a danger of ludicrousness. We are so used to thinking of these illustrious dead as marble busts that the idea of subjecting them to weather and breakfast and headaches is inherently comical. It is also exceedingly hard to represent their work processes in the shorthand fiction requires without rendering them as so many overhead lightbulbs.



Eric Zencey: *Braving the* dangers of historical fiction.

And Zencey has not selected an easy subject. Henry Adams was formidably saturnine: a grave thinker moving among worlds, part of him always engaged in one of several historical pasts, as well as an autobiographer sufficiently deliberate to write about himself in the third person. It might be easier to envision a cowboy adventure starring Ralph Waldo Emerson. In addition, Zencey set his tale in Paris, a place he has never visited, which makes much of his dialogue appear in a sort of interlingua. Novelists attempting to convey talk in a foreign language are faced with a Hobson's choice of making their characters sound either like hypergrammatical Nazis or like extras with Bronx accents in a toga picture.

Against all odds, however, Zencey has made something compelling. The key is, in fact, his main character. Scholars can decide how much this Henry Adams resembles the historical figure (the pedants among them will be busy pointing out that at the time the novel is set, Adams was verifiably in Washington, D.C., and he did not undertake his grand tour of Gothic architecture until three years later). But Zencey's Adams is certifiably human, a rounded character capable of being brave and ridiculous, passionate and grief-stricken, terrified and resourceful. His Adams is so much the great man that he is not afraid to be ingenuous, whether he is becoming infatuated with the extremely modern (and fictitious) painter Miriam Talbott or imposing himself on the somewhat peremptory (and historical) criminologist Alphonse Bertillon. You might doubt the bits where he has to find an envelope to scratch down passages that will figure in *Mont-Saint-Michel and Chartres,* but you are less likely to question the scenes in which he is behaving least like a historical personage.

Zencey's other advantage over the liabilities of his premise is his command of suspense. The mystery story is an engine, of course, and anyone who can make it run efficiently is entitled to take readers for a ride. Three brief prologue chapters aside, the novel's action is compressed into one week, during which events take place almost continuously. The plot is so byzantine that it would be useless to summarize it; it holds to a classic form, tentacles-of-conspiracy. The novel feels old-fashioned, which is nicely in keeping with its setting. The conspiracy angle may

Photographs: top, Sigrid Estrada; bottom, Wayne Simpson sound up-to-date, but Zencey returns it to its roots in the great serial melodrama of the French nineteenth century. A murder in a morgue, severed fingers arriving via *pneumatique,* a climactic fight in a labyrinth of hidden rooms—all these items would be at home in a thriller by Maurice Leblanc or Eugene Sue, who invented the genre with his *Mysteries of Paris.*

The book with which *Panama* has already been compared is Caleb Carr's *The Alienist.* But *Panama* eschews that work's relentless psychological anachronism, which extends from its characters' emotional makeup to their liberal opinions to their tactics in solving the serial crime—even their interest in doing so. *The Alienist* could nearly be said to be set in a costumed present-day New York. *Panama* may tinker with technology that was in its infancy in 1892 (fingerprinting, for example), but it is scrupulous about rendering unto the past what is its alone. Characters behave in a way that accords with their time; this is most apparent in the wobbly triangle between Adams, Elizabeth, and Donald Cameron. The sexual ambiguities are blanketed by mounds of etiquette and posturing from an era before psychotherapy.

For all his confidence in the realm of time, Zencey is less sure about place. There is nothing wrong with setting a novel in a place never visited by the author—Thomas Pynchon, for example, relied on an 1898 Baedeker guide for his breathtaking evocation of Alexandria, Egypt, in *V.* Zencey likewise imagined his Paris on the basis of contemporary guidebooks, but while his story is credible, it is not terribly vivid. Its buildings and streets smell faintly of cardboard. And he makes small errors that chip away at the illusion—he has officials referring to colleagues by their first names in conversation with an outsider; his French villas have wide porches. (Oddly, and not irrelevantly for a novel called *Panama* set almost entirely in Paris, he does not seem to know that *Paname* is an old slang name for the city. It would seem to connote "urban jungle," a sense of Paris barely suggested here.)

But these are minor matters. Zencey has written a book that is agreeably escapist and touches on larger matters without diminishing them. It is rather affecting too. Adams's grief for Clover and his adolescent crush on Miriam—a crush that impels him to schoolboyish derring-do—are the most vivid items at hand. You feel for the guy. You want to slap the Frogs when they get high-handed toward him. You want John Hay to show a little more respect for his old friend. You want Lizzie Cameron to stop taking him for granted. You want to buy his books, even though he's dead. When you read *The Education of Henry Adams,* you will feel strangely intimate, as though you had once glimpsed its Olympian author having his bath. ■

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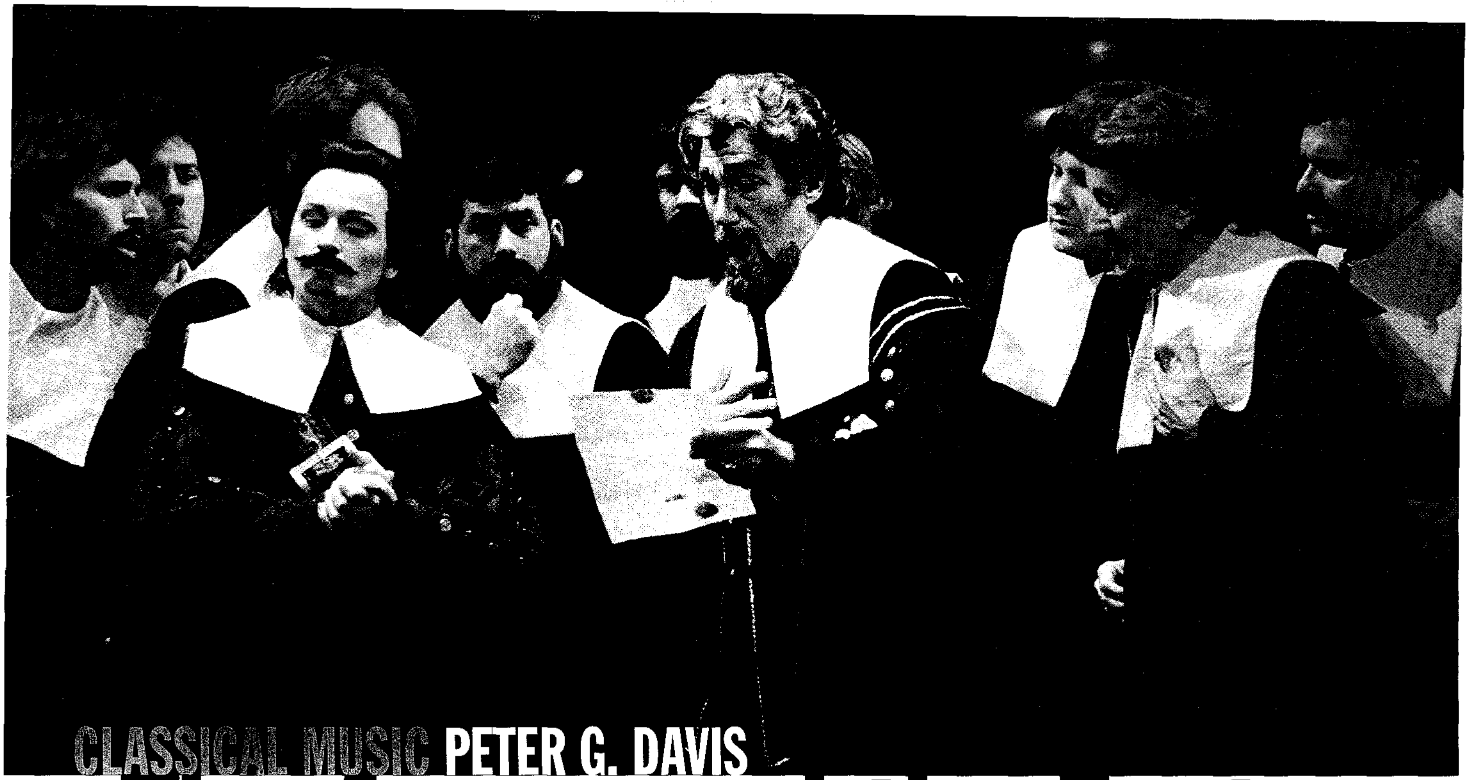

CLASSICAL MUSIC **PETER G. DAVIS**

The Agony and the Ecstasy

City Opera makes a gallant attempt to stage Hindemith's 'Mathis der Maler,' a metaphor for the crisis faced by artists in Nazi Germany.

A congregation of Lutherans in a scene from the City Opera production of *Mathis der Maler.*

IT TOOK NERVE FOR THE CITY OPERA TO OPEN ITS FALL season with Paul Hindemith's **Mathis der Maler.** For one thing, Hindemith has a reputation (undeserved) as being one of this century's dustiest musical academicians, and *Mathis,* composed from 1933 to 1935 but never before given a professional production by an American opera company, has always been considered box-office poison—a twentieth-century masterpiece to be sure, but much too "difficult" to appeal to casual operagoers. Worse yet, the work poses some tough questions about artistic responsibility (should the artist be answerable to society or only to his own creative principles?), always a sensitive issue in times of political turmoil. Certainly no subject could be more touchy or unfashionable right now, with the arts cynically sneered at or vigorously dumbed down.

For those who occupy the high ground, of course, that makes the City Opera's risky decision to produce *Mathis* all the more welcome and timely. Besides, is it really the hard-to-take dose of cultural medicine we've always been led to believe?

Well, the opera does indeed mark a major turning point in Hindemith's creative work, when he renounced the deliberately provocative, sassy compositional attitudes of his youth—we are miles away from his previous full-length opera, the satirical *Neues vom Tage* (*News of the Day*) of 1929, with its nude bathtub scene that so offended Adolf Hitler's sensibilities. However, just when he plunged into the stern sixteenth-century world of *Mathis der Maler,* Hindemith paradoxically relaxed his musical style and aimed for broad audience appeal. By thirties standards, the opera is positively conservative in its serene tonal harmonic idiom, lucid structures, and lean contrapuntal textures that draw on easily recognizable German folk songs, Lutheran hymns, and Gregorian-chant melodies. The music immediately catches the ear and vividly conjures up the world of the Reformation, the bloody German Peasants' War of 1524 to 1525, and the difficult choices of the real-life painter who finds himself in the middle of it all: Mathis, or Matthias, Grünewald, whose best-known artwork is the Isenheim altarpiece triptych.

While it's true that Hindemith intended to make several didactic points with the piece, that did not prevent him from populating the stage with flesh-and-blood characters caught up in tense conflicts. The composer acted as his own librettist, and, like those two other great German operas that explore both the mystical and the mundane aspects of artistic creation—Wagner's *Die Meistersinger* and Pfitzner's *Palestrina*—*Mathis* is an absorbing, close-knit musical drama whose ideas, words, and actions sing no less eloquently than the score. Beyond that, Hindemith was too experienced a theater composer to conceive of opera as a dry abstraction.

Clearly, Hindemith saw that Mathis's futile attempt to combine artistic activity and subversive politics paralleled his own dissenting position in Nazi Germany, although the opera really turns on aesthetic and moral dilemmas rather than on an explicitly social one. Mathis is pulled in one direction after another: by Schwalb, the militaristic peasant leader; by his daughter, Regina, whom Mathis protects after Schwalb's death in battle; by his vacillating patron, Albrecht, the cardinal-archbishop of Mainz; and by Riedinger, a rich Lutheran mer-

Photograph by Carol Rosegg.

chant, whose daughter, Ursula, loves Mathis but is forced to become a pawn of the two disputing religious factions. They all touch one another's lives and grow wiser from the experience, even those who are eventually destroyed in the process. It's people who count, Hindemith seems to be saying, not movements. No group causes are championed in this opera—the Papists, Lutherans, and peasants squabble, fight, and kill, and all emerge with guilty blood on their hands.

Political activists may condemn Hindemith for refusing to take sides, but he argues his point of view with such passion and warmth that the message seems irresistible: The inspired artist's ultimate responsibility is to surrender completely to his gift, and if his genius will not correct society's evils, his work can instruct us about the world and how best to participate in its natural order. Mathis grasps this knowledge toward the end of the opera as he and the dying Regina flee from the battlefields. To comfort the girl, Mathis tells her an ancient legend of an angelic concert and the enchantment of how music is made in Heaven, a scene we can recognize as a description of the first panel of his Isenheim altarpiece. Gradually, the stage is transformed into the great altar itself with Mathis in its midst as Saint Anthony—a transcendent moment when the painter becomes an active participant in his own creative vision as he confronts the main characters of the opera, now allegorical figures who tempt him with worldly vanities. When the frenzy reaches its height, Cardinal Albrecht, representing Saint Paul, disperses Mathis's tormentors and urges the artist to fulfill God's will: Go forth and create. In the final scene, his work accomplished, Mathis quietly sets aside his brushes and prepares for death. This last hour of *Mathis der Maler* is an extraordinary piece of sustained musical invention; I know of nothing else in twentieth-century opera more haunting or brushed with such luminous beauty.

Anyone who values this great work will be grateful to the City Opera for merely staging it, even though the performance and the production are both deeply flawed. It was just bad luck that indisposition necessitated having two baritones interpret the title role on opening night. The originally scheduled Mathis, William Stone, was voiceless due to a throat infection, so he could only act the part while his cover, Stephen Powell (himself recovering from a cold), sang from the orchestra pit. Needless to say, this split-level arrangement made a coherent musical and dramatic representation of the opera's central character virtually impossible.

If the crippling problems surrounding *Mathis* could be written off to bad luck, the abominable look of the production itself seems more like plain bad judgment. Of course money is scarce at the City Opera, but any company that hires Rhoda Levine to direct and John Conklin to design must know what to expect no matter how low the budget. Conklin, who seems to design new opera productions hourly, has once again come up with one of his trademark blown-apart basic sets, this time a ruined medieval castle that neither registers as a meaningful visual symbol nor provides the cast with a practical acting space. At the very least, photographic projections of Grünewald's own paintings would be preferable to Conklin's pseudo-Reformation kitsch and comic-book hanging props. Levine's lumpish, unimaginative direction produces one clumsy tableau after another as the characters stomp about the stage to no good dramatic purpose. The battle scenes are downright silly, as if a bunch of naughty boys were playing roughhouse on the school playground.

Musically the report is rather brighter. The two leading ladies are especially effective, and it's a pleasure to hear Ursula (Lauren Flanigan) and Regina (Mary Dunleavy) sung for once by reasonably fresh young voices rather than the effortful, pressurized German sopranos on the two available recordings of the opera. As Albrecht, Allan Glassman nicely captures the cardinal's innate bemusement and gentle self-mockery with his attractively plangent tenor, and the rest of the principals—Michael Hayes (Schwalb), Joseph Corteggiano (Riedinger), Joel Sorensen (Capito), Mikhail Krutikov (Pommersfelden), Robynne Redmon (Countess Helfenstein), and John Lankston (Sylvester)—do their earnest best under the circumstances. Christopher Keene obviously adores this score, and I have never heard such a glowingly played or committed instrumental performance, even from more virtuoso orchestras.

Despite the production's disappointments, it was good to see *Mathis der Maler* at last. This is just the latest in a series of important twentieth-century landmarks that we would have never experienced without Keene's energetic prodding and risk-taking enthusiasm for doing the right thing against impossible odds, works like Schoenberg's *Moses und Aron,* Busoni's *Doktor Faust,* Tippett's *The Midsummer Marriage,* and Zimmermann's *Die Soldaten.* Keene is one of the few authentic cultural heroes New York has left, thanks to his many recent acts of courage, personal as well as artistic. He makes a difference, and the opening-night audience seemed to recognize and appreciate the fact. When the company's general director appeared to give a dutiful but charming explanation of why we were about to see twin Matthises, he quite rightly received the biggest ovation of the evening. ■

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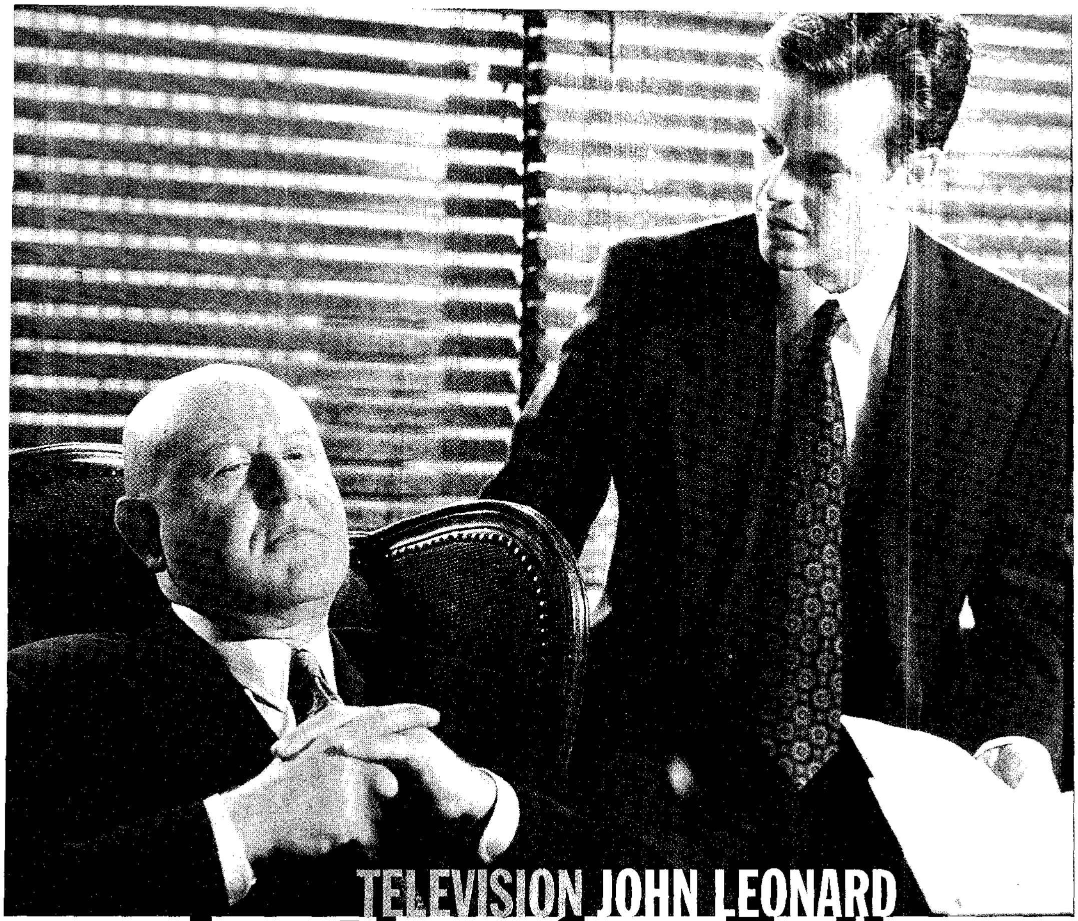

Left: Daniel Benzali and Dylan Baker in "Murder One." Right: Lucas Black in "American Gothic."

TELEVISION JOHN LEONARD

Justice for Fall

'Murder One' and 'The Client' are domesticated noir, *but there's nothing tame about 'American Gothic.'*

HOW BEAUTIFUL IS BALD? TO YOUR SHORT LIST OF Yul Brynner in Siam; Ben Kingsley in *Gandhi;* Fyvush Finkel in Rome, Wisconsin; Telly Savalas with a lollipop; Patrick Stewart on the *Enterprise;* and maybe Nikita Khrushchev banging his shoe, add the name of Daniel Benzali as Theodore Hoffman in **Murder One** (Tuesdays, September 19 through October 3; Thursdays thereafter; 10 to 11 P.M.; ABC). He will spend at least one season in a Los Angeles courtroom defending a wealthy and pusillanimous Stanley Tucci against the charge of having strangled the 15-year-old sister of his recovering-cokehead supermodel mistress, Bobbie Phillips, while LAPD detectives like Dylan Baker comport themselves in the wayward fashion we've come to cherish during the O.J. trial. The O.J. trial is, of course, exactly what inspired executive producer Steven Bochco to launch *Murder One,* his last series for ABC before jumping flagship to Westinghouse. It's *Natural Born Litigants,* an opportunity to meditate on a power-corrupted Los Angeles, the criminal-justice system as a circus, and the vampire media. It's also a chance to make fun of Court TV, parodies of which will update the story each week for those who missed an episode because they were watching *ER* instead. All this, plus sex, drugs, and rock and roll. Already in the pilot, a punk has murdered a swan.

None of this will matter unless we learn to love Benzali, with his piggy little Bruce Cutler eyes and his Sufi-dervish two-step down a daisy chain of ambiguities. It helps that he is married to the immensely appealing Patricia Clarkson, who has hair enough for both of them. That they have a daughter they'd rather not see end up tied up, naked, and dead. That the blonde-ambition politics at Benzali's law firm—a female "second seat" needs seven new business suits to stupefy the jury—are as cutthroat as the Byzantine courts of the Empress Theodora and McKenzie, Brackman. And that the prosecutors, too, are distracted by office politics and domestic crises. It may help most of all that each episode will include what an ABC press release calls "a completely modular legal story"—that is, a self-contained subplot, for those of us who need to feel that something has actually been accomplished before the late-night local news.

I am rooting for Benzali, not only because he's a Brazilian-Jewish veteran of the Old Vic, the Royal Shakespeare Company, and London's West End musical theater, as well as *L.A. Law, NYPD Blue,* and *Citizen Cohn,* but also because I don't like hospital shows. This isn't a defensible principle; it's a grumpy prejudice. I no more want to watch a George Clooney or Mandy Patinkin weeping into someone else's open wound than I care to waste quality time on sitcoms where the Pillsbury Doughboys are male-bonding and the Wonder Bread Barbies are looking for a date and nothing ever happens in a Chinese restaurant. Give me narrative or count me out.

Which is also why I am rooting for **John Grisham's The Client** (Tuesdays; 8 to 9 P.M.; CBS), the TV series spinoff of the first-rate Hollywood movie derived from Grisham's second-rate thriller. If you saw Sunday's sneak preview, you already know that JoBeth Williams has no need to apologize to Susan Sarandon for another take on Reggie Love. Like Sarandon, Williams is an unashamed adult, with a sexy intelligence; even her fault lines are handsome. Transplanted from Memphis to Atlanta, where she practices family law and the twelve steps of Alcoholics Anonymous, her Reggie *sounds* exactly like Sarandon's. Ossie Davis, as Reggie's favorite judge, is as fuzzy as he was in the movie. John Heard, as the district attorney with the usual political ambitions, has just as much excessive fun as Tommy Lee Jones did, and so does the camera, with some Deep South bends.

Photograph by Timothy White/ABC.

Wanting her own kids back again, Reggie becomes the surrogate mother and avenging angel of lost children everywhere. In the pilot's script by co–executive producer Judith Paige Mitchell, we got not only father-and-son fugitives, a battered wife, and a $1 million heist at a riverboat gambling casino, but also Reggie's angry ex-husband, William Converse-Roberts, who seems to specialize in slimeball smoothies. A custody fight, like a high-profile murder trial, can go on forever. *The Client,* like *Murder One,* cleverly combines the elements of a traditional series melodrama (workplace jokes, grinding routine, shifting relationships) with elements of the traditional TV movie of the week (true-crime, children at risk, women menaced, family piety, populist rage, courtroom theatrics). They add up to a sort of domesticated *noir.*

Whereas there's very little that's domesticated about the *noir* in **American Gothic** (Fridays, starting September 22; 10 to 11 P.M.; CBS). As the satanic sheriff of the small southern town of Trinity, South Carolina, Lucas Buck (Gary Cole) has no sooner finished wringing the neck of a simpleminded 16-year-old girl than he whistles the theme song from *The Andy Griffith Show.* His next target, for reasons we won't go into, is this girl's little brother, Caleb (Lucas Black), who has visions, most of them scribbled in blood. So, too, does Caleb's cousin Gail (Paige Turco) see things, over in Charleston where she's a newspaper reporter, suggesting that there may have been something suspicious about the violent deaths of her own parents. Equally suspicious is the new do-good doctor at the local hospital (Jake Weber), even though, as a recovering alcoholic, he no longer permits himself to see things—unless you count an iconic image of Elvis on a pillow slip. Meanwhile, besides rape, and a ghost that pops out of a birthday cake, and the stabbing to death of a prisoner in a jail cell with the deputy sheriff's monogrammed platinum lucky pen, there's a grammar-school teacher (Brenda Bakke) with a secret line in kinky yard goods: "Rack your balls?" she inquires of a horny zhlub at the pool hall.

I am reminded, if not of Kafka, than perhaps of the S. J. Perelman short story in which "at dusk we warped into Wilhelmina, a decayed hamlet obviously subsidized by Carson McCullers to furnish her with literary material. Eight of its stores were untenanted, the ninth occupied by a waxworks portraying a group of pellagra victims frozen around a pinball machine." *American Gothic* is instead the unlikely brainchild of Shaun Cassidy, as if, like that ghost in the birthday cake, David Lynch had popped out of *The X-Files.* What on unearth will they think up next week?

So much for real-world narrative. Now for a nod to the two new prime-time soaps, both of which, as I mentioned briefly in our "Fall Preview," owe a lot to America's obsession with the Kennedys. In **Central Park West** (Wednesdays; 9 to 10 P.M.; CBS), America's royal Irish family is called Fairchild, and it owns multimedia, like a Newhouse. Mariel Hemingway's problem is that she's not one. She's been imported from Seattle to edit one of its magazines, a Condé Nast sort of *George.* She is resented by the mag's nightlife columnist, Madchen Amick, who is a Fairchild and who promptly seeks to seduce Hemingway's failed novelist of a husband, Tom Verica. Meanwhile, Amick's John-John-heartthrob assistant–D.A. Fairchild brother, John Barrowman, falls in love with Melissa Errico, who secretly works for a naughty tabloid *not* owned by Fairchilds. Lauren Hutton is the mother of these serpent's teeth and more fun to look at than SoHo.

In **The Monroes** (Thursdays; 9 to 10 P.M.; ABC), the Kennedys are called Monroes, filthy-rich in Maryland instead of Massachusetts. Patriarch William Devane wants to be a governor. Matriarch Susan Sullivan is stuck being Tammy Wynette. One son, David Andrews, is a randy congressman. Another, Steven Eckholdt, is an astronaut who rides a horse. A third, Tristan Tait, would rather ride his motorcycle than read a law book. Daughters Tracy Griffith and Cecil Hoffmann are, respectively, a photographer with a lousy marriage and a lawyer who hanky-pankies with . . . the president of the United States! Because of motorcycles, Oedipal envy, and a German female spy, these handsome nitwits have a bad day every Thursday night.

What with horses and hogs, limos and whirlybirds, there's as much transportation in these two soaps as sex. Velocity is important to the privileged, so they won't have time to think about behavior. And my, how we like to see them crash: as if the bloody fate of kings and queens were a comfort, and the bad luck, hurtful sex, and arbitrary punishment of the undeserving rich, unfairly talented, and callously beautiful were somehow emancipating. These kicks are as old and lurid as the Greeks. Incest, parricide, cannibalism, and other gaudy dysfunctions were all that Aeschylus ever wrote about, as if to hype his ratings. Sophocles also wrote soaps. I mean, Oedipus murdered his father and married his mother, after which he was visually challenged. ■

Photograph by Fred Norris/CBS.

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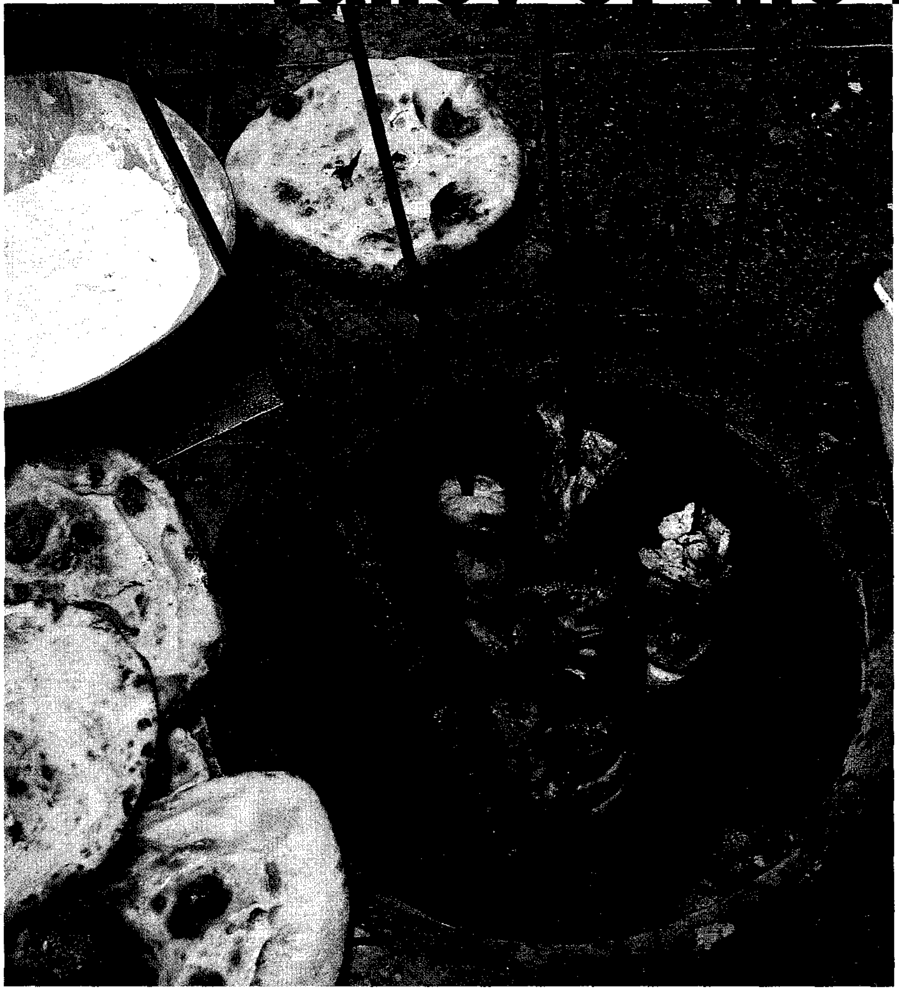

Bay Leaf flirts with nouvelle notions of Indian cooking in midtown.

It's all the raj: Cooking meat in the tandoor oven at Bay Leaf.

AS USUAL, THE RESTAURANT CONTENDERS OF autumn struggle to find the starting gate—sabotaged by bureaucracy and litigation, unbudgeable budgets, and the warp and woof of architects and contractors. The early starters look a bit tousled, prematurely hatched. But brand-new **Bay Leaf** has an instant professional smack and the intense, fragrant tangle of cumin, cardamom, and turmeric—exactly the kind of elusive Asian action our taste buds crave after the cocoon of a summer spent in Tuscany.

Crunchy disks piled with savory bits of potato, onion, and mung bean (dahi batata poori, the street food of Bombay). Herb-spice-and-yogurt-marinated lamb grilled on a hot stone as it's done in Hyderabad. Elegant little lentil cakes (khaman dhokla) in a flutter of fresh grated coconut with mustard seed and cilantro. Deftly fried vegetable fritters. Just a sampling of appetizers tells the Bay Leaf story: an exercise in elegance and refinement with an almost-but-not-quite cloying excess of service that is uniquely Indian.

I've always been smitten by the jeweled tents and intricate carvings, the swashbuckling hues and gilded silks of India. But there's no sin in owner Vijay Gupta's desire to create an almost anonymous brasserie. A few patchwork panels on pale walls with mahogany accents and the house's leafy logo in gold behind the glassed-in tandoori chef whisper where we are.

And while we're cheering our native chefs' deconstruction of regional American cooking and wallowing in the mayonnaisation of Chinatown, how can we sneer at chef Walter D'Rozario's nouvelle aspirations? Whirring a classic sludge of sauce in the blender to "smoothen" it seems inspired. After all, "light" is the anthem of the moment, and the chef's claim to have virtually banished cream for buttermilk or yogurt, and to favor soy oil over ghee (clarified butter), is scarcely noticeable in the pleasant haze of tamarind and saffron. If only the kitchen hadn't almost extinguished the heat. Except for a fiery pickled-shrimp starter (jhinga balchao) and splendid lamb vindaloo from Goa, there are no searing chili thrills. The Guptas—that's his wife, Kiran, in the exquisite silver-embroidered sari—don't seem to realize we've become a city of hotheads since the first seizure of Sichuan peppers in the seventies. Perhaps being parked in the tourist crossroads of West 56th Street has made them too cautious. Still, you can insist that the heat be turned up. The prices are uptown, too: At dinner, starters are $6 to $10; entrées, $5 to $22. But discount shoppers can save with the prix fixe lunch and by sharing the low-priced items at dinner or settling in before 7:30 P.M. for the $22.95 pretheater menu.

A measured chili blast should not dim the pleasure of plump, moist mint-and-coriander-marinated jumbo shrimp or the yogurt-steeped rack of lamb—both from the tandoor oven, tended by a handsome chef I wish were more flamboyant. But his arid tandoori chicken is best forgotten. Juicy chunks of lamb with green peppercorns (kacchi mirchi ka gosht) in complex sauce are good to the last dab. The menu promises fresh spinach smothering garlicky chicken in murg saag, but this dull-green mud is not my definition of fresh. Lemon-spiked basmati rice with mustard seeds and curry leaves, definitely superior to saffron pulao, provokes calls for seconds.

Rich Indian breads, slapped on the sides of the tandoor oven to bake, are a weakness of mine. It's become impossible to pretend anymore that the shine on Indian breads as they emerge from the kitchen is a reflection of the lighting. Or that ghee is some esoteric Far Eastern spice. That ooze is butter, my friend, or perhaps a last-

Photograph by Brian Velenchenko.

minute brushing of oil. I request the kitchen skip that final wanton dab and discover the three breads in the $10 basket—enough to satisfy five or six of us—are rich enough without it.

I know being vegetarian is a way of life for some in India, but I've never understood why a modest casserole of potatoes or chickpeas should cost $9 or $10. That aside, vegetables here transcend even the lowliest heritage. Chickpeas with onions and tomatoes. Mushrooms and okra, spicily panfried with onion and sesame. Ginger-flavored cauliflower and fresh spinach. Even small new potatoes, cooked in a sealed pot with aromatic spices.

At lunch on the sunny, raised, enclosed "verandah," we watch Manhattan's foot soldiers tramp by on the sidewalk. My pal, a Weight Watchers valedictorian, is pleased with the $15 "diet lunch," though more with the vegetable sides, the naan, the fabulous pea-and-kidney-bean dal, and a remarkable contemporary salad than with the too-cooked chutney-smothered fish baked in a banana leaf, a delicacy served at Parsee weddings.

There are one or two classic Indian desserts that defy translation for most Western palates. It took two tastes of the cute little Bengali cheese dumplings poached in milk to be sure that I hated them as much as I thought I did (though my nephew from Chicago was instantly addicted). That shouldn't detract from the shirkhand—cardamom-flavored yogurt-and-saffron cream, a Gujarati custard in a Western pastry shell. What a major dessert breakthrough for an Indian restaurant! No Western mouth will be puzzled by the mango mousse either, or the intense sorbets. And pan-cultural refinement has been especially kind to a classic rice pudding with pistachios and rose water.

A quartet of restaurant professionals seems to be running Bay Leaf's dining room, and I was impressed at dinner when a waiter, standing in for the host, greeted us at the door (rather than looking right through us or retreating, which is often the drill around town). In its first weeks, Bay Leaf is just being discovered by the neighborhood. Indian friends of the family seem at home and grateful, says Kiran Gupta, to end the evening "feeling light." On Saturday night, there were no papadum on the table, and when they finally arrived, they were flat, not rolled in the rather elegant tuillelike forms that impressed me on our first two visits. Once the crowds build, I hope, Bay Leaf won't forget its nouvelle commitment.

Bay Leaf Indian Brasserie, 49 West 56th Street (957-1818). Lunch, 11:30 a.m. to 2:30 p.m. daily; dinner 5:30 p.m. to 11 p.m. Monday through Saturday; 5 p.m. to 10 p.m. Sunday. A.E., M.C., V. ■

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The Marika Worker

COTTON-BLEND ACTIVEWEAR (SIZES S–L, with a few items in XL) in fall colors by Marika is now 40 percent off at this busy Yorkville shop. Leggings, in bike, capri, or ankle length, with or without stirrups, were $20–$24, now $12–$14.40; tops, were $16 for tank and $19 for the racing-back bra, now $9.60 and $11.40, respectively; tank, boat-neck, and thong-tank leotards, were $20, now $12; three-quarter-sleeve leotards, were $29, now $17.40. *Orva, 155 E. 86th St. (369-3448); A.E., M.C., V., checks accepted; all sales final; Mon.–Sat. 10 a.m.–9 p.m., Sun. 10 a.m.–8 p.m.; through 9/24.*

Sec.'s and Violins

THIS SHOP IS SHARED BY AN ARTIST WHO decorates wooden furniture with his original paintings and a luthier who makes, restores, and repairs violins. The artist's discounts include a secretary with a trompe l'oeil scene behind the glass doors of the hutch, was $2,000, now $1,375; a two-drawer, two-door chest painted with domestic scenes, was $2,400, now $1,700; oil and watercolor wall paintings include a large, framed oil-on-wood painting of Greek fishermen, was $4,000, now $2,750. The luthier is cutting prices on violins and accessories by 15 percent: children's violins, were from $150, now from $127.50; commercially made adult violins, were from $450, now from $382.50. Custom-made violins, were $8,000–$12,000, now $6,800–$10,200. Delivery arranged at additional cost. *Interior Expressions, 1099 First Ave., near 60th St. (593-2267); M.C., V., checks accepted; exchanges possible; Mon.–Fri. 11 a.m.–7 p.m., Sat. till 5 p.m.; through 10/30.*

Treasure Hunt

GOLDMANS TREASURES'S SALES FLOOR IS stacked high with home accessories and giftware. Design Guild full-lead-crystal vase etched in the Greek-key pattern, retail $140, here $39; American Atelier Angelica White dinnerware, service for eight, retail $160, here $79.95; small art-glass table torchère, amber or pink glass, retail $25, here $17.95; Royal Doulton Old Country Roses, retail $720 for a twenty-piece set, here $250. *Goldmans Treasures, 655 Sixth Ave., at 20th St. (924-4900 or 800-221-7457); A.E., M.C., V., checks accepted; phone and mail orders accepted; Mon.–Thurs. 10 a.m.–9 p.m., Fri. 10 a.m.–2 p.m., closed Sat., Sun. 11 a.m.–6 p.m.; through 10/31.*

Renée Days

RENÉE DUMARR'S WOMEN'S FALL SUITS, which are featured in a famous national catalogue, are on sale at the designer's showroom in a variety of styles, sizes 4–14. Double-breasted bouclé-tweed shaped-jacket skirt suits, retail $425, here $150; bouclé suits with slim skirts, in brights, darks, and pastels, retail $375, here $150; skirt suits with short silk-and-Lurex jackets and 21-in. pleated black skirts, retail $395, here $125; mohair-wool-Lurex-blend braid-trimmed jackets with matching 23-in. slim skirts, retail $395, here $150. Men admitted by appointment only. *Renée DuMarr, 530 Seventh Ave., near 39th St., seventh floor (768-3734); A.E. accepted; all sales final; Thurs. and Fri., 9/21–22, 5–8 p.m., Sat., 9/23, 10 a.m.–3 p.m.*

Case Jones

THIS WAREHOUSE SALE HAS THOUSANDS OF handbags and totes, most of them leather, and everything is at wholesale or below. Woven leather satchel, camera bag, and hobo, here $70, $75, and $80, respectively; lizard-embossed-leather camera case in four fall colors, here $43; smooth leather briefcase, here $100; shoulder bag and small shoulder bag, here $70 and $55, respectively; quilted suede or leather envelope-flap shoulder bag with quilted small bucket, here $48 and $50, respectively; woven satin and grosgrain minaudières with dressy clasps, wholesale $28. *The Handbag Warehouse, 105 Sheer Plaza, Plainview, N.Y. (516-694-3770); checks accepted; no credit cards; exchanges possible; call for directions; Mon.–Fri. 9 a.m.–5 p.m., Sat. 10 a.m.–4 p.m.; through 11/30 (closed 9/25–26 and 10/4).* ■

C e

A Weekly Guide to Entertainment and the Arts in New York

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Buffalo Girl

Carol Burnett, just one of the Broadway doyennes returning to the stage this season, opens in **'Moon Over Buffalo'** *this week (page 133)*

movies

*The Run of the Country...*Errol Flynn

Happenings
Storytellers

'Pocahontas' was a treacly piece of revisionist history; the Native American Film and Video Festival is the real deal. More than 50 directors from tribal communities (including Mary Ellen Davis, whose 'Devil's Dream' is pictured above) are represented in the program—and it's free. See "Museums, Societies, Etc."

New Films

Angus—Yet another coming-of-age tale about an adolescent misfit with a crush on the prettiest girl in school—and seemingly no hope of getting close to her. Starring Kathy Bates, George C. Scott, Rita Moreno, and introducing Charlie Talbert as Angus. Directed by Patrick Read Johnson. (1 hr. 31 mins.; PG) *Village East; 19th Street East; Crown Gotham; Orpheum; Lincoln Square.*

★Apollo 13—As three astronauts lie in a cramped command module, ready to take off for the moon, technicians tread on their shoulders, jamming the men into place. Later, somewhere between Florida and the lunar seas, the module's power and filtering systems break down, and the men, freezing, gaze at their steamy breath with disgust: They are poisoning themselves with the carbon dioxide they exhale from their own lungs. You have to love the weird details in *Apollo 13*. Tom Hanks, in the great American heroic style of no sweat, makes space veteran Jim Lovell a man so sure of himself that he can afford to be relaxed. With Ed Harris and Gary Sinise. Directed by Ron Howard. (Denby; 7/10/95) (2 hrs. 15 mins.; PG) *23rd Street West Triplex; Ziegfeld; Regency.*

Babe—A wonderful, well-done fable about a pig (Babe) who doesn't fit in with all the other animals on his farm. So he defies convention and dares to become a sheepdog. Based on Dick King-Smith's children's book The Sheep-Pig. Directed by Chris Noonan. (1 hr. 31 mins.; G) *23rd Street West Triplex; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Lincoln Square; Olympia Cinemas.*

★Belle de Jour—Simply and beautifully shot by a director who clears out the muck and clutter of conventional filmmaking. Luis Buñuel never wastes a shot or chooses an unnecessary angle; he refuses to overstate or even underline an emotion. With absolute precision, and also much insolent mockery, Buñuel and his co-scenarist Jean-Claude Carrière tell the story of this Parisian haute bourgeoise who loves her handsome and thoughtful husband (Jean Sorel) but remains unresponsive to his rather tentative caresses. Her face a blank, Séverine lies in bed dreaming of violation at the hands of coachmen, and finally takes a job at a high-class bordello, where she makes herself available to a variety of extremely strange men. The content of Séverine's daydreams may verge on the pornographic, but Buñuel shoots them in a style that is anything but voluptuous. Indeed, the limpid beauty of the images is extraordinarily chaste, and that is the source of the movie's wit. (1 hr. 40 mins.; R) *Village East; Paris Theater.*

Beyond Rangoon—One of director John Boorman's favorite themes is Western man let loose in the wilderness, facing a test of courage that becomes a journey of self-recognition. *Beyond Rangoon* is set in Burma (now officially Myanmar). The year is 1988, and when we first see the young American widow Laura Bowman (Patricia Arquette), she's riding a tour boat up a river, staring at nothing, her body slack. The only thing alive in her is her nightmares: She dreams repeatedly of her husband and her little boy, whom she discovered at home, both mysteriously murdered. In Rangoon, Laura wanders into a political demonstration; when the military cracks down, she flees with a former professor named U Aung Ko. Boorman stages a series of terrifying and entirely convincing escapes, yet he fails to match the raging physicality of the production with a dramatic intelligence of equal strength. Arquette is very trying; there's something sluggish and thoughtless about her. The script lacks humor and human complication, and the sequences, however generous morally, come out as emotionally complacent and predictable. (Denby; 9/4/95) (1 hr. 39 mins.; R) *Village Theatre VII; Chelsea; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Lincoln Square.*

The Brothers McMullen—Three Irish Catholic brothers from the suburbs of New York struggle with their their past and their relationships with one another in the wake of their father's death. While struggling with their mangled Irish-Catholic legacy, they individually grapple with their tortured love lives: one married brother contemplates an affair, one cradles a theoretical, idealized version of love, and one is so frightened of it that he constantly runs. Writer-director Edward Burns's feature film debut. Winner of the Grand Jury Prize at this year's Sundance Film Festival. (1 hr. 37 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Chelsea; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Lincoln Square.*

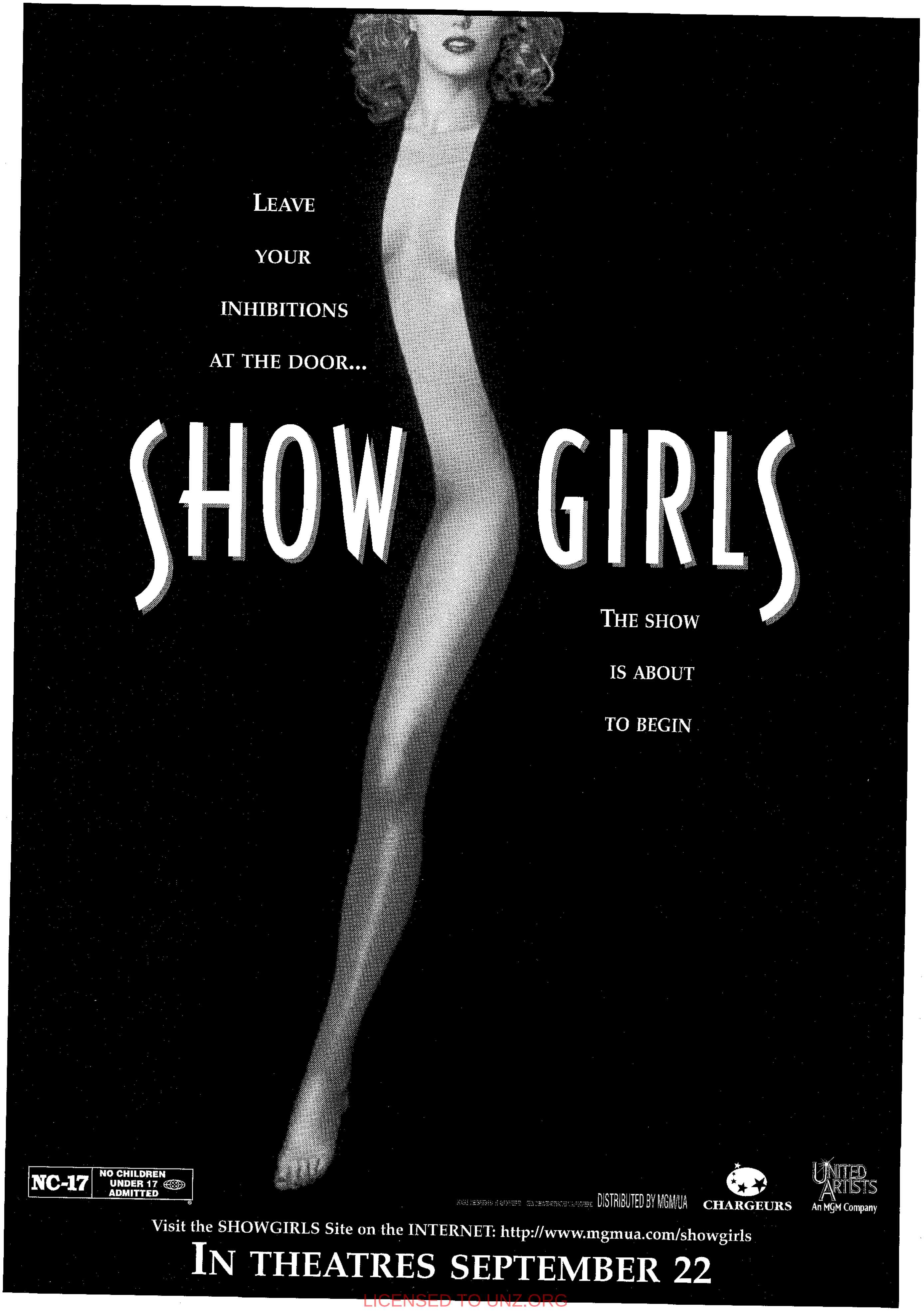
★Burnt by the Sun—If some directors have a talent for the obvious, Nikita Mikhalkov has a genius for it. This is an extremely powerful work set in 1936 at the beginning of the Great Terror. Somewhere outside Moscow, in the country near the wheat fields, Colonel Kotov (Mikhalkov), a bristling revolutionary patriot, lives with his young wife, Maroussia (Ingeborga Dapkounaite) in her dacha, where a Chekhovian house party with elderly relatives, friends, and hangers-on appears to be in full swing. Mitia (Oleg Menchikov), Maroussia's old lover, mysteriously away for ten years, enters with a flourish of laughter and music. He's a member of the secret police, and exactly what he is doing there is the first mystery; the greater mystery is why he is doing it. In Russian. (Denby; 5/1/95) (2 hrs. 14 min.; R) *Carnegie Hall Cinema.*

★Clockers—Strike, perhaps 20 years old, commands the top slat of a bench in front of the projects in Brooklyn, running his crew of clockers (bottom-rung street dealers, who work around the clock). These young men aren't violent, yet their trade is killing everyone around them. Strike works for the neighborhood crime boss, Rodney Little,

Ground Rules:

These brief reviews, where noted, are condensed versions of reviews by David Denby...A ★ denotes a current release that* New York *recommends, ranging from best-of-the-year picks to worthy curios to flawed movies with one outstanding element...Reviews are followed by the Manhattan theaters where the film is playing.

"Cue" cover photograph by Joan Marcus.



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who, in the person of the great actor Delroy Lindo, is an exceptionally complex and frightening man. Rodney runs his operation out of a pleasantly ramshackle store where half the fatherless kids hang out—the most paternal man around is a murderer and drug dealer. He tries to seduce Strike into murdering someone by saying, "You're my son" and promising him bigger turf. When Rodney's enemy winds up dead, we don't know who did it—Strike or his exceptionally virtuous brother Victor, who may be going crazy. Director Spike Lee's adaptation of Richard Price's 1992 novel is concerned less with Strike's spiritual condition than with the survival of the community: The black kids and the black and white cops are all over each other, sharing the peculiar coarse intimacy of people living in crime. *Clockers* is didactic, but it's perhaps the most loose-limbed didactic movie ever made. The scenes of harassment and interrogation, the streams of vituperation and tirade, are all played out with a poetic vitality seen before only in Martin Scorsese's movies. With Harvey Keitel and John Turturro. (Denby; 8/18/95) (2 hrs. 9 mins.; R) *Waverly; 34th Street Showplace; Chelsea; Manhattan Twin; Movieplex 42; National Twin; 86th Street; 62nd and Broadway; Metro Cinema; New Coliseum; Nova; Plaza.*

★**Clueless**—Amy Heckerling's terrific comedy is a worthy successor to her *Fast Times at Ridgemont High* (1982). Here, she affectionately joshes the fab life of a Rodeo Drive princess, creating a look, a code of manners, and a hilarious jargon that enclose Cher (Alicia Silverstone) and her friends in their own boutique of pastel-pink self-consciousness. Silverstone is funny and entirely likable. The surprise of her character—which is based, amazingly, on Jane Austen's Emma—is that she's more interested in looking great and being nice to other people than she is in her own happiness. A comedy of goodness. (Denby; 8/7/95) (1 hr. 37 mins.; PG-13) *Movieland 8th Street; 59th Street East; Lincoln Square; Olympia Cinemas.*

★**Crumb**—In Terry Zwigoff's extraordinary documentary, there is shockingly little separation between life and art. R. Crumb, the underground-cartoon artist who devised such "comix" as *Weirdo* and *Zap* complains that he was ignored by girls in high school, and he still exudes the resentment and fears of a cranky, put-upon kid. So does his art, and that's its glory, but it's disconcerting to discover that the successful artist, having transcended nothing, is as devoted to surly, other-annihilating rancor as a teen nerd burrowing in a basement. Crumb shares the same awful childhood with his wrecked older brother, Charles, who lives at home with their mother, and his kid brother, Max, who sits in a San Francisco SRO on a bed of nails, yet Crumb turned the semi-psychotic material of bent adolescence into art, while they were consumed and destroyed. It should turn into the midnight-movie sensation of the decade: Robert Crumb is a remorseless man, and the movie, in a coolly ambiguous way, revels in the grotesque appropriateness of his triumph. (Denby; 5/1/95) (1 hr. 59 min.; R) *Film Forum.*

Dangerous Minds—Based on the true story of a high-school teacher named LouAnne Johnson who challenges, and is challenged by, inner-city youth. Compelling enough, but unfortunately, the film pounds away at the senses and becomes unashamedly manipulative halfway through. Starring Michelle Pfeiffer. (1 hr. 34 mins.; R) *Village East; Guild 50th Street; Orpheum; 84th Street Six.*

Desperado—Antonio Banderas stars in director Robert Rodriguez's follow-up to his much-acclaimed indie debut *El Mariachi.* (1 hr. 46 mins.; R) *Movieland 8th Street; 19th Street East; 34th Street Showplace; Embassy 2–4; Movieplex 42; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Orpheum; 84th Street Six; New Coliseum.*

Double Happiness—A 22-year-old aspiring actress finds herself caught between Chinese tradition and Western freedoms when she falls in love with a white college student and, consequently, has second thoughts about going through with her arranged marriage. Directed by Mina Shum. (1 hr. 27 mins.; PG-13) *Cinema 3.*

Hackers—Computer kid Zero Cool—who once crashed more than 1,000 computers on Wall Street and has been exiled from cyberspace for seven years—finds himself the target of a conspiratorial

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hacker. Sounds like *The Net* with a hipper soundtrack. Directed by Iain Softley (*Backbeat*). (1 hr. 45 mins.; PG-13) *Waverly; 19th Street East; 34th Street Showplace; Criterion Center; Movieplex 42; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Orpheum; 84th Street Six; New Coliseum.*

I Can't Sleep—Claire Denis's film is based on the true story of "The Monster of Montmartre," a transvestite who brutally killed more than twenty elderly Parisian women. In French. (1 hr. 50 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

The Innocent—Leonard Markham is a politically, socially and sexually inexperienced telephone operator who is enlisted in a top secret project in Berlin and, while there, falls in love with a cipher named Maria who knows more than she's telling. Starring Campbell Scott, Sir Anthony Hopkins and Isabella Rossellini. Directed by John Schlesinger. (1 hr. 58 mins.; R) *Village East; Cinema I, II, Third Ave.*

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His Wicked, Wicked Ways

What sets *Errol Flynn—The Movie Posters* apart from other glossy books about debauched movie stars is its self-published author, Lawrence Bassoff, who is clearly a man obsessed. In addition to the reprints, biography, and comprehensive Flynn filmography, there's Bassoff's frighteningly meticulous critique of the posters: "The one-color 1951 reissue one-sheet features Flynn in a costume he wore not in *Captain Blood* but in *The Sea Hawk* (1940). Likewise, the pressbook cover depicts Flynn wearing an earring which is never seen in the film, either." A bargain at $24.95.

Kids—Telly, the skanky 17-year-old "hero" of *Kids*, sleeps with a frightened but willing young girl and then runs down the steps of the girl's brownstone to share the news with his best friend, Casper, who is waiting for him. Telly is coarse and mean, and he lives only to get laid. Yet he's at the center of *Kids*, the first film to be directed by Larry Clark, the self-mythicized "outlaw" whose book of photographs, *Teenage Lust*, feasts on teenagers thick-headed and dreamy with sex. As Telly discourses nonstop on the pleasures of deflowering 14-year-olds, he and Casper skateboard around the East Side, steal, smoke dope, and finish the day at an all-night party, at which Telly bags another virgin and Casper gives up his humanity altogether. While all this is going on, one of Telly's past victims, now HIV-positive, forlornly tries to find her lover. But this is not a tragic vision; by taking us low, Clark gives the appearance of presenting New York adolescence without hypocrisy or cant. Yet it seems like Clark is offering not a faithful portrait of teenagers but an exposure of his own erotomania. (Denby; 6/31/95) (1 hr. 35 mins.; NR) *Angelika Film Center; 19th Street East; Gemini Twin; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

★**Living in Oblivion**— Watching this film about the making of an independent film, we become so impressed by the dis-illusioning of the film medium that we forget that director Tom DiCillio is creating a new illusion right before our eyes. Among the movie's satirical pleasures is the appearance of James LeGros doing a sensational send-up of Brad Pitt, and the performance of Peter Dinklage as a huffy dwarf ("Do *you* dream of dwarves? Even *I* don't dream of dwarves!"). (Denby; 6/31/91) (1 hr. 31 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Eastside Playhouse; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Lord of Illusions—Master of horror Clive Barker returns with this film-*noir* thriller about a detective who gets tangled up in a supernatural mystery involving a famous dead magician and his beautiful widow. Barker has a real sense of fun and never takes himself too seriously, but horror is his genre, and his films are usually a cut above the generic, uninspired schlock that imitators turn out. (1 hr. 49 mins.; R) *Criterion Center.*

Mortal Kombat—Christopher Lambert is Rayden, the Thunder God, who must lead three human warriors into battle against Shang Tsung, an evil sorcerer who controls Outworld. Based on the video game. Really. Directed by Paul Anderson. (1 hr. 40 mins.; PG) *Village East; Criterion Center; Movieplex 42; Orpheum.*

Mute Witness—A mute special effects/makeup artist is convinced she has witnessed the making of a snuff film. It's part thriller and part comedy. Written and directed by Anthony Waller. (1 hr. 38 mins.; R) *Village East; 19th Street East; Embassy 1; First & 62nd St. Cinema; UA East; 84th Street Six; New Coliseum.*

Nadja—The title character (Elina Lowensohn) roams the Lower East Side in search of nightly blood, her long-lost twin brother, and sexual companionship— but in spite of all this action, there's no real plot. It's as though the filmmakers (director Michael Almereyda and producer David Lynch) assumed their audience would be familiar enough with the genre not to desire a stronger story. The film shows glimpses of what it could have been, as when a beleaguered husband details the moment he realized his wife (Galaxy Craze, the weak link here) might be turning into a bloodsucker: "She started to get that Sunday afternoon depression—every day." The black-and-white imagery alternates between stunningly lit and photographed 35mm, and hand-held "Pixelvision" (which was created with a discontinued toy camera)—and that's the kind of forced quirkiness that ultimately does the film in. Almereyda is so concerned with the visual that the characters become afterthoughts. With Peter Fonda, Suzy Amis, Karl Geary, and Martin Donovan. (1 hr. 32 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center.*

National Lampoon's Senior Trip—A high-school administrator catches a rowdy bunch of delinquents vandalizing his house and demands that they each write a letter to the president, outlining their ideas for improving the country's educational system. He's foiled when the leader of the free world invites them all to the White House, and the requisite zaniness no doubt ensues. Directed by Kelly Makin. (1 hr. 34 mins.; R) *Movieland 8th Street; Criterion Center; Orpheum.*

The Net—Sandra Bullock is an expert computer analyst who stumbles upon a massive conspiracy and winds up running for her life while simultaneously trying to prove her identity. The film ostensibly tackles modern man's alienation in an increasingly technological society and the issue of eroding privacy in an age of electronically encoded personal information. But mostly, these and other concerns provide the impetus for many a chase sequence. (1 hr. 58 mins.; PG-13) *23rd Street West Triplex; Criterion Center; Gemini Twin.*

Old Lady Who Walked in the Sea—Jeanne Moreau is the grand, enigmatic Lady M., a lifelong con artist who, having worked in tandem with her lover for years, discovers a young (male) thief she'd like to initiate. (1 hr. 35 mins; NR) *Quad Cinema; Angelika 57.*

1-900—Two lonely professionals who have limited interaction with the outside world meet via a phone-sex line. They speak, and do other things, once a week—but only on the telephone. They agree never to meet, nor reveal their names. Directed by Theo van Gogh, the "Howard Stern of Dutch cinema" and the great-nephew of Vincent. (1 hr. 30 mins.; R) *Quad Cinema.*

The Postman—As the film opens, the late Massimo Troisi's Mario Ruoppolo has no one to speak to. And then the island where Mario lives is visited by a kind of god—the exiled Chilean poet Pablo Neruda. Mario becomes his postman, and the poet, at first brusque, gradually gets drawn into the miracle of Mario's awakening. The movie is a fable of creation: Mario is literally created by the words he learns to speak. It's easy to be lulled by such enchanting episodes as Mario's poetry-rich courtship of a girl who becomes aroused by his words. The girl's overprotective aunt, in a series of hilarious pot-banging tirades, denounces metaphors as the traducer of her niece's virginity. She's right. Once you've lost your innocence with words, you never want to regain it. Directed by Michael Radford. In Italian. (Denby; 6/14/95) (1 hr. 49 mins.; PG) *Village East; Murray Hill Cinemas; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

The Promise—Two young lovers are separated by the raising of the Berlin Wall. They see each other sporadically over the years, but always under government surveillance; when the wall eventually falls, they must adjust to the reunification of the nation and to the sudden accessibility of each other. Directed by Margarethe von Trotta. In German. (1 hr. 59 mins.; R) *Quad Cinema; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

The Prophecy—A perfect Christopher Walken vehicle, though everything he appears in seems tailor-made to his droll eccentricity and cotton-mouth delivery. A heavenly war is waged on Earth by a band of renegade angels. Also starring Eric Stoltz. Written and directed by Gregory Widen. (1 hr. 31 mins.; R) *Movieland 8th Street; Chelsea; Murray Hill Cinemas; Astor Plaza; Movieplex 42; Sutton; 86th Street East; 84th Street Six.*

Run of the Country—Danny lives in a quiet village on

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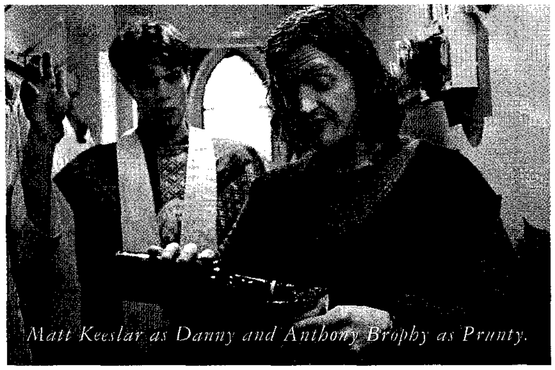
the border dividing Northern Ireland from the rest of the country, where his father (Albert Finney), the local police officer, can be found in church praying for a nice murder to break up the boredom. Danny loves and admires his father, but all the old man offers is churlish attitude. The boy's mother has just died, and he finds solace not only in the familiarity of his homeland but in a headstrong girl who at once binds him and sets him free. Writer Shane Connaughton has crafted a subtle, moving story about the power of family and the freedom found in language: When his father finally manages to emit one sentence expressing love, we see Danny's face change. Not long after, so does his life. With Matt Keeslar, Victoria Smurfit, and Anthony Brophy. Directed by Peter Yates. (1 hr. 40 mins.; R) *Area theaters.*

Opening

Beyond Borders

The man-made line that splits Ireland's North from its South has long been a theme in the country's literature, and writer Shane Connaughton (*My Left Foot*) makes both literal and metaphorical use of its divisiveness in *The Run of the Country,* which he adapted from his autobiographical novel of the same name. "I grew up on that border. It's a great anguish, and it colors your life," he says. The film, which opens this week, centers on Danny, a young man who, still grieving over his mother's sudden death, struggles to win approval and love from his emotionally remote father. Like Danny, says Connaughton, "I wanted my father's admiration, but he wasn't a demonstrative man. Lots of Irish men bank up their emotions. I think it goes back to the famine, when children were seen as mouths to be fed—and of course, Catholicism, which teaches that you're not supposed to enjoy sex. For a long time, children were seen as the fruit of sin." Though the novel is set in the fifties, Connaughton updated the story to present times to emphasize Ireland's renewed economic and nationalistic strength. "People are much more confident in themselves compared with when I was growing up," he says, and these changes are reflected in the movie as well. At the end of the novel, for instance, Danny decides to immigrate to America; in the film, his journey isn't quite as far. Connaughton himself left for London when he was 18 and still experiences a bit of antagonism upon each return home. "The one who leaves goes out into a tougher world and comes back with new ideas, so there's always a bit of resentment," he says. "But as we say in Ireland, 'Fuck the begrudgers!' "

Maureen Callahan



Matt Keeslar as Danny and Anthony Brophy as Prunty.

Showgirls—No doubt everything you'd expect from director Paul Verhoven and writer Joe Eszterhas, the pair who brought us *Basic Instinct*: A young (lap) dancer with a dream heads to Vegas, where she battles the slimy system. Also known as *Fleshdance.* With Elizabeth Berkley and Kyle MacLachlan. (2 hrs. 11 mins.; NC-17) *Area theaters.*

★**Smoke**—Directed by Wayne Wang and largely set in the Park Slope section of Brooklyn (writer Paul Auster's home turf), this movie is a celebration of gratuitous acts of kindness. Auggie (Harvey Keitel), who runs a cigar store, has a peculiar hobby: He takes pictures from the same street corner at precisely 8 A.M. every day. He shows the thousands of pictures to his friend Paul (William Hurt), a sad-sack novelist who hasn't written much since his wife died. Lost in thought, Paul wanders into the street and almost gets run over, but he's saved by a black teenager who calls himself Rashid. Paul takes the boy in, and the two begin an unstable friendship. The garrulous fluency of Auster's writing, combined with the simplicity of Wayne Wang's direction, makes for an enchanting urban-picaresque movie. (Denby; 6/19/95) (1 hr. 52 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Cinema I, II, Third Ave.; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

★**Something to Talk About**—Here, Julia Roberts is playing a neurotic—a bright woman who can't figure out how to live life—and she's in command of the role. Callie Khouri, of *Thelma & Louise* fame, wrote the screenplay, and she has a knack for creating pungent women. Roberts's character, Grace King Bichon, can't stop jabbing at people and then jabbing at herself. Grace works for her father, Wyly (Robert Duvall), an intelligent but ornery man, and loving him has worn her down. Her life is so dominated by him that she has grown indifferent to her husband, Eddie (Dennis Quaid), who has begun to fool around. The movie is about a few weeks in Grace's life when everything falls apart and she attempts to pull it back together again. Directed by Lasse Hallstrom. (Denby; 6/14/95) (1 hr. 42 mins.; R) *Village Theatre VII.*

The Stars Fell on Henrietta—A group of Depression-era Texas Dustbowlers are changed by the dreams of a tenacious old oilman. Starring Robert Duvall, Aidan Quinn, and Brian Dennehy. Produced by Clint Eastwood. Directed by James Keach. (2 hrs. 35 mins.; PG) *Lincoln Square.*

Theremin—A documentary about the great Russian professor who invented the theremin (an instrument played without direct body contact) and who, after moving to New York, was kidnapped by Soviet agents and smuggled back to his native Russia. Assumed dead by friends and relatives, he spent seven years in a Siberian labor camp, was put to work by Stalin on top-secret projects, and eventually died in near-obscurity. A somewhat dry treatment of a rather fascinating subject. Directed by Steven M. Martin. (1 hr. 25 mins.; PG) *Cinema Village 12th St..*

The Tie That Binds—Strictly USA Network fare—down to the casting—that somehow made it into your local theater: Vincent Spano and Moira Kelly are a young couple with a newly adopted daughter. Life is bliss until her natural parents (Keith Carradine and Daryl Hannah) return to claim her. Of course, the kid's biological parents are homicidal criminals. Directed by Wesley Strick. (1 hr. 38 mins.; R) *Village East; Chelsea; Murray Hill Cinemas; Embassy 2–4; Sutton; 86th Street East; 84th Street Six.*

To Wong Foo, Thanks For Everything—Noxeema Jackson (Wesley Snipes), Vida Boheme (Patrick Swayze) and Chi Chi Rodriguez (John Leguizamo) are three cross-dressing semi-celebrities on the New York club scene who embark on a cross-country road trip. They're headed for Hollywood, each harboring the same dream: to capture the Miss Drag Queen USA title. Also starring Stockard Channing. Directed by Beeban Kidron. (1 hr. 48 mins.; PG-13) *Art Greenwich Twin; 34th Street East; Chelsea; Baronet/Coronet; Movieplex 42; National Twin; Orpheum; Lincoln Square; Nova; Olympia Cinemas; Plaza .*

Unstrung Heroes—His mother is dying of cancer and his father is consumed with grief, so 12-year-old Steven Lidz (Nathan Watt) runs away—to his (very eccentric) uncles' house, where he finds, oddly, some security. Sweet and charming and moving. Starring John Turturro, Andie MacDowell, Michael Richards, and Maury Chaykin. Directed by Diane Keaton. (1 hr. 36 mins.; PG) *Cinema I, II, Third Ave.; Lincoln Square.*

Unzipped—A portrait of the unique sensibility of the fashion designer Isaac Mizrahi that is by his manic personality. Mizrahi's a nice Jewish boy with a voice as husky as an old madam's. He enjoys easy access to his moods, and he has the gift of speaking trivialities that never seem trivial. Directed by the fashion photographer Douglas Keeve, the movie sketches in the stages of design, construction, fitting, leading up to the show, but *Unzipped* is not very satisfying as a movie about a process. Ellen Kuras's camera lands momentarily and swoops away, teasing us with glimpses and fragments. We can hardly see anything, but we are not meant to: A rough downtown aesthetic of collage seems to be at work here, in which elegance is the deadly enemy and fleetingness the ideal. *Unzipped* is probably not the best movie one can imagine about fashion, but it's the best movie we are likely to get about a single creative temperament in fashion. (Denby; 8/28/95) (1 hr. 13 mins.; PG-13) *Village Theatre VII; Murray Hill Cinemas; Tower East; Lincoln Square.*

★**The Usual Suspects**—One way of reveling in the movieness of movies is shooting the picture in mysterious chiaroscuro, and with obsessive close-ups of objects—a Zippo lighter, a coffee cup—that play a talismanic role in the plot. *The Usual Suspects* is handsomely shot, but director Bryan Singer also has a flair for brazenness and theatricality that is very entertaining. The movie is a labyrinth in which truth is nearly impossible to determine: Five professional thieves have all but destroyed a ship allegedly filled with cocaine. Verbal (Kevin Spacey) alone emerges out of the carnage. As he's interrogated relentlessly by a U.S. Customs agent, he goes back in time, taking us all the way through the end again. We see the various crimes, and the men butting heads, and we become increasingly baffled. Is he lying? Singer's got a bunch of great actors (including Pete Postlethwaite, Chazz Palminteri, Kevin Pollack and Stephen Baldwin) celebrating the ominousness and adding their own bits of perversity. (Denby; 8/28/95) (1 hr. 45 mins.; R) *Village Theatre VII; 19th Street East; New York Twin; Lincoln Square.*

A Walk in the Clouds—A love story that takes place just after the Second World War, with Keanu Reeves as a young GI who agrees to marry a pregnant woman. The marriage begins as an arrangement but, of course, turns into something else entirely. Directed by Alfonso Arau. (1 hr. 40 mins.; PG-13) *Angelika Film Center; 23rd Street West Triplex; Criterion Center; Beekman.*

Manhattan

Below 14th Street

Angelika Film Center—18 W. Houston St. (995-2000) *A Walk in the Clouds; Kids; Living in Oblivion; Nadja; Smoke; The Brothers McMullen.*

Art Greenwich Twin—Greenwich Ave. at 12th St. (929-3350) *To Wong Foo, Thanks For Everything.*

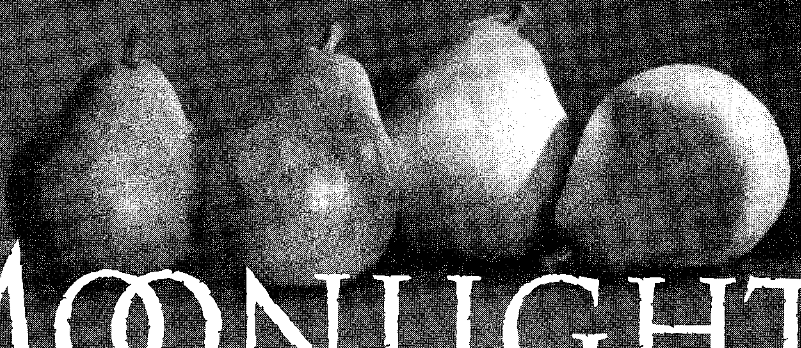
Photograph by Jonathan Hession/Castle Rock Entertainment.

"A QUARTET OF WONDERFUL ACTRESSES."

JEFF CRAIG, SIXTY SECOND PREVIEW

ELIZABETH PERKINS GWYNETH PALTROW JON BON JOVI *with* KATHLEEN TURNER *and* WHOOPI GOLDBERG

A film as funny, complicated and real as life itself.



MOONLIGHT AND VALENTINO

POLYGRAM FILMED ENTERTAINMENT PRESENTS A WORKING TITLE PRODUCTION "MOONLIGHT AND VALENTINO" ELIZABETH PERKINS GWYNETH PALTROW JON BON JOVI WITH KATHLEEN TURNER AND WHOOPI GOLDBERG CASTING BY AMANDA MACKEY, C.S.A. AND CATHY SANDRICH, C.S.A. MUSIC BY HOWARD SHORE COSTUME DESIGNER DENISE CRONENBERG PRODUCTION DESIGNER ROBB WILSON KING EDITOR DAVID ROSENBLOOM, A.C.E. DIRECTOR OF PHOTOGRAPHY JULIO MACAT ASSOCIATE PRODUCER LIZA CHASIN CO-PRODUCER MARY McLAGLEN SCREENPLAY BY ELLEN SIMON BASED ON HER STAGEPLAY PRODUCED BY ALISON OWEN ERIC FELLNER TIM BEVAN DIRECTED BY DAVID ANSPAUGH

SPECTRAL RECORDING DOLBY STEREO SR IN SELECTED THEATERS

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NEW YORK MAGAZINE

CORDIALLY INVITE YOU AND A GUEST TO A SPECIAL ADVANCE SCREENING OF MOONLIGHT AND VALENTINO TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 26TH

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SPECIAL ENGAGEMENTS START FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 29TH

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Cinema Village 12th St.—22 E. 12th St. (924-3363) *Theremin.*

Film Forum—209 W. Houston St. (727-8110) *No Mercy; Crumb.* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Movieland 8th Street—42 E.8th St. (477-6600) *Clueless; Desperado; National Lampoon's Senior Trip; The Prophecy.*

Quad Cinema—34 W.13th St. (255-8800) *1-900; I Can't Sleep; Jeffrey; Old Lady Who Walked Into the Sea; The Promise.*

Village East—189 Second Ave., at 12th St. (529-6799) *Angus; Belle de Jour; Dangerous Minds; Mortal Kombat; Mute Witness; The Postman; The Innocent; The Tie That Binds.*

Village Theatre VII—66 Third Ave., at 11th St. (982-0400) *Beyond Rangoon; Braveheart; Something to Talk About; The Usual Suspects; Unzipped.*

Waverly—323 Sixth Ave., at W. 3rd St. (929-8037) *Hackers; Clockers.*

14th-41st Streets

19th Street East—890 Broadway, at 19th St. (260-8000) *Angus; Desperado; Hackers; Kids; Mute Witness; The Usual Suspects.*

23rd Street West Triplex—333 W. 23rd St. (989-0060) *A Walk in the Clouds; Apollo 13; Babe; The Net.*

34th Street East—241 E. 34th St. (683-0255) *To Wong Foo, Thanks For Everything.*

34th Street Showplace—238 E. 34th St. (532-5544) *Clockers; Desperado; Hackers.*

Chelsea—260 W. 23rd St. (513-5402) *Beyond Rangoon; Braveheart; Clockers; The Brothers McMullen; The Prophecy; The Tie That Binds; To Wong Foo, Thanks For Everything.*

Murray Hill Cinemas—160 E. 34th St. (689-6548) *The Postman; The Prophecy; The Tie That Binds; Unzipped.*

42nd-60th Streets

59th Street East—239 E. 59th St. (759-4630) *Clueless.*

Angelika 57—225 W. 57th St. (586-1900) *Old Lady Who Walked Into the Sea.*

Astor Plaza—44th St. bet. Broadway. and Eighth Ave. (869-8340) *The Prophecy.*

Baronet/Coronet—993 Third Ave., bet. 59th and 60th Sts. (355-1663) *The Last of the Dogmen; To Wong Foo, Thanks For Everything.*

Carnegie Hall Cinema—887 Seventh Ave., bet. 56th and 57th Sts. (265-2520) *Burnt by the Sun; Jeffrey.*

Cinema 3—2 W. 59th St. (752-5959) *Double Happiness.*

Cinema I, II, Third Ave.—1001 Third Ave., at 60th St. (753-6022) *Smoke; The Innocent; Unstrung Heroes.*

Criterion Center—1514 Broadway, bet. 44th and 45th Sts. (354-0900) *A Walk in the Clouds; Hackers; Lord of Illusions; Mortal Kombat; National Lampoon's Senior Trip; Reggae Movie; The Net; The Show; Waterworld.*

Crown Gotham—969 Third Ave., bet. 57th and 58th Sts. (759-2262) *Angus.*

Eastside Playhouse—919 Third Ave., bet. 55th and 56th Sts. (755-3020) *Living in Oblivion.*

Embassy 1—1560 Broadway, bet. 46th and 47th Sts. (302-0494) *Mute Witness.*

Embassy 2-4—701 Seventh Ave., bet. 47th and 48th Sts. (730-7262) *Braveheart; Desperado; The Tie That Binds.*

Guild 50th Street—33 W. 50th St. (757-2406) *Dangerous Minds.*

Manhattan Twin—220 E. 59th St. (935-6420) *Clockers.*

Movieplex 42—244 W. 42nd St. (997-7522) *Clockers; Desperado; Hackers; Mortal Kombat; The Prophecy; To Wong Foo, Thanks For Everything.*

National Twin—1500 Broadway, bet. 43rd and 44th Sts. (869-0950) *Clockers; To Wong Foo, Thanks For Everything.*

Paris Theater—4 W. 58th St. (980-5656) *Belle de Jour.*

Plaza—42 E. 58th St. (355-3320) *Waterworld.*

Sutton—205 E. 57th St. (759-1411) *The Tie That Binds; The Prophecy.*

Worldwide Cinemas—340 W. 50th St. (246-1583) *Batman Forever; Casper; Die Hard With a Vengeance; First Knight; Forget Paris; Incredibly True Adventures; A Little Princess.*

Ziegfeld—141 W. 54th St. (765-7600) *Apollo 13.*

61st Street and Above, East Side

68th Street Playhouse—1164 Third Ave., at 68th St. (734-0302) *The Postman.*

86th Street—125 E. 86th St. (534-1880) *Clockers.*

86th Street East—210 E. 86th St. (249-1144) *The Tie That Binds; The Prophecy.*

Beekman—1254 Second Ave., bet. 65th and 66th Sts. (737-2622) *A Walk in the Clouds.*

First & 62nd St. Cinema—400 E. 62nd St. (513-5408) *Babe; Beyond Rangoon; Desperado; Hackers; Mute Witness; The Brothers McMullen.*

Gemini Twin—1210 Second Ave., at 64th St. (832-1670) *Kids; The Net.*

New York Twin—1271 Second Ave., bet. 66th and 67th Sts. (744-7339) *Braveheart; The Usual Suspects.*

Orpheum—1538 Third Ave., at 86th St. (876-2400) *Angus; Braveheart; Dangerous Minds; Desperado; Hackers; Mortal Kombat; National Lampoon's Senior Trip; To Wong Foo, Thanks For Everything.*

Tower East—1230 Third Ave., bet. 71st and 72nd Sts. (879-1313) *Unzipped.*

UA East—1629 First Ave., at 85th St. (249-5100) *Mute Witness.*

61st Street and Above, West Side

62nd and Broadway—1871 Broadway, at 62nd St. (265-7466) *Clockers.*

84th Street Six—2310 Broadway, at 84th St. (877-3600) *Dangerous Minds; Desperado; Hackers; Mute Witness; The Prophecy; The Tie That Binds.*

Lincoln Plaza Cinemas—30 Lincoln Plaza, on Broadway bet. 62nd and 63rd Sts. (757-2280) *I Can't Sleep; Kids; Living in Oblivion; The Postman; Smoke; The Promise.*

Lincoln Square—1992 Broadway, at 68th St. (336-5000) *Angus; Babe; Beyond Rangoon; Braveheart; Clueless; The Brothers McMullen; The Last of the Dogmen; The Stars Fell on Henrietta; The Usual Suspects; To Wong Foo, Thanks For Everything; Unstrung Heroes; Unzipped.*

Metro Cinema—2626 Broadway, bet. 99th and 100th Sts. (222-1200) *Clockers.*

New Coliseum—701 W. 181st St. (740-1545) *Clockers; Desperado; Hackers; Mute Witness.*

Nova—3589 Broadway, bet. 147th and 148th Sts. (862-5728) *Clockers; To Wong Foo, Thanks For Everything.*

Olympia Cinemas—2770 Broadway, bet. 106th and 107th Sts. (865-8128) *Babe; Clueless; To Wong Foo, Thanks For Everything.*

Regency—1987 Broadway, bet. 67th and 68th Sts. (724-3700) *Apollo 13.*

Bronx

Area Code 718

Bay Plaza—2210 Bartow Ave., behind Bay Plaza Mall (320-3020) *Braveheart; Clockers; Dangerous Minds; Desperado; Hackers; Lord of Illusions; Mortal Kombat; Mute Witness; National Lampoon's Senior Trip; The Prophecy; The Tie That Binds; To Wong Foo, Thanks For Everything.*

Concourse Plaza—214 E. 161th St. (588-8800) *Angus; Clockers; Desperado; Hackers; Mortal Kombat; National Lampoon's Senior Trip; The Prophecy; The Tie That Binds; To Wong Foo, Thanks For Everything.*

Interboro—3462 E.Tremont Ave., nr. Bruckner Blvd. (792-2100) *Dangerous Minds; Hackers; Mute Witness; The Prophecy.*

Riverdale—5683 Riverdale Ave., at 259th St. (884-9514) *The Usual Suspects; The Brothers McMullen.*

Whitestone—2505 Bruckner Blvd., at Hutchinson River Pkwy. (409-9037) *Babe; Clockers; Dangerous Minds; Desperado; Hackers; Lord of Illusions; Mute Witness; National Lampoon's Senior Trip; The Amazing Panda Adventure; The Prophecy; The Tie That Binds; To Wong Foo, Thanks For Everything.*

Brooklyn

Area Code 718

Alpine—6817 Fifth Ave., at 69th St. (748-4200) *A Walk in the Clouds; Angus; Braveheart; Desperado; Hackers; Mortal Kombat; Mute Witness; To Wong Foo, Thanks For Everything.*

Brooklyn Heights—70 Henry St. (596-7070) *Clueless; Living in Oblivion; To Wong Foo, Thanks For Everything.* Opening 9/22: *Showgirls.*

Canarsie—9310 Ave. L, at E. 93rd St. (251-0700) *Clockers; Mute Witness; To Wong Foo, Thanks For Everything.*

Cobble Hill—265 Court St. (596-9113) *Beyond Rangoon; Desperado; Jeffrey; The Postman; The Brothers McMullen; The Usual Suspects.*

Fortway—6720 Ft. Hamilton Pkwy., at 68th St. (238-4200) *Clockers; Dangerous Minds; National Lampoon's Senior Trip; The Prophecy; The Tie That Binds; The Usual Suspects.*

Kenmore—Church Ave. nr. Flatbush Ave. (284-5700) *Clockers; Desperado; Mortal Kombat; National Lampoon's Senior Trip; The Prophecy.*

Kent Triplex—Coney Island Ave. at Ave. H (338-3371) *Clockers; Desperado; Mute Witness; The Prophecy.*

Kings Plaza—5201 Kings Plaza; Flatbush Ave. at Ave. U (253-1111) *Clockers; Dangerous Minds; Desperado; Mortal Kombat; The Prophecy.*

Kingsway—Kings Hwy. at Coney Island Ave. (645-8588) *Angus; National Lampoon's Senior Trip; The Tie That Binds; The Usual Suspects; To Wong Foo, Thanks For Everything.*

Marboro—6817 Bay Pkwy., at 69th St. (232-4000) *Angus; Desperado; Hackers; The Prophecy; To Wong Foo, Thanks For Everything.*

Metropolitan—392 Fulton St. (858-8580) *Clockers; Desperado; Mortal Kombat; National Lampoon's Senior Trip; The Prophecy.*

Plaza Twin—314 Flatbush Ave., nr. Eighth Ave. (636-0170) *Clockers; Hackers.*

Ridgewood—55-27 Myrtle Ave., at Putnam Ave. (821-5993) *Clockers; Desperado; Hackers; Mute Witness; To Wong Foo, Thanks For Everything.*

The Movies at Sheepshead Bay—Knapp St. and Harkness Ave., off Belt Pkwy. (615-1700) *A Walk in the Clouds; Angus; Braveheart; Desperado; Hackers; National Lampoon's Senior Trip; The Brothers McMullen; The Last of the Dogmen; The Prophecy; The Tie That Binds; To Wong Foo, Thanks For Everything.*

Queens

Area Code 718

Astoria—28-60 Steinway St. (726-1279) *A Walk in the Clouds; Clockers; Desperado; Mortal Kombat; Mute Witness; National Lampoon's Senior Trip; The Prophecy.*

Bay Terrace—211-01 26th Ave. and Bell Blvd., Bayside (428-4040) *Beyond Rangoon; Braveheart; Dangerous Minds; Something to Talk About; The Tie That Binds; The Usual Suspects.*

Center—42-17 Queens Blvd., at 43rd St., Sunnyside (784-3050) *Dangerous Minds; Desperado; Mortal Kombat.*

Cinema 5—183-15 Horace Harding Expy., at 183rd St., Fresh Meadows (357-9100) *Angus; Clockers; Dangerous Minds; Desperado; Hackers.*

Cinemart—106-03 Metropolitan Ave., at 72nd Rd., Forest Hills (261-2244) *Hackers; Mortal Kombat; The Tie That Binds.*

Continental—70-20 Austin St., Forest Hills (544-1020) *Clockers; Desperado; National Lampoon's Senior Trip; The Brothers McMullen.*

Crossbay—94-11 Rockaway Blvd., at Woodhaven Blvd., Ozone Park (848-1738) *Clockers; Mortal Kombat; Mute Witness.*

Crossbay II—92-10 Rockaway Blvd., at 93rd St., Ozone Park (641-5330) *Angus; Dangerous Minds; Desperado; Hackers; National Lampoon's Senior Trip; The Prophecy; The Tie That Binds; To Wong Foo, Thanks For Everything.*

Elmwood—57-02 Hoffman Dr., Elmhurst (429-4770) *Dangerous Minds; Hackers; Lord of Illusions; Mortal Kombat; The Tie That Binds.*

Forest Hills—107-16 Continental Ave., at Queens Blvd. (261-7866) *A Walk in the Clouds; The Last of the Dogmen.*

Fresh Meadows—190-02 Horace Harding Blvd., at 190th St. (454-6800) *A Walk in the Clouds; Braveheart; Mortal Kombat; The Brothers McMullen; The Prophecy; The Tie That Binds; The Usual Suspects; To Wong Foo, Thanks For Everything.*

Jackson Triplex—82nd St. at Roosevelt Ave. (478-6777) *Clockers; Mute Witness; The Prophecy.*

Main Street—72-66 Main St., Flushing (268-3636) *Apollo 13; Batman Forever; Bushwhacked; Free Willy 2: The Adventure Home; Virtuosity; Waterworld.*

Midway—108-22 Queens Blvd., at 71st Ave., Forest

Opening
Road-tripping

Jerry Garcia died just in time to spur more interest in 'Tie-Died: Rock n' Roll's Most Deadicated Fans' (opening September 20 at the Sony Village Theater) than the one-note documentary deserves. But judging from the irate disillusionment of more than a few career Deadheads featured in the movie, who exhort "Get a real fuckin' job!" to the younger, drugged-out disciples, many sensed the party was just about over anyway.

Hills (261-8572) *Angus; Mute Witness; The Prophecy; To Wong Foo, Thanks For Everything.*

Movieworld—242–02 61st Ave., off Exit 31, Douglaston (423-7200) *A Walk in the Clouds; Angus; Hackers; Mortal Kombat; The Prophecy; The Tie That Binds; The Usual Suspects; To Wong Foo, Thanks For Everything.*

North Shore Towers—27–10 Grand Central Pkwy., Floral Park (229-7702) *The Net; Unzipped.*

Plaza —103–14 Roosevelt Ave., at 103rd St., Corona (639-0012) *Clockers; To Wong Foo, Thanks For Everything.*

Quartet—160–06 Northern Blvd., at 160th St., Flushing (359-6777) *Braveheart; Clockers; Mortal Kombat; Mute Witness; National Lampoon's Senior Trip.*

Surfside—104th St., Rockaway (945-4632) *Clockers; Mortal Kombat.*

The Movies at Bayside—38–39 Bell Blvd., at 39th Ave. (225-7711) *Desperado; Hackers; The Brothers McMullen; To Wong Foo, Thanks For Everything.*

Trylon—98–81 Queens Blvd., at 66th Ave., Forest Hills (459-8944) *The Usual Suspects.*

Staten Island

Area Code 718

Atrium—680 Arthur Kill Road, nr. Richmond Ave., Eltingville (317-8300) *A Walk in the Clouds; Babe; Hackers; Mute Witness; The Brothers McMullen; The Tie That Binds; The Usual Suspects; To Wong Foo, Thanks For Everything.* Opening 9/20: *Seven.* Opening 9/22: *Showgirls.*

Hylan Plaza—107 Mill Rd., at Hylan Blvd., New Dorp (351-0805) *Hackers; Mortal Kombat; Mute Witness; National Lampoon's Senior Trip; The Brothers McMullen; To Wong Foo, Thanks For Everything.*

The Movies at Staten Island—141 E. Service Rd., at Victory Blvd., Travis (983-9600) *A Walk in the Clouds; Angus; Braveheart; Clockers; Dangerous Minds; Desperado; Hackers; Mortal Kombat; Mute Witness; The Last of the Dogmen; The Prophecy; The Tie That Binds; The Usual Suspects; To Wong Foo, Thanks For Everything.*

Museums, Societies, Etc.

American Museum of Natural History—Two IMAX films: *Destiny in Space,* narrated by Leonard Nimoy, and *Titanica,* about the exploration and excavation of the shipwreck. The films are shown daily, with both offered as a double feature on Fri. and Sat. nights. Central Park W. at 79th St. (769-5650); $10 singly; $13 double feature.

American Museum of the Moving Image—Through 10/27: *Visions of Light* (1992), which traces the art of cinematography from silent films to the present. Through 10/1: "A Spike Lee Retrospective." 9/23: "Spike's Editors: Barry Brown and Sam Pollard in Person," and a screening of *School Daze* (1988) and *Mo' Better Blues* (1990). 9/24: "Nelson George in Person," who will introduce Lee's debut feature, *She's Gotta Have It* (1986), plus "St. Claire Borne in Person," with screenings of *Making "Do the Right Thing"* (1989) and Lee's television work. 3601 36th St., Astoria, Queens (entrance on 35th Ave.; 718-784-0077); $5.

Cine Club—9/21: Harun Farocki's *Images of the World and the Inscription of War* (1989), preceded by three shorts: *Bewitched Matches* (1913), *En Rachachant* (1982), and *Introduction to Arnold Schonberg's Accompaniment to a Cinematographic Scene* (1973). The New York Film Academy, 100 E. 17th St. (718-858-3032); $6.

Film Forum—Through 9/28: "Grandes Dames Guignol," a monthlong tribute to fading femme fatales who, in the twilight of their careers, were forced to go mental to get work. 9/20: *Night Digger* (1971) and *Eye of the Devil* (1967). 9/21: *Whoever Slew Auntie Roo?* (1971) and *What's the Matter With Helen?* (1971), both starring Shelley Winters. 9/22: Schlockmeister Roger Corman's *Bloody Mama* (1970) and John Waters's *Serial Mom* (1994), starring Kathleen Turner as the titular homicidal matriarch. 9/23: Eleven-year-old Patty McCormack has a star turn as *The Bad Seed* (1956), a little girl who knocks off some inconvenient people, and 12-year-old Jodie Foster in *The Little Girl Who Lived Down the Lane* (1976), co-starring Martin Sheen as a flasher! 9/24 and 9/25: Vera Clouzot as an aggravated wife and Simone Signoret an irate lover who conspire to knock off the man in their lives in *Diabolique* (1955), and Simone again in *Games* (1967), as a young woman who gets involved in sex games with James Caan and Katharine Ross. Tuesdays through September: "Politically *In*correct Cartoozdays." 9/19: "Out of the Inkwell and Out of the Closet," a collection of musicals featuring cross-dressing characters like Bugs Bunny. 9/26: "Cartoons to Offend *Everyone.* 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110); $7.50.

Film Society of Lincoln Center—(The Walter Reade Theater)—"A Passage To Argentina: From Classic To Contemporary Cinema." 9/21: *Time for Revenge* (1981) and *Where Are You, Love of My Life, That I Can't Find You?* (1992). 9/22-9/28: *I, the Worst of All* (1990). 9/23 and 9/24: *Tangos, the Exile of Gardel* (1985). 9/25 and 9/27: *I Don't Want to Talk About It* (1993). 9/25: *Time for Revenge* (1981). 9/26: *Camila* (1984). 9/23 and 9/24: "Movies for Kids." Both days: *You Can't Cheat An Honest Man* (1939). 65 W. 65th St., plaza level. (875-5600); $7.50.

Metropolitan Museum of Art—Saturdays in September: "New York Films." 9/23: *Barefoot in the Park* (1967) and *Plaza Suite* (1971), shown as a double feature. In the evening: *The Goodbye Girl* (1977). 1000 5th Ave (570-3949). Double features: $15; evening shows, $4.

Museum of Modern Art—"Screen Plays: From Broadway to Hollywood, 1920–1966." 9/21: *Once in a Lifetime* (1932). 9/22 and 9/23: *Toys in the Attic* (1963). 9/22 and 9/23: *The Best Man* (1964). 9/22 and 9/24: *The Man Who Reclaimed His Head* (1934) and *Idiot's Delight* (1939). 9/23 and 9/26: *Inherit the Wind* (1960). 9/24: *A Streetcar Named Desire* (1951). 9/25: *Witness for the Prosecution* (1957) and *A View From the Bridge* (1962). 9/26: *A Raisin in the Sun* (1961). 9/22-9/30: "Before Weimer: German Films 1911-1919." 9/22: *On a Lonely Island* (1913). 9/22 and 9/26: *Twice Lived* (1912), *The Black Ball* (1913), and *The Major's Children* (1914). 9/22 and 9/24: *Christmas Thoughts* (1911 or 1912), *The Right to Exist* (1913), *The New Desk* (1914), *The Devil's Church* (1919) and *The Secret Club* (1913). 9/23: *A Venetian Night* (1913) and *Isle of the Blessed* (1913). 9/23 and 9/25: *The Student of Prague* (1913) and *Homunculus: p. IV—The Wrath of Homonculus (1916).* 9/25: *Madeleine (1912), Kasparl-Lotte (Lotte of the Marionettes)* (1913), *And The Lights Went Out* (1914). 9/26: *Atonement* (1917) and *The Love of Maria Bonde* (1918). 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480); $8.

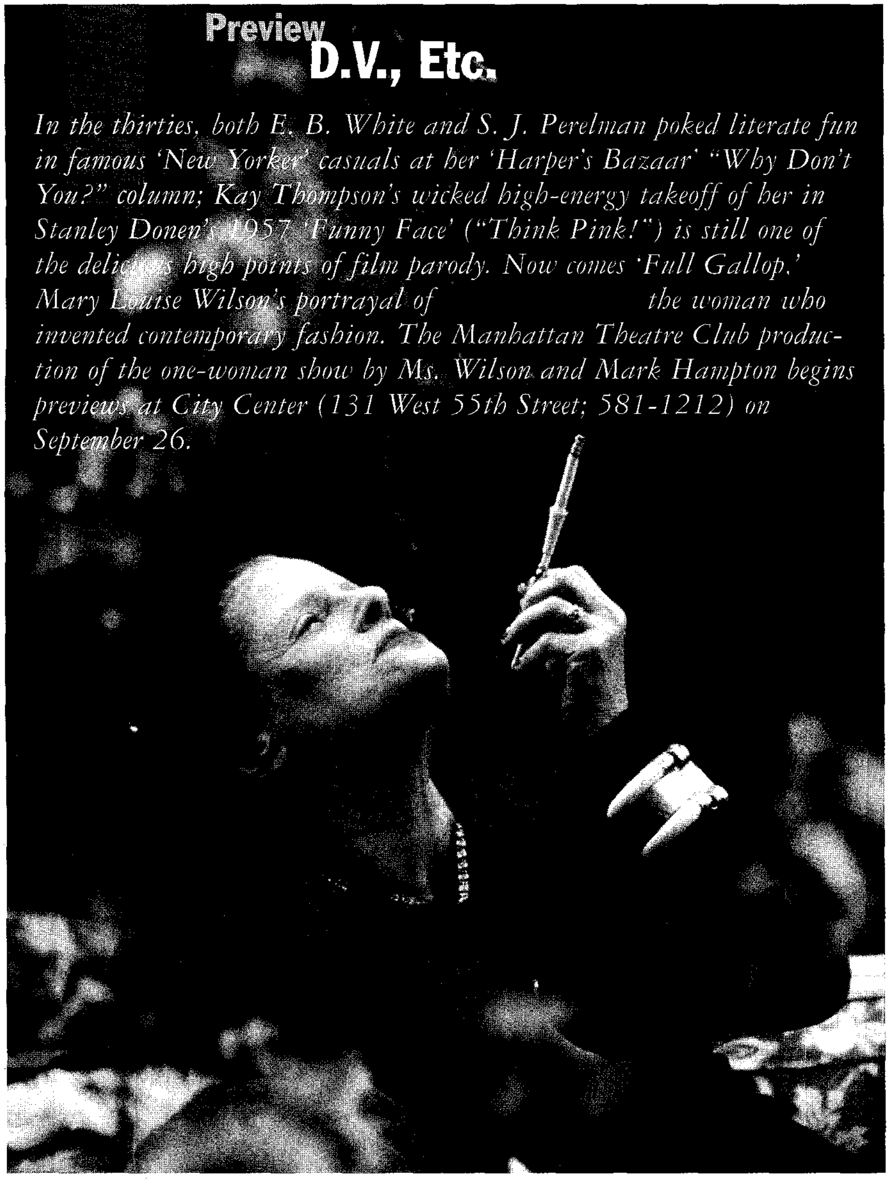
Museum of Television & Radio—"The World of Hanna-Barbera." Through 9/24: *Top Cat, Ricochet Rabbit* and *World Premiere Toons.* 9/26-10/1: *The New Adventures of Captain Planet, Space Ghost,* and *Shazzan.* Through 12/10: "Wide World of Spots: Celebrated Commercials From Around the Globe." 25 W. 52nd St. (621-6800); $6.

theater

C. Burnett...D. Vreeland...I, Robot

Preview D.V., Etc.

In the thirties, both E. B. White and S. J. Perelman poked literate fun in famous 'New Yorker' casuals at her 'Harper's Bazaar' "Why Don't You?" column; Kay Thompson's wicked high-energy takeoff of her in Stanley Donen's 1957 'Funny Face' ("Think Pink!") is still one of the delicious high points of film parody. Now comes 'Full Gallop,' Mary Louise Wilson's portrayal of the woman who invented contemporary fashion. The Manhattan Theatre Club production of the one-woman show by Ms. Wilson and Mark Hampton begins previews at City Center (131 West 55th Street; 581-1212) on September 26.



Photograph by Ken Howard.

Ground Rules:

Except where noted, Broadway shows begin at 8 and are dark Monday. Wallet-watchers should keep in mind the TKTS booths, where half-price tickets are available (for that day's performance only) to many Broadway and Off Broadway shows. TKTS booths are at Broadway and 47th St. and 2 World Trade Center, mezzanine level; call 212-768-1818 for more info. Involved in a production and want to submit details for a possible listing? Call 212-880-0740.

Broadway

Previews and Openings

Company—In 1970, it was recognized within days of its opening as an instant classic, one of the three or four quintessential New York musicals. This fall, the Roundabout Theatre presents Stephen Sondheim's breakthrough work, in which he first mastered his signature trick of rendering the jangled rhythms of modern urban neurosis into word and music, in its twenty-fifth-anniversary (and first-ever Broadway) revival. $67.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2. In previews for a 9/28 opening. *Roundabout Theatre, 1530 Broadway (869-8400). 2 hrs.*

Moon Over Buffalo—$40–$60. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. In previews for a 10/1 opening. *Martin Beck Theatre, 302 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

Now Playing

Beauty and the Beast—A musical based on a movie based on a fairy tale. Setting box-office and, presumably, merchandising records even as we speak. Sarah Uriarte plays the girl; Jeff McCarthy plays the (hairy) boy. With Tony-award-winning costume design by Ann Hould-Ward. Lyrics by Tim Rice and the late Howard Ashman; score by Alan Menken. $22.50–$67.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 4/18/94. *Palace Theatre, 1564 Broadway, at 47th St. (307-4100). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Cats—Now and for the foreseeable future. By Andrew Lloyd Webber, of course, with an assist from T. S. Eliot. $37.50–$65. Dark Thurs. Opened: 10/7/82. *Winter Garden Theater, 1634 Broadway, at 50th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Crazy for You—The 1992 winner of three Tony awards, including Best Musical, is currently in its fourth year on Broadway. James Brennan and Karen Ziemba star in this musical comedy, a loose adaptation of the Gershwins' *Girl Crazy,* about a banker's son who's sent to foreclose on a theater in a mining town. Light and frothy, with Gershwin and Susan Stroman's choreography as central pleasures. Book by Ken Ludwig; co-conceived and directed by Mike Ockrent. $15–$67.50. Dark Thurs. Opened: 2/19/92. *Shubert Theater, 225 W. 44th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 40 mins.*

Defending the Caveman—Rob Becker's one-man show, which posits a genetically inherited difference from prehistoric days to explain why men ("hunters") and women ("gatherers") get irritated with each other in Bloomingdale's. $44.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 5. *Helen Hayes Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. (228-3626, or just dial* CAVEMAN*). 1 hr. 40 mins.*

Grease!—A crowd-pleasing, neon-heavy rock-and-roll musical about a group of high-school seniors in 1959. Book, music, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey; directed and choreographed by Jeff Calhoun. With teen heartthrob Jon Secada as bad boy Danny Zuko. $30–$67.50. Mon.–Tues., Thur.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 1 and 6. Opened: 5/11/94. *Eugene O'Neill Theatre, 230 W. 49th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Having Our Say—A two-character play about changes in the lives of black Americans over the past century. Emily Mann has adapted her text from the best-selling memoirs of the Delaney sisters, who, at 100 years of age and counting, have Seen It All. $35–$50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Booth Theater, 222 W. 45th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 20 mins.*

The Heiress—A revival of Ruth and Augustus Goetz's 1947 stage adaptation of the Henry James novella *Washington Square,* in which a domineering and oppressive father squelches his shy daughter's attempt at romance. Suitably Hollywoodized, William Wyler's film version starring Olivia de Havilland swept the 1949 Academy Awards; James, the master of moral irony who experienced the single most devastating failure of his career with a disastrous foray into dramatic writing—the play *Guy Domville*—would doubtless have appreciated the joke. With Cherry Jones (winner of both the Drama League's Distinguished Performance Award and the 1995 Tony for Best Actress in a Play for her work in the title role), Remak Ramsay, Frances Sternhagen, and Michael Cumpsty; directed by Gerald Gutierrez. $20–$55. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Cort Theatre, 138 W. 48th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying—Armed only with charming dishonesty, Matthew Broderick, in the role created by Robert Morse, rises swiftly to the top of the corporate world in a new Broadway revival of the 1961 musical. Has much become dated in Shepherd Mead's classic

Auction **Glenn Close's *Sunset Boulevard* shoes and Ethel Merman's *Hello, Dolly!* necklace are just two of the theatrical tchotchkes up for grabs—along with other autographed memorabilia, opening-night ticket-and-party packages, and walk-ons in some of Broadway and TV's hottest shows—at the ninth annual Broadway Flea Market and Grand Auction. (All proceeds go to Broadway Cares/Equity Fights AIDS.) It's at Shubert Alley (between 44th and 45th Streets west of Broadway) this Saturday from 10 to 7; the auction begins at 5.**

farce about raging ambition? Well, the Man in the Gray Flannel Suit wears Armani these days, but the songs and lighthearted satire are as sharp as ever. $25–$67.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Richard Rodgers Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. (307-4100). 2 hrs. 40 mins.*

Indiscretions—Cocteau's *Les Parents Terribles,* a bittersweet farce about the tangle of complicated relationships within an eccentric, self-obsessed family, in a new English translation by Jeremy Sams. This production comes to Broadway from London's Royal National Theatre; among those getting unhealthily involved with each other are Kathleen Turner, Eileen Atkins, Roger Rees, Jude Law, and Cynthia Nixon. $45–$60. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed and Sat. at 2. *Ethel Barrymore Theatre, 243 W. 47th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Les Misérables—This pop-opera adaptation of the sprawling Victor Hugo novel, currently in its ninth year on Broadway, recently became the fourth-longest-running show in Broadway history. With a book by Alain Boublil and Claude-Michel Schonberg; music by the latter; lyrics by Herbert Kretzmer. $15–$65.00. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 3/12/87. *Imperial Theater, 249 W. 45th St. (239-6200). 3 hrs. 15 mins.*

Miss Saigon—A reworking of Puccini's *Madama Butterfly* set in Vietnam during the fall of Saigon. Score by Claude-Michel Schonberg; lyrics by Alain Boublil and Richard Maltby Jr.; directed by Nicholas Hytner. $15–$67.50. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2; dark Sun. Opened: 4/11/91. *Broadway Theater, 1681 Broadway, at 53rd St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

The Phantom of the Opera—In its eighth year on Broadway, Andrew Lloyd Webber's blockbuster continues to pack them in, passing the 3,000-performance mark recently and edging into seventh place among the longest-running musicals. And strangely—or wisely, depending on your point of view—it's no nearer to becoming a movie than on the day it opened. $15–$65. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2; dark Sun. Opened: 1/26/88. *Majestic Theater, 247 W. 44th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Show Boat—Because it covers three generations of show folk, because its action spans four decades, because it shuttles between steamy Natchez and boreal Chicago, and because it touches on such varied subjects as race relations and the dispersal of families, *Show Boat* is usually described as having epic sweep. In a production such as this, certainly. There are problems with the plotting, but director Harold Prince's staging moves so swiftly and involvedly that there is no time for questions. He is seconded by choreographer Susan Stroman, who with this effort surges to the forefront of Broadway dance creators. The cast here is a true constellation: John McMartin's rubber-legged Cap'n Andy; Rebecca Luker; Mark Jacoby; Michel Bell; Gretha Boston; and Marilyn McCoo. This *Show Boat* is a dreamboat. (Simon; 10/17/94) $30–$75. Opened: 10/2/94. *Gershwin Theater, 222 W. 51st St. (307-4100). 3 hrs.*

Smokey Joe's Cafe: The Songs of Leiber and Stoller—They say the neon lights are bright on Broadway, and when this show—drawn from the score Jerry Leiber and Mike Stoller composed to accompany the American baby-boomer childhood experience—breezes into New York City, people gonna scrape and bow. You don't like crazy music? (We keep forgettin'.) Don't feel that way; baby, that is rock and roll. A tip, tip, tip, young blood: Buy yourself a ticket, sit down in the very first row. Have a drink and dig the band. Can't you hear the flügelhorn? Can't you hear the bell? Come to them sickly, they'll make you well. We don't know why our heart flips (and, baby, we don't care); we only know it does. Heartbreakin' nights, only in America. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. $49.50–$67.50. At the *Virginia Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. (239-6200)*? Uh-huh. *2 hrs. 10 mins.*

Sunset Boulevard—Patti LuPone's Norma Desmond was a tough gutter sparrow; Glenn Close's—close, but no cigar—a cross between the cigar-store Indian and a cathedral gargoyle. Now there is Betty Buckley, whose presence appears to have rewritten, recast, and redirected the entire show. Unlike previous Normas, she abounds in childlikeness, girlishness, womanliness, and age-old humanity—the whole spectrum. Whereas other Normas made me laugh and shudder, this one also made me smile and cry. Moreover, she brings attractiveness and sexiness to the role. (At last Joe Gillis has a believable and disturbing dilemma; to be this Norma's kept man could give gigoloism a good name.) Most important of all, she can sing. Every note is in place, and you can hear the pianissimos as well as the fortes. And it is not only musical singing, it is also musical acting. She knows how to characterize with her singing voice, how to make an emotion *cantabile.* It moves you as much as her acting in a seamlessly compelling musical-comedy performance. With her trueness heightening everyone else's acting while giving us a Norma who will remain the norm, 10086 Sunset Boulevard becomes as important a number in musical annals as 1066 in English history—that of the Norma(n) Conquest. (Simon; 8/7/95.) $25–$70. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 11/17/94. *Minskoff Theatre, 200 W. 45th St. (307-4007). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Off Broadway

Previews and Openings

Brotherly Love—The first production of the newly formed Italian-American Repertory Theater is a family drama about two brothers and the strains placed on their relationship when one gets married. $20. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opens 9/20; through 10/8. *Samuel Beckett Theatre, 410 W. 42nd St. (279-4200).*

Funnyhouse of a Negro/A Movie Star Has to Star in Black and White—The first production of the Signature Theatre Company's Adrienne Kennedy season is a double bill of two short plays written by the series's subject in, respectively, 1964 and 1976. *Funnyhouse* is a surrealist take on being young, black, and female in sixties America; *Movie Star* is about what happens when an aspiring young writer is seduced by the siren call of Hollywood. $20. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opens 9/22; through 10/22. *Shiva Theatre at the Public Theater, 425 Lafayette St. (260-2400).*

Garden District—An evening of two one-acts by Tennessee Williams—*Something Unspoken* and *Suddenly Last Summer*—presented under the umbrella title they shared in their original 1958 productions. With Elizabeth Ashley, Jordan Baker, and Myra Carter; directed by Theodore Mann and Harold Scott. $50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Begins performances 9/22 for a 10/10 opening. *Circle in the Square, 1633 Broadway (239-6200).*

Mathew in the School of Life—$12–$20. Thur.–Sun. at 8. In previews for a 10/5 opening; through 10/29. *The Kitchen, 512 W. 19th St. (255-5793).*

Same Old Moon—The Irish Repertory Theater's first production in its new Chelsea home is this coming-of-age story about an Irish Catholic girl by Geraldine Aron ("The Donahue Sisters"). $25. Tues-Sat. at 8, Sat and Sun at 3. Opens 9/21. (There's a special black-tie performance and supper to benefit the company on 9/19; 255-0270 for details.) *Irish Repertory Theatre, 132 W. 22nd St. (279-4200).*

Sin—Wendy MacLeod's farce about an aerial traffic reporter whose disorientation far above the hills of San Francisco is caused by more than height. With Kelly Coffield (of Fox's *In Living Color*). $32.50–$35. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3 and 7. In previews for a 10/11 opening. *Second Stage, 2162 Broadway at 76th St. (873-6103).*

The Window/In An Infinite Universe—Two one-act plays by Sheldon Woodbury about, respectively, the public realm (corporate America at its shadiest) and private sensibilities (a mother's relationship to her child). $12 through 9/17, $22 thereafter. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 6 and 9, Sun. at 3. In previews for a 9/21 opening; through 10/22. *American Theatre of Actors, 314 W. 54th St. (308-0012).*

Now Playing

After-Play—After a successful limited run at the Manhattan Theatre Club earlier this year, the actress Anne Meara's debut play about four old friends sharing a New York evening of dinner, theater, and memories has reopened a few blocks west, with Meara stepping into the role previously performed by Rue McClanahan. $40. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. at 2:30, Sat. at 5., Sun. at 3; beginning 10/14, Sat. at 2:30. For the period 10/4–8, Wed.–Sat. at 8, Thurs.

Talent

Welcome Home!

With three major female stars who owe their careers to early triumphs on Broadway returning to the New York stage, it seems like old home week in the theater district this fall. Julie Andrews (*Victor/Victoria*) and Carol Channing (*Hello, Dolly!*) will be along soon, but first to arrive is Carol Burnett, who in 1959 rode to fame—and to CBS's *The Garry Moore Show*—as Princess Winifred in *Once Upon a Mattress* (left). Burnett hasn't been seen on the Great White Way for more than 30 years—her second, and last, Broadway outing was in George Abbott's 1964 production of *Fade Out—Fade In,* by Jule Styne, Betty Comden, and Adolph Green—but she returns in low-comedy triumph this week with Ken (*Lend Me a Tenor*) Ludwig's new farce *Moon Over Buffalo,* in which she and Philip Bosco play a husband-and-wife team of theatrical hams in no danger of being mistaken for Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne. Does this portend an extended live-theater comeback? Well, we're not saying anything, but fans of her variety show may recall that Burnett also does an *outstanding* Norma Desmond. You make the call.

RANDALL SHORT

Photographs: clockwise from top, A. J. Bernstein; Joan Marcus; Photofest.

at 2, Sat. at 5, Sun. at 3. *Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. (239-6200).*

Bloolips: Island of Lost Shoes—Bette Bourne, founder-artistic director of Bloolips—almost certainly the only all-gay group of music-hall clown performers to operate as a going concern—brings 'The Island of Lost Shoes,' the group's latest free-form musical romp, to P.S. 122 for the next week. $12. 9/20–24 at 7:30. *P.S. 122, 150 First Ave. (477-5288).*

Blue Man Group: Tubes—Smart silliness, with toilet paper, neon-colored paint, cereal, etc. Kids love it, and adults can pretend the show's an ironic commentary on performance art. $30-$40. Tues., Wed., Thurs. at 8, Wed. at 5, Fri, and Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 4 and 7. Opened: 11/17/91. *Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. (254-4370).*

Death Defying Acts—An evening of three one-act plays by Woody Allen, David Mamet, and Elaine May. With Valerie Harper, Kelly Bishop, and Brian Reddy; directed by Michael Blakemore. $35–$45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. *Variety Arts Theatre, Third Ave. at 13th St. (239-6200).*

A Doll's House—It's 116 years since she first walked out on Torvald, but Nora is still slamming that door. The Pearl Theatre Company's production of the Ibsen classic is directed by Grey Johnson. $16–$22. Tues., Thur., and Fri. at 8, Sat. at 5 and 9, Wed. and Sun. at 2. No performance 10/3 at 8 or 10/4 at 2; special performance 10/4 at 8. On 10/2, children under 18 see the show for free when accompanied by an adult ticketholder. Through 10/21. *Pearl Theatre, 80 St. Mark's Place (598-9802).*

Ecstasy—The director Mike Leigh, whose international reputation is based on films (*Naked, Life Is Sweet*) about English working-class families and lost souls looking for a little cheerfulness in tough times, is equally well known at home as the writer of stage plays mining a similar sociopolitical vein. In the New Group's production of this 1979 script, a young woman fends off loneliness and an abusive boyfriend, less depressingly than you might expect. $25. Mon.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 4 and 8:30. *Judith Anderson Theatre, 422 W. 42nd St. (279-4200).*

The Fantasticks—The musical perennial that, happily, refuses to go away. $35. Tues.–Fri. at 8; Sat. at 3 and 7; Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Opened: 5/3/60. *Sullivan St. Theater, 181 Sullivan St. (674-3838)*

Floating Rhoda and the Glue Man—$15. Tues.–Sun. at 8. Through 9/30. *HOME for Contemporary Theatre and Art, 145 Ave. of the Americas (647-0202).*

The Food Chain—The playwright Nicky Silver (*Pterodactyls, Raised in Captivity*) is a young master of the theater's most challenging trick, often attempted and rarely successful: making audiences gasp in (moral) horror while simultaneously shrieking with laughter. (Aristotle thought this was impossible; shows you how much *he* knew.) His latest black farce, arriving here after a successful run in Washington last summer, concerns the import of obesity upon sex (straight, gay, and varied) and its attendant emotions. And a Jewish mother is thrown in—just, no doubt, to make sure the whole thing remains a comedy. $40. Through 9/25: Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30. Thereafter, Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 3. *Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. (307-4100).*

For Colored Girls Who Have Considered Suicide/When the Rainbow Is Enuf—In 1975, Ntozake Shange jolted African-American drama out of a tendency toward ponderousness with this jazz-flavored medley of poetry and prose about growing up black and female in mid-century America. Now the show is having its twentieth-anniversary production, directed by the playwright; following a successful limited run that began in June, it's been extended for six weeks at a new location. $15. Wed.–Fri. at 7:30, Sat. at 4 and 8, Sun. at 3. Through 9/24. *Tribeca Performing Arts Center, 199 Chambers St. (346-8510).*

Grandma Sylvia's Funeral—An audience-participation comedy akin to *Tony 'n' Tina's Wedding*, written by Glenn Wein and Amy Lord Blumsack. When Grandma Sylvia dies, a power struggle ensues among family members. $35–$55, which includes a mitzvah meal. Opened: 10/9/94. Thurs. at 7:30; Fri. at 8; Sat. at 7; Sun. at 1 and 5. *Soho Playhouse (formerly Playhouse on Vandam), 15 Vandam St. (691-1555).*

A Greater Good—It's *Candide* in suburbia as the idealistic heroine of this comedy by Keith Huff makers her way through experiences of corporate espionage, utopian experiment, and what's coyly described as "a novel variation on urban renewal." $10–$15. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 7. Through 9/30. *Miranda Theatre, 259 W. 30th St. (268-9829).*

An Italian Straw Hat—The classic French farce, presented by the National Theatre of the Deaf for both hearing and hearing-impaired audiences in a style combining American Sign Language and spoken words. $18 members/senior citizens, $24 nonmembers, $10 students. 9/21 at 7:30, 9/22 at 8, 9/23 at 2:30 and 8, 9/24 at 3. *Sylvia and Danny Kaye Playhouse, 68th St. bet. Park and Lexington (772-4448).*

john & jen—A musical family story by Tom Greenwald and Andrew Lippa. $25. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Lamb's Little Theatre, 130 W. 44th St. (997-1780).*

Mister Lincoln—A play by author and former New York *Times* writer Herbert Mitgang that follows the 16th U.S. president from youth to well-known end. William Walsh plays the title (and only) character. $20. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. at 2,, Sun. at 3. Through 10/1. *Irish Arts Center, 553 W. 51st St. (581-4125).*

Party—Truth-or-dare high jinks are at the center of Chicago playwright David Dillon's comedy about seven gay men. Scene to watch for: a nude group tribute to Karen Carpenter. $37.50–$40. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 3 and 7. *Douglas Fairbanks Theatre, 432 W. 42nd St. (239-6200).*

Perfect Crime—Warren Manzi's long-running thriller about a wealthy psychiatrist accused of murdering her husband, and the small-town detective who tries to prove she committed the "perfect crime." $35. Mon. and Thurs.–Sat. at 8; Sun. at 3 and 7; Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 4/5/87. *Duffy Theatre, 1553 Broadway, at 46th St. (695-3401).*

Pets—"I think I could turn and live with animals," wrote Walt Whitman, "they are so placid and self-contain'd." That, more or less, is the premise of this new musical revue—assembled by Helen Butleroff from the songs of some seventeen lyricists and composers—about the bonds between people and their Significant Nonhuman Others. $35. Wed.–Sun. at 8, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2. *Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. (307-4100).*

Schoolhouse Rock Live!—A stage adaptation of ABC's popular Saturday-morning cartoon series, which ran from 1973 to 1985 and introduced the work of composers and lyricists like Bob Dorough, Dave Frishberg, and Lynn Ahrens to the under-12 set. $10–$15 kids, $20–$25 adults. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 10, Sun. at 2. *Atlantic Theatre, 336 W. 20th St. (239-6200).*

The Secret Annex—A new musical—book and lyrics by Robert Carr, music by William Baton—about the life of Anne Frank, the German-Jewish girl whose diary covering two years of hiding from the Nazis in an Amsterdam warehouse remains, 50 years later, perhaps the most enduring of Holocaust documents. $35. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Playhouse 91, 316 E. 91st St. (775-4649).*

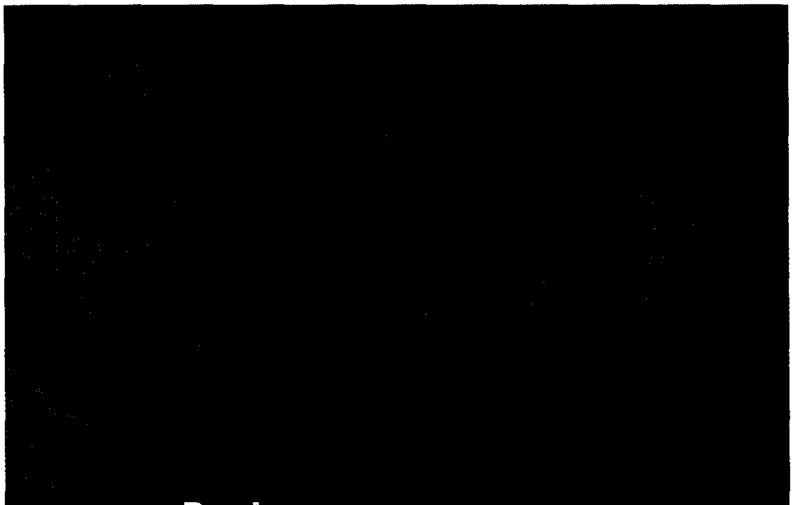
Standing By—A romantic comedy by Norman Barasch about what happens when two young people Meet Cute on a flight from L.A. to New York. $30–$35. Tues. at 7, Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 2:30. *Theatre at St. Peter's Church at Citicorp Center, 54th St. at Lexington Ave. (935-5820).*

Stomp—As the title implies, a loud, aggressive, and energetic show in which a troupe of performers dance, clap, and generally bang on everything in sight. Featuring buckets, brooms, trash-can lids, and, yes, the kitchen sink. More engaging than you might expect. $29–$39.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8; Sat. at 7 and 10:45; Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened: 2/27/94. *Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., bet. 7th and 8th Sts. (307-4100).*

Swingtime Canteen—A forties wartime revue in which an all-girl band and cast send the boys off to battle with songs by Frank Loesser, Johnny Mercer, Jimmy van Heusen, Harry Warren, et al. in their hearts. Fans of theatrical self-reflexivity, take note; currently taking part in this spoof/tribute to the Andrews Sisters is (the actual) Maxene Andrews herself, still belting 'em out 50 years after the war's end. $37.50–$40. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. at 2, Sat. and Sun. at 3. *Blue Angel, 323 W. 44th St. (239-6200).*

Sylvia—A. R. Gurney's latest foray into the emotional terrain of northeastern Waspism focuses on a New York City couple whose plans for their kid-free golden years are altered by the unanticipated factor of a small dog. With Mariette Hartley, John Cunningham, Derek Smith, and Sarah Jessica Parker as, uh, the dog. The play's successful run at City Center ends on 9/23; on 9/29, the production reopens at the John Houseman Theatre with the comedienne Jan Hooks ("Saturday Night Live") replacing Ms. Parker. Directed by John Tillinger. $45. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. at 2, Sat. at 5. *Manhattan Theatre Club Stage I, 131 W. 55th St. (581-1212).*

Tony 'n' Tina's Wedding—A wedding at *St. John's Church, 81 Christopher St.*; then a reception at *147 Waverly Pl.*, with Italian buffet, champagne, and wedding cake. Wonderfully tacky—and it's lasted



Preview
Machine Dreams

He's an angel; he's an android; he's a Christ figure; he's played by three actors; and he's the title character in Mathew in the School of Life, a dystopian science-fiction fantasy (is there any other kind of sci-fi fantasy these days?) and "electronic opera" by Obie-winning composer-performer John Moran. Beginning previews at the Kitchen (512 West 19th Street; 255-5793) on September 22.

Photograph by Laurie Olinder.

longer than a lot of real marriages. $60–$75. Tues.–Sun. at 7, Sat. and Sun. at 2. Opened: 2/6/88 (279-4200).

Too Jewish?—A one-man musical written and performed by Avi Hoffman, in which the author, a self-taught anthropologist of sorts, recreates songs and comedy routines from *der Goldener Zeit* of Jewish vaudeville. $18–36. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Mon. and Wed. at 2, Sun. at 1 and 4. *Westside Theatre Downstairs, 407 W. 43rd St. (307-4100).*

Travels With My Aunt—Brian Murray and Larry Linville (among others) play assorted men, women, children, and small domestic animals in a knockabout stage adaptation of Graham Greene's comic novel. $27.50–$45. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30. Through 10/1. *Minetta Lane Theatre, 18 Minetta La. (307-4100).*

Waiting for Godot—As both the starting point of the contemporary theater and, arguably, modern literature's preeminent metaphor for life in the twentieth century, Samuel Beckett's 1953 masterpiece has suffered more than its share of trivial and gimmicky interpretations. Eve Adamson's more straightforward approach emphasizes the structural and musical aspects of the language of the playwright—who was, as he liked to remind people, an heir to Mallarme. $24/TDF, $19 seniors, $12 students. Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3 through 10/15, when it goes into rotating repertory with the Jean Cocteau Repertory's second play of the season. Through 11/4. *Bouwerie Lane Theatre, 330 Bowery (677-0060).*

We'll Meet Again—A one-woman show written and performed by Vicki Stuart, featuring the songs she came to know as a child growing up in England during World War II ("You'll Never Know," Long Ago and Far Away," etc.). $36. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Through 9/30. *45th Street Theater, 354 W. 45th St. (307-4100).*

Working Class—Following a successful engagement at Scotland's Edinburgh Festival this summer, Richard Hoehler's collection of vignettes about characters from what might be called Raymond Carver territory—blue-collar guys and wage slaves just trying to get by—returns to its New York roots. $15. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 5, Sun. at 3. Through 10/8. *Mint Theater, 311 W. 43rd St. (315-9434).*

Off-Off Broadway

All's Well That Ends Well—$12/TDF + $5. Thur.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 2. Through 10/15. *Studio Theatre 4-A, 29 E. 19th St. (924-0077).*

Beyond Therapy—A revival of Christopher Durang's 1981 farce about a man and woman whose romance begins with a personals ad and (nearly) ends in the respective offices of their insane psychotherapists. $12 plus two-drink minimum. Fri. at 8, Sat. at 10. *Trocadero Cabaret, 368 Bleecker St. (330-7607).*

Dark Is the Night—$12/TDF. Thur.–Sun. at 8, Sun. at 3:30. Through 10/1. *La MaMa E.T.C., 74A E. 4th St. (475-7710).*

A Dream Play—$12/TDF + $5. Wed.–Sat. at 8. Through 10/7. *House of Candles Theatre, 99 Stanton St. (353-3088).*

The Ecstasy—There are any number of ways to put that old zip back in a tired marriage: taking long walks, spending quality time with the kids, or—as in this play by Simon Black—playing sexually voyeuristic, sanity-threatening mind games with strangers off the street. $12. Tues.–Sun. at 8. Through 9/24. *Workhouse Theater, 41 White St. (431-9220).*

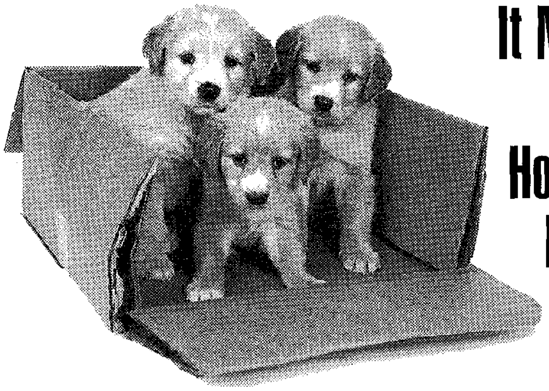
Five and Dime Theatre—$10. 9/18–19, 25–26 at 8. *Grove Street Playhouse, 39 Grove St. (714-8138).*

The Heather Woodbury Report: What Ever—$12. 9/26–10/1, 10/6–28; call for detailed schedule. *P.S. 122, 150 First Ave. (477-5288).*

The Last Magic Show—$12. Wed. at 8 and 10. *Playquest Theater Company, 4 E. 28th St. (779-0170).*

A Midsummer Night's Dream—Free. Fri.–Sun. at 8; through 9/24. *Southwest corner of Washington Square Park.*

Tons of Money—$12. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 2. Through 9/24. *Synchronicity Space, 55 Mercer St. bet. Broome and Grand (713-5334).*



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Our commitment to life — rather than death — makes it impossible for us to turn our backs on these foundling animals. We give them a roof over their heads, nourishing food, and plenty of T.L.C. until good homes are found.

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NEW YORK MAGAZINE

Blur...Bobby Byrd...Benny Bailey

Concerts

Eric Clapton—Slowhand returns, a year after his all-blues record *From the Cradle,* abetted by Chicago bluesman Clarence "Gatemouth" Brown. Gone are the Armani suits and lite-FM grooving; back—we hope—are the stinging guitar leads that got him called God. 9/19 at 9 P.M. *Nassau Coliseum (307-7171). $35.*

Juan Gabriel—9/23–9/24 at 8 P.M. *Radio City Music Hall, 50th St. and Sixth Ave. (247-4777). $15–$25.*

Merengazo—The sounds of merengue ring through the night. 9/23 at 8 P.M. *Madison Square Garden, 33rd St. and Seventh Ave. (307-7171). $25–$45.*

Clubland

Ground Rules:
In clubland, promptness is *not* next to godliness; expect shows to start much later than promised. $ = cash only.

A.K.A.—Chucklehead is Boston's answer to both Brooklyn Funk Essentials and the Beastie Boys. They play a rambunctious school of hip-hop funk that's a good deal wittier and less posy than that of most frat-funk peers, and they're one of the few mostly white, horn-wielding bands to get props from the frowning hip-hop bible *The Source*—to wit: "Chucklehead was some pretty bugged out cool shit." They play songs off their new national debut *Fuzz* on 9/23. *Broadway at West Houston (673-7325).*

Academy—The British rock band Blur just may be the anti-Bush, a British band whose fame in their home country actually preceded their stardom in the States and who actually put somewhat researched observations behind their moodily expressive phrase-making. Unlike Bush, a Nirvana knockoff in thermal undies and soft-focus close-ups, Blur takes its cues from its own nation's pop tradition (specifically the anthemic rock treatises of the Kinks), and its singer, Damon Albern, has a way with modern-age perplexities and suburban horror stories that should translate ably across the pond. They play on 9/26. *243 W. 43rd St., bet. Seventh and Eighth Aves. (249-8870).*

Blarney Star—Expert Irish musicians congregate here every Friday, their instruments ranging from button accordion to uilleann pipes, their origins from the Bronx to County Clare. 9/22: "Young Stars of New York Irish Music," featuring Matt Mancuso, Pat Mangan, Roisin McLoughlin, and AnnMarie Acosta. *43 Murray St., two blocks below Chambers (732-2873).*

Bottom Line—A top-notch venue—with great sound, good sight lines, and pretty decent fries—that recently celebrated its twentieth anniversary. Given to rock, jazz, and folk artists of all stripes. 9/19: The slick fusion-minded jazz supergroup Steps Ahead steps back to the fore, featuring vibraphonist Mike Mainieri, Donny McCaslin, Clarence Penn, and Rachel Z. 9/21: Cesaria Evora. 9/26: Robert Earl Keene; Susan Werner. 9/27: The Fabulous Thunderbirds. *15 W. 4th St. (228-7880).*

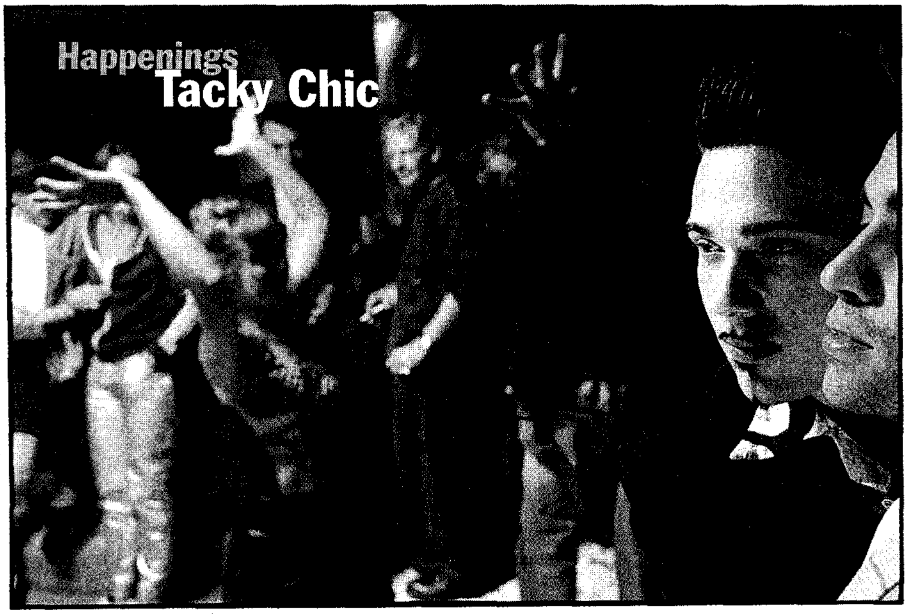
Brownie's—Avenue A's divey post-college rock spot, with good tap beers, on-the-rise bands, and the occasional big name trying to keep a low profile. Cozy and congenial, even if you're not pierced. 9/23: Bardo Pond; Spoiler. 9/24: The Thrones; Witchy Poo. Shows nightly at 9. *169 Ave. A, at 11th St. (420-8392). $.*

CBGB & OMFUG—Ground zero of punk's stateside explosion and, twenty years later, still a smoking, flyer-strewn pit—in a good way. 9/23: Seam. *315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052). $.*

Chicago B.L.U.E.S.—A downtown big-budget blueserie with comfortably down-home ambience and even more comfortable couches behind the stage. Dedicated to bringing us the best and brightest from the midwestern blues capital. 9/19: Pat Walker. 9/20–9/23: Eddy "the Chief" Clearwater. 9/25: Seth Okrend. 9/26: Ernie Williams. 9/27–9/28: Eddie Burks and Delta Blue. *73 Eighth Ave., bet. 13th and 14th Sts. (924-9755). $.*

Coney Island High—St. Marks, not Coney Island, but still thrills and spills aplenty, with seedy outer-borough ambience and bands picked by Jesse Malin, lead singer of punk-preservationists D Generation. 9/21: Orange Nine Millimeter. 9/22: Panda; Turbo A.C.s. 9/23: The weekly *Über*-hip trash-rock party "Green Door N.Y.C." *15 St. Marks Pl. (475-9726).*

The Cooler—Perhaps the years playing in such far-flung groups as Bullet LaVolta,



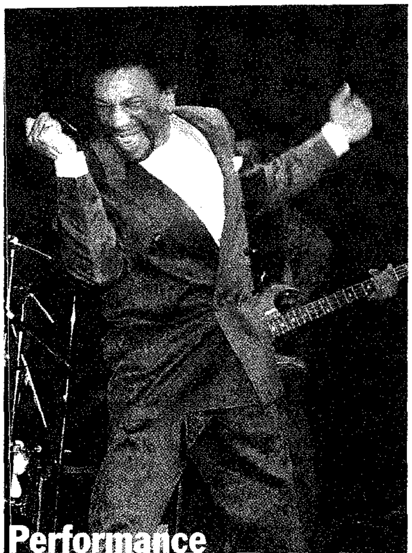
Happenings

Tacky Chic

Since hipness inverts itself every twenty years, it's no surprise that the most déclassé of musics—the way-out Moogscapes of Hugo Montenegro, the tiki fantasies of Martin Denny, and the soundtracks of Dino De Laurentiis—should be enjoying a near-fanatic following among today's young clubbers. Call it exotica, easy listening, or—if you've a taste for ad copy—"space-age bachelor-pad music," but the sounds of martinis and modular living are firmly back in style. And now, they're swinging away Sunday nights at Tynynyny (Nowbar, 22 Seventh Avenue South, at Leroy Street). "I prefer the term *voluptua,*" says doorman/dancing fool Keith, natty in a white polyester jacket, patent-leather heels, and "a little flirtation of fur" at the ankles. "It's like, you gotta be ready to drink, ready to take stuff off, and able to look good doing it." Founded in July by Nahila (just the one name), a British connoisseur of Juan Esquivel and Les Baxter, the weekly schmaltzathon hosts EZ-listening-savvy D.J.'s who conspire to turn the Nowbar's deliciously lurid confines—minimal, indirect lighting; *faux*-stone walls; a real, live waterfall—into a subterranean heaven for budding playboys and super-vixens. Judging from the unpretentious clientele—a fun-loving mix of gay and straight, alt-rockers and club kids—the party offers much to many: exotic soundscapes, high-camp irony, and, perhaps, a return to the shag-carpeted, wood-paneled Gen-X womb. "It's for everyone," says Nahila. "You can dress up and get wild or just get into the music." Come midnight, when cocktails are quaffed and the Moonlight Orchestra's cranking, the former seems to prevail.

CHRIS NORRIS

Photograph by Barry Munger.



Performance

Soul Brother No. 2

Once the right-hand man to James Brown, de facto capo of soul Bobby Byrd may be taking things over. The soul and funk singer gets the groove moving at S.O.B.'s September 20.

Wider, and Skunk have left the members of Chavez with an identity crisis. Songs on their fine debut, *Gone Glimmering,* often begin as prog-minded space jams, then coalesce into crisply executed rock choruses—bolstered in no small measure by the unstoppable drummer James Lo. It's the sort of deceptively complex post-punk art pop that few but the Pixies have seemed able to pull off convincingly. And it tends to play in Peoria, so catch them now, before they become huge. They play with Vitapup on 9/22. 9/23: Cathower; Demi Semi Quaver; Guv'ner. 9/25: The weekly ambient-music D.J.-fest "The Egg." *416 W. 14th St. (229-0785).*

Fez—Francis Dunnery continues his monthlong residency, running through 9/27. Last time at Fez, the warmly eccentric singer-songwriter played live with a PowerBook, reading his newly jotted songs from the screen as he raucously banged them out on guitar. Now, with his new *Tall Blonde Helicopter,* the newly settled New Yorker is a bit more in command of his songs and possessed of a sunnier outlook on life. "There's a new play out on Broadway tonight," he sings, "and it's me." We'll see if he makes it through the first act without crib notes. He plays 9/20. 9/21: Mingus Big Band. *Time Cafe, 380 Lafayette St. (533-2680).*

Irving Plaza—A midsize bi-level rock venue with moody chandeliers and a sort of haunted-bordello ambience. It's a bit of a crush near the stage, but there's an amiable bar, 119, right around the corner for a preshow aperitif. "Savoy Sundays" are weekly swingfests of ballroom dancing. 9/26: Del Amitri. 9/27–9/28: The ebullient post-riot-grrrl folk treasure Ani Di Franco enchants for two nights. *17 Irving Pl. (777-6800).*

Knitting Factory—San Francisco's creatively deranged punk-cabaret act the Billy Nayer Show holds forth for two nights. The first, on 9/17, features their oddly involving musical film *The Billy Nayer Chronicles.* The second night, 9/18, is simply a live set by the band, which is a much more theatrical and disturbing event than it sounds on paper. Dressed in a rat-pack suit jacket, Nayer mastermind Cory MacAbee commands the stage like a smiling children's-show host on the verge of getting yanked from the air—crooning, bellowing, and offering *Sprechstimme* pronouncements about bunny kings and romantic travails with a voice somewhere between suave assurance and cracked desperation. He's backed by a crack lounge combo that shifts from cool jazz to ferocious metal at the drop of a hat—the perfect sidemen to explore the neurotic id of the straight white American male. 9/20: An "Out Loud" record-release party, featuring Y'ALL, Daniel Cartier, and Chris Cochran. 9/26: Shellac, led by the cranky, bespectacled punk standard-bearer Steve Albini, engineer to alt-rock stars like the Pixies, Nirvana, and P. J. Harvey when he's not playing guitar and sneering. Shows at 8 and 11. *74 Leonard St., bet. Broadway and Church St. (219-3055).*

Manny's Car Wash—A little Chicago on the Upper East Side. Mondays, beware of salivating yuppie swells here for Ladies Night. 9/19: 32–20. 9/20: Johnny Allen. 9/26: The Flying Neutrinos. *1558 Third Ave. (369-BLUE).*

Maxwell's—Hoboken's indie-rock central or CBGB West, the site of many of rock's recent groundswells. 9/22: Seam. 9/23: The Gefkens; Panda. 9/24: Ben Folds Five. *1039 Washington St., Hoboken (201-798-4064).*

Mercury Lounge—Once a headstone parlor, now one of the city's hippest and most congenial music spots, frequently hosting rock and country artists groomed for the more *au courant* time slots of MTV. 9/19: Stacey Dean Cambell; Laura Cantrell. 9/21: Dinosaur Jr.'s schleppy, brooding guitar god J Mascis plays with Mike Johnson. 9/23–9/24: Blue Rodeo. Shows nightly. *217 E. Houston St. (260-4700).*

Paddy Reilly's—The home of the rollicking hip-hop-accented Irish band Black 47 on Fridays and the punkishly feisty Rogue's March on Sundays. *519 Second Ave., at 29th St. (686-1210).*

Rodeo Bar—A surprisingly untacky honky-tonk on the Lower East Side—with gas-station signs, mounted longhorns, and peanuts in their shells. Its urban rockabillies tend to be pierced and dyed, and its stage occasionally hosts greats like Austin legend Ronnie Dawon, a recent visitor. Most Sundays, it's the vaudevillian New Orleans combo the Flying Neutrinos. *375 Third Ave., at 27th St. (683-6500).*

Sidewalk Cafe—The backroom Fort is the latest home to New York's "anti-folk" scene, featuring impassioned, oft-wacky guitar- and poesy-wielding artists, with the occasional Beat refugee. 9/20: Sean Dargan; Jack Peddler. 9/27: Muckafergason. 8 P.M. *94 Avenue A (473-7373).*

Sounds of Brazil—The city's premier world-music venue, presenting many acts that could fill stadiums back home. 9/19: Lenny White. 9/20: Bobby Byrd. 9/25: "Timbale Extravaganza," with Tito Puente, Orestes Vilato, Nicky Marrerro, and Jimmy Delgado. 9/26–9/28: The flashy Caribbean pianist Michel Camilo leads a trio. *204 Varick St. (243-4940).*

Tramps—One of the city's better venues for great roots music and happening indie rock, Tramps eschews high concept for straightforward presentation. Avoid the neck-craning mid-stage column and muddy-sounding areas by getting there early. 9/22: Northern Ireland's legendary punk icons Stiff Little Fingers return to the fray. 9/23: Dean Wareham leads Luna, crafting the sort of brooding, head-nodding grooves and mordant social critiques that could come only from a rocker of privilege. *51 W. 21st St. (727-7788).*

Wetlands—A groovy club-kid–activist hang with neo-hippie atmosphere and far-flung musical guests. N.B.: Tuesday night is (Grateful) Dead Night. 9/27: A benefit for P.S. 116, featuring the Spin Doctors and Simon and the Bar Sinisters. *161 Hudson St. (966-5244).*

Jazz

Birdland—A comfy, two-tiered restaurant with huge bay windows, late-fifties jazz paintings, and striking light fixtures hovering from the ceiling. The fine jazz musicians that play nightly rarely draw large crowds, probably owing to the longish uptown trek required to see them. *2745 Broadway, at 105th St. (749-2228).*

Blue Note—Easily the city's highest-ticket jazz spot, the self-titled "jazz capital of the world" often presents two high-powered artists in one evening and, as its empire expands (soon to take Korea with Blue Note Seoul), charges accordingly. 9/19–9/24: Ray Brown Trio and guest vocalist Ernie Andrews help the Blue Note celebrate its fourteenth anniversary. 9/26–10/1: Max Roach Double Quartet. Sets at 9 and 11:30. *131 W. 3rd St. (475-8592).*

Cajun—A brassy and brightly lit bit of New Orleans in Chelsea, dedicated to Preservation Hall–style Dixieland. Regulars include Joe Muranyi, clarinetist for the last six years of Louis Armstrong's All Stars; Eddy Davis, a jazz banjoist; and Chuck Folds, a stride pianist and sometime accompanist to trumpet legend Doc Cheatham. *129 Eighth Ave., at 16th St. (691-6174).*

Cornelia Street Cafe—A cozy and well-heeled neighborhood restaurant that occasionally presents excellent jazz musicians. *29 Cornelia St. (989-9317).*

The Five Spot—Highly rated food and the airy, drop-dead splendor of the old Hotel Wolcott's ballroom. *4 West 31st St. (631-0100).*

Iridium Room—The artfully wacky restaurant across from Lincoln Center crosses Dali with Dr. Seuss in its décor and hosts some formidable jazz comers in its basement. 9/19–9/24: Jerry Gonzales and Fort Apache. Sets Tues.–Sat. at 9:30 and 11 P.M. and 12:30 A.M.; Sun. at 8:30 and 10 P.M. *44 W. 63rd St., across from Lincoln Center (582-2121).*

Knickerbocker Bar & Grill—A wood-paneled and brass-railed restaurant with Old New York ambience and excellent—occasionally legendary—pianists. 9/20–9/23: Pianist Steve Kuhn, bassist David Finck, and drummer Billy Drummond. *33 University Pl. (228-8490).*

Knitting Factory—9/19: Derek Bailey; Tony Oxley. 9/21–9/23: John Lurie and the Lounge Lizards. 9/25: David Murray Big Band. Shows at 8 and 11. *74 Leonard St., bet. Broadway and Church St. (219-3055).*

Red Blazer Too—Early Friday evening is the time to catch Lew Anderson's crack big band, before its members head off to their more lucrative gigs in Broadway's orchestra pits. *349 W. 46th St. (262-3112).*

Small's—A newish, feisty jazz club that stays open all night, offering after-hours jazz until 8 A.M. It's a cozy, candlelit basement whose nightly jams start round about 2 A.M.—the perfect time for a post–Village Vanguard visit (it's right around the corner)—and often involve free beverages and food. Thurs.–Sun., shows start at 10. *183 W. 10th St. (929-7565). $.*

Sweet Basil—An intimate downtown restaurant with good food and high-profile jazz acts. Every Sunday, Doc Cheatham plays from 2 to 6. 9/19–9/24: The wonderful South African–born pianist Abdullah Ibrahim. 9/26–10/1: Chico and Von Freeman. Sets at 9 and 11, with extra sets Fri. and Sat. at 12:30 A.M. *88 Seventh Ave. So., at Bleecker St. (242-1785).*

Tavern on the Green—A pricey, somewhat overwrought restaurant in a touristy Central Park rest stop. Still, the Tavern's Chestnut Room is a top-flight jazz club—with excellent sound and a full roster of stars. 9/19–9/24: The Concord Jazz All Star Jam. 9/26–10/1: Smooth-daddy saxophonist Houston Person plays Lester Young to singer Etta Jones's Billie Holiday, offering a night of molasses-thick romance and rhapsody. *Central Park at W. 67th St. (873-3200).*

Village Vanguard—Perhaps the world's greatest jazz club, and certainly the most steeped in history, this dark, smoky institution is revered by fans around the world. Study the photos of jazz icons, dig the curtains Miles Davis once played to, and sneak a glance inside the kitchen, an Algonquin Roundtable for the bop age. Monday, the Vanguard Jazz Orchestra swings on. 9/19–9/24: The Benny Bailey Quintet. 9/26–10/1: The great jazz guitarist Jim Hall leads a trio with different special guests nightly. Sets at 9:30 and 11:30 P.M. and 1 A.M. *178 Seventh Ave. So., at W. 11th St. (255-4037). $.*

Visiones—Spanish food and avant-ish jazz guests, along with some funkified post-boppers. Late-night jams happen Thursdays. Every Monday, the Maria Schneider Orchestra plays at 9 and 11. 9/26: Dave Douglas Sextet. Every Sunday, it's the Gust W. Tsilis Quintet. *125 Macdougal St. (673-5576).*

Comedy

Boston Comedy Club—*Animal House* ambience and, most nights, comedy to match. Wednesdays, Risa Barash hosts Women of Comedy Nights at 9:30.

9/19–9/21: Todd Barry, Greer Barnes, Stu Kames, Jeff Ross. 9/22–9/28: Keith Robinson, Patrice O'Neal, Tony Woods, Greg Fitzsimmons. *82 W. 3rd St. (477-1000).*

Caroline's Comedy Club—In Times Square just down the street from the Letterman show. 9/5: All-Star Night. 9/13: Comedy Fiesta. 9/14: New-talent night, hosted by Eddie Brill. 9/19: New York Comedy Night with Royale Watkins. 9/20: "Phat Comedy," hosted by Hot 97's Ed Lover and Dr. Dre. 9/21–9/24: Mario Cantone. 9/25: New-talent night with Eddie Brill. *1626 Broadway, bet. 49th and 50th Sts. (757-4100).*

Comedy Cellar—A physical throwback to sixties Village coffeehouses, this is the late-night subterranean haunt of many of the city's top comics. 9/19–9/24: Eddie Brill, Jim David, Jeff Ross, Rick Crom, Wanda Sykes-Hall, Darryl Hammond. 9/25–10/1: Kevin Brennen, Greer Barnes, Ray Romano, Dave Attell, Larry Amoros. Shows Sun.–Thurs., 9–2. *117 MacDougal St. (254-3480).*

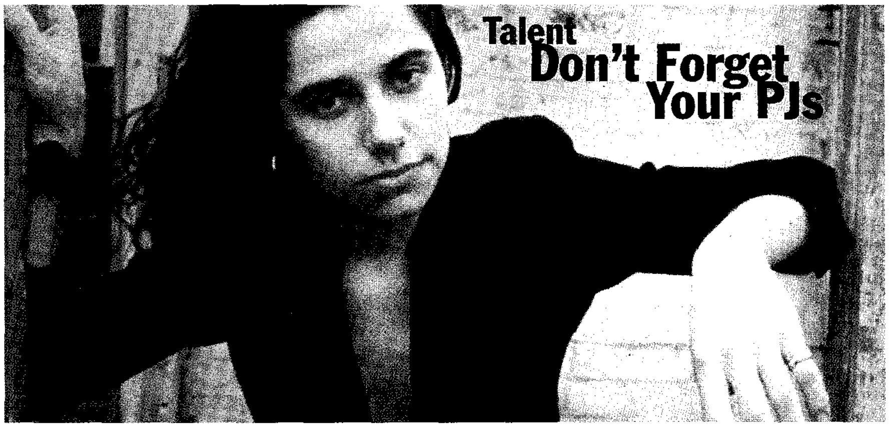
Comic Strip—Probably the most expertly booked club in the city, this showcase offers an eclectic mix of comedians every night of the week. *1568 Second Ave., bet. 81st and 82nd Sts. (861-9386).*

Dangerfield's—Founded by the respect-deprived comedian two decades ago, this Vegas-style lounge is one of the city's oldest comedy establishments. 9/18–9/24: Ben Creed, Sean Donnellan, Mark Unger. *1118 First Ave., bet. 61st and 62nd Sts. (593-1650).*

Jane's Comedy Club—9/23: Sam Lowery, Jason Andros, Tony Carboni. *254 Greene St., bet. 8th St. and Waverly Pl. (475-5263).*

New York Comedy Club—Every Friday, the NYCC presents "New York's Best African-American and Latino Comics." Every Wednesday and Thursday, there's sketch comedy at 7 P.M. Shows Mon.–Fri. at 9, with extra shows Fri. at 7 and 11; Sat. at 6, 7:30, 9:30, and 11:45. *241 E. 24th St. (696-5233).*

Rebar—The audience sits on well-worn couches and the comedians try things they've never done before. It's hit-and-miss in terms of comedy, but always entertaining. Mondays at 8. *Eighth Ave. at 16th St. (627-1680).*



Talent

Don't Forget Your PJs

Last time through, PJ Harvey blew us away—a one-woman mix of Nick Cave, Patti Smith, and Diamanda Galas. Be smart and buy tickets now for her October 11 show at the Beacon Theater.

Stand-up New York—Robin Williams is known to drop by here unannounced to warm up for his Letterman appearances. 9/22–9/23: Judy Gold, Greg Fitzsimmons, Maria Falzone, Chuck Boones. Sun.–Thurs. at 9; Fri. at 9 and 11:30; Sat. at 7:30, 9:30, and 11:30. *236 W. 78th St. (595-0850).*

Cabaret

Algonquin Hotel—The San Francisco–based singer Weslia Whitfield brings her distinctive blend of jazz and blues to the Oak Room for six weeks. Through 10/21. Tues.–Sat. at 9 (dinner at 7); additional sets Fri.–Sat. at 11:30 (supper at 10:30). $30; $15 minimum. *59 W. 44th St. (840-6800).*

Arcimboldo—On Sunday evenings, this stylish trattoria in the U.N. neighborhood offers "Opera With Taste," a series of programs featuring selected arias performed by a rotating ensemble of up-and-coming young stars from the Metropolitan Opera. The prix fixe dinner menu is $35; no music charge. *220 E. 46th St. (972-4646).*

Bemelmans Bar—Tuesdays through Saturdays from 9:30 to 1:30, pianist Peter Mintun plays pop classics from the twenties through the forties. $10 music charge; no minimum. *Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600).*

Cafe Pierre—Dancing has recently been reinstated at this cozy, intimate room on Thursday, Friday, and Saturday evenings from 9 to 1, backed up by the romantic stylings of singer-pianist Kathleen Landis and her trio. $10 music charge in the bar; no music charge for dinner and dancing. Jacket and tie required. *2 E. 61st St. (940-8185).*

F. illi Ponte—Pianist-singer David Raleigh, Wed.–Sat. from 8 to 1. No cover, no minimum. *39 Debrosses St. (226-4621).*

Harry's Bar—Jazz vocalist Michelle Wiley, Tues.–Sat. from 8:30 to 12:30. No cover, no minimum. *New York Palace Hotel, 455 Madison Ave., bet. 50th and 51st Sts. (888-7000).*

Michael's Pub—As always, Woody Allen and the New Orleans Funeral & Ragtime Orchestra on Mon. at 8:45 and 11. $35 minimum. *211 E. 55th St. (758-2272).*

Rainbow and Stars—Kicking off the release of her new album *Under Paris Skies,* recorded entirely in French, Karen Akers—she of the pageboy bangs and melancholy allure—returns to this room for the third time in as many years, in a show called *Whenever I Think of Paris.* Don't despair, non-Francophones: In addition to classic *chansons,* she'll be singing tunes by Irving Berlin and Noël Coward. Through 10/14. $40 cover Tues.–Sat. at 8:30 and Fri.–Sat. at 11; $20 cover Tues.–Thurs. at 11; dinner required at early shows. *30 Rockefeller Plaza, 65th floor (632-5000).*

Sardi's—The Joe Traina Quintet (they used to be a quartet, but, hey, things change) has extended its successful Friday-evening engagement here indefinitely, playing jazz, swing, and show tunes with various guest vocalists at 10:30. This week, singer Christopher Gines performs a salute to Harry Warren and Charles D. Forrest. No cover, no minimum. *234 W. 44th St., Club Room, 2nd floor (221-8444).*

Bars

Alligator Alley—Jägermeister on tap and Billy Joel's "Only the Good Die Young" blasting on the jukebox while a gaggle of twentysomething women dressed for bed by themselves in leggings and oversize sweatshirts sing along. *485 Amsterdam Ave., at 84th St. (873-5810).*

Bar 5757—At the Four Seasons Hotel. You may require a few martinis to shell out $18 for a burger deluxe. Luckily, this swank mausoleum has thirteen on its menu. Included among the various fruity mutations is the James Bond Original—yes, you guessed it: "shaken, not stirred." *57 E. 57th St. (758-5700).*

Bar 6—Do you have to shave and peroxide your head to work here? Regardless, a well-stocked bar—poison and people. But $10 for a glass of top-shelf bourbon? *502 Sixth Ave., near 13th St. (645-2439).*

Bar d'O—An elegant and secluded bar on a lost corner in Greenwich Village. Perfect for a rendezvous (whatever your preference). Be sure to catch Joey Arias's delinquent and daring drag show, every Tuesday night. *29 Bedford St., at Downing St. (627-1580).*

Beekman Bar and Books—A determinedly upscale lounge for men and the women who will marry them. The clientele is much younger than it pretends to be and is very serious about being civilized. Very serious. Very civilized. Expect cigar and whiskey know-it-alls; expect striped ties and strings of pearls; expect O.J. jokes and college fight songs. *889 First Ave., near 50th St. (980-9314).*

bOb—A house party in some out-of-town aunt's living room. A tribute to the city's night-crawling diversity—fashion divettes, funksters, losers, and hippie girls. Fat-lady mud wrestling on the televisions above the exit, and the bar keeps the traffic at these vital transaction points light. *235 Eldridge St., at Houston St.*

Bowery Bar—Finally open and already the "it" bar (of course). Eric Goode's controversial wall boxes out the neighborhood and contains the giddy hipsters within a very cool lounge inspired by a fifties-era Miami Holiday Inn. So happy for a new place to have a genius time, the crowd doesn't seem to mind a bartender for whom a request for a neat bourbon inspires paroxysms of self-doubt. *358 Bowery, at 4th St. (475-2220).*

Brooklyn Inn—The arty and underemployed bang elbows with Brooklyn Law School cutups in this raucous cattle car. The self-consciously cool jukebox is equal parts Tom Waits, the Pogues, and John Coltrane. Pints of Guinness and Schaeffer and everything in between. Ask the regulars about the bartenders: They all have strong opinions. *Bergen St. at Hoyt St., Brooklyn (no phone).*

Den of Thieves—Another thumping downtown concept bar. Comfortable banquettes and some down-on-your-luck linoleum deuces so the regulars can commiserate about how hard it is to be young and fabulous all the time. Gripping rhythm from the D.J. after 11. *145 E. Houston St. (477-5005).*

J. J. Beckett's—With the exception of the occasional overenthusiastic undergrad, most of the folks at the bar look as though they deserve a drink. On Wednesday nights, this Naugahyde-and-pressboard dive hosts the James Begian Three, an earnest, low-key trio that lends plenty of atmosphere. Finally, a destination bar on the Upper West Side that's not a pathetically phony friends-in-low-places theme bar. *Amsterdam Ave., at 90th St. (787-9628).*

Joe's Bar—A truly lousy pool table and a men's room that begs to have its floors pissed on don't detract from the good-time feeling powered by a jukebox that earned this place the moniker "Joe's Cowboy Bar." The urban-beat-cowboy thing among some of the regulars gets a little tired—but only sometimes. *520 E. 6th St. (473-9093).*

Mooney's Pub—Yes, an Irish bar worth a damn on upper Flatbush. Alas, the only one. The regular crowd is a pleasing mix of old-timers, midlifers, and punk kids. The Guinness is always good. *353 Flatbush Ave., near Carlton Ave., Brooklyn (718-783-9085).*

Riverrun—A hybrid beer hall–subway tunnel whose most architecturally significant objects are the phone-booth-size pissoirs. Have a beer with Danny, the best bartender in town. And have a boiled egg—they're free. While you're at it, drop a dime in the cheapest jukebox this side of 1940. *176 Franklin St., near Hudson St. (966-3894).*

The Rainbow Promenade—Head bartender Dale Degroff has been creating cocktails and perfecting the classics for years, and nothing beats the view at sunset. The line starts on Thursday and lasts all weekend, so drop by early in the week. Yes, that was Ray Kelly sipping on a Manhattan. *30 Rockefeller Plaza (632-5100).*

Photograph by Maria Mochnacz.

Tina Modotti...Paul Pagk...Chess

Galleries

Solos

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

Hans Bellmer—Photographs and drawings by the Surrealist artist best known for his fetishistic photographs of two life-size adolescent-female dolls taken between 1933 and 1938; through 10/21. Ubu, 16 E. 78th St. (794-4444).

Nick Blosser—Landscape paintings in egg tempera on wood by an artist who lives and works in Tennessee; through 10/28. Baumgold, 128 E. 72nd St. (861-7338).

Willem de Kooning—Works on paper from the Abstract Expressionist's *Women* series made between 1947 and 1954; through 11/18. C & M, 45 E. 78th St. (861-0020).

Sol Lewitt—Large, multicolored gouaches on paper affixed to the gallery's walls; through 10/21. Gagosian, 980 Madison Ave. (744-2313).

Ladis W. Sabo—Paintings of New York City scenes from the forties by a self-taught Hungarian-American artist; through 10/14. York, 21 E. 65th St. (772-9155).

57th Street Area

Walter Anderson—Watercolors of Gulf Coast flora and fauna by this Mississippi artist (1934–1965), many of them painted on Horn Island, off the coast of the artist's hometown, Ocean Springs; through 11/18. Ross, 50 W. 57th St. (307-0400).

David Bierk—New landscape paintings; through 10/21. Associated American Artists, 20 W. 57th St. (399-5510).

James Brooks—Lithographs from the thirties and silkscreens from the seventies; through 10/14. Washburn, 20 W. 57th St. (397-6780).

Wendell Castle/Richard Scott Newman—Recent wood furniture by both. Through 10/21. Joseph, 745 Fifth Ave. (751-5500).

George Condo—The artist's new oil paintings and drawings depict various characters—a poet, an actor, a gardener, a juggler—in fantastic, de Chirico–like landscapes; through 10/21. Pace, 32 E. 57th St. (421-3292).

Joseph DiGiorgio—Recent paintings of Oregon's Pacific coast and rain forest; through 10/21. O'Hara, 41 E. 57th St. (355-3330).

Leslie Dill/Andrew Lenaghan—Large works in muslin that are hung from the gallery's ceiling and are silkscreened with images and text/Small-scale paintings of neighborhoods in Brooklyn; 9/21–10/20. Adams, 50 W. 57th St. (757-6655).

Enrico Donati—New paintings by this artist who began his career in Surrealism more than 50 years ago, and whose works are characterized by their luminous, heavily encrusted surfaces; through 10/28. Davidson, 41 E. 57th St. (759-7555).

Nancy Hagin/John Button—Still-life paintings of household objects/The artist, who died in 1982, made these sketchbook-size paintings of Mexican landscapes during the summer of 1958, when he was 29. Through 10/7. Fischbach, 24 W. 57th St. (759-2345).

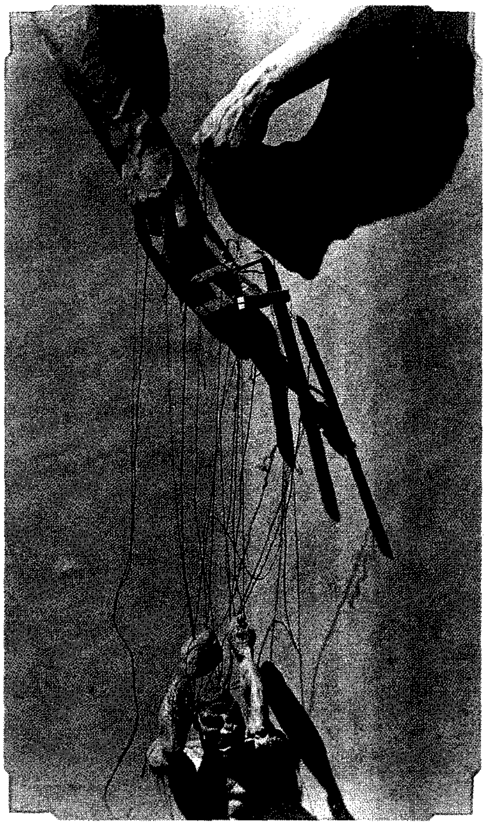
Heather Hutchison/Milo Reice—Wax-and-pigment paintings on Plexiglas box frames/Small-scale

Ground Rules:

Galleries are generally open Tues. through Sat., from between 10 and 11 to between 5 and 6.

Photography

Under the Volcano



With a recently opened exhibition at the Philadelphia Museum of Art, a show at New York's Throckmorton Fine Art, Inc., and a new monograph by Sarah M. Lowe (Abrams/The Philadelphia Museum of Art; $45), the photographer Tina Modotti (1896–1942) is finally getting the attention she deserves. The irony, of course, is that Modotti, for all her talent—and for all the help she got from Edward Weston, Consuelo Kanaga, and Dorothea Lange—scuttled her own career. Had Modotti possessed the singlemindedness and discipline of her mentors, she would have been a brilliant photographer, not just an occasionally brilliant one. But photography was never enough for her.

Even before she moved to Mexico with Weston in 1923, Modotti had led an extraordinary life. An olive-skinned beauty, she had acted in silent films, married the visionary painter Roubaix de l'Abrie Richey, and was the darling of Los Angeles bohemia. After Richey died, she and the then-married Weston set up housekeeping in Mexico.

During her seven years in Mexico, Modotti broke away from Weston's exacting formalism, shooting street scenes and portraits, documenting the works of Mexican muralists, and, after joining the Communist Party, looking for ways to express her political views through her art. The painter Diego Rivera, for one, considered her photographs superior to Weston's. But Modotti's romantic attachments to men and causes proved to be her personal and professional undoing. In 1929, her lover, the Cuban revolutionary Julio Antonio Mella, was assassinated, and Modotti was deported, ending up in Moscow. Over the next ten years, Modotti and her last lover carried out missions for International Red Aid in France and Spain; when Madrid fell to Fascism in 1939, Modotti, who had changed her name to María, escaped to the United States on the *Queen Mary*. Refused entry in New York and sent on to Mexico, Modotti was granted asylum and reclaimed her name. But it was too late to reclaim her career. Less than a year later, at the age of 45, she was reported to have died in a taxi on her way home from a dinner party in Mexico City. Though her death certificate listed heart failure as the cause, friends suspected she had been poisoned by Stalin's secret police. Eerily, Modotti had foretold her future years earlier in a letter to Weston. "In my case," she wrote, "life is struggling to predominate and art naturally suffers. . . . I have put too much art in my life . . . and consequently I have not much left to give to art."

EDITH NEWHALL

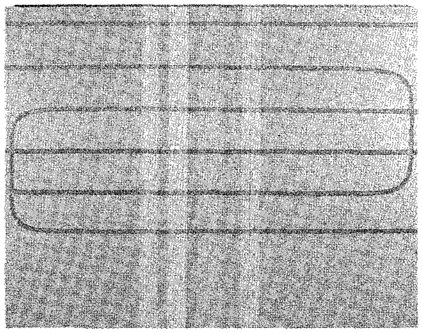
Photograph courtesy of Throckmorton Fine Art, Inc.

paintings that depict classical, biblical, musical, and mythological subject matter. Through 10/14. Haime, 41 E. 57th St. (888-3550).

William H. Johnson/Beauford Delaney—Still-life and landscape paintings of the twenties and thirties from the collection of Mary Beattie Brady/Abstract paintings made during the sixties, while the artist was living in Paris. Through 11/11. Rosenfeld, 24 W. 57th St. (247-0082).

Tobi Kahn—Recent paintings and works on paper whose organic forms bring to mind abstracted aerial views of landscapes or even cropped views of the human body; through 10/21. Ryan, 24 W. 57th St. (397-0669).

Marisol/Altoon Sultan—Native Americans are the subjects of most of the artist's recent freestanding, found wood portrait-sculptures; she has also carved a likeness of a general on his horse and a friend sitting and smoking on a downtown stoop/Recent gouaches, oil paintings, egg-tempera works, and drypoint prints depicting images of Vermont hill farms; 9/20–10/21. Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. (541-4900).



Talent Paul Pagk's large, oil-on-linen paintings of simple geometric patterns against pale, luminous color fields have a hypnotic effect, possibly because his patterns, which are darker in color, appear to recede or come forward according to changes in light. At CRG Art Incorporated, 93 Grand Street.

Pablo Picasso—Prints that were made between 1914 and 1971, from the collection of the artist's granddaughter, Marina Picasso; through 10/28. Krugier, 41 E. 57th St. (755-7288).

Jackson Pollock—Not all of the Abstract Expressionist's works reemerged in time to be included in his 1977 catalogue raisonné, but these recently discovered paintings and works on paper—most of which are on loan from private collections—are noted in its newly published supplement; through 10/28. McCoy, 41 E. 57th St. (319-1996).

Pat Steir/Richard Gere—New large-scale abstract paintings that evoke Whistler's *Nocturnes*/Photographs taken by the actor in Tibet. Through 10/14. Miller, 41 E. 57th St. (980-5454).

Andy Warhol—A selection of the Pop artist's watercolors, drawings, paintings, and prints from the early fifties through the early sixties, depicting such subjects as birds, butterflies, shoes, and children; through 10/14. Sheehan, 41 E. 57th St. (888-4220).

SoHo and TriBeCa

Albert Anker—Paintings on educational themes by this Swiss artist (1831–1910) who is known for his idyllic scenes of Swiss domestic life; through 10/28. Swiss Institute, 495 Broadway (925-2035).

Alex Bag—Two series of video works, one of which is a collection of regenerated television images from the past ten years; through 10/21. 303, 89 Greene St. (966-5605).

Donald Baechler—A selection of early paintings; through 10/21. Shafrazi, 119 Wooster St. (274-9300).

Power Boothe—New abstract paintings whose surfaces suggest the play of light on the surface of water; 9/23–10/28. Haller, 560 Broadway (219-2500).

Luis Camnitzer—An installation of the artist's *Walls,* works that focus on repeated histories of struggle in Latin America and particularly on the amnesty law passed to protect torturers employed by the army and police of dictatorships; 9/21–10/28. Stellweg, 87 E. Houston St. (431-5556).

Hanne Darboven—A new work titled *South Korean Calendar, 1991;* through 10/7. Castelli, 420 W. Broadway (431-5160).

Carroll Dunham/Lari Pittman—New paintings by both; through 10/14. Gorney, 100 Greene St. (966-4480).

Jack Featherly—Paintings that mix abstraction with images that suggest the idealized American home life of the fifties and sixties; through 10/7. Freire, 580 Broadway (941-8611).

Laurie Fendrich—Geometric abstract paintings whose interlocking forms, unlikely color combinations, and dark underglazes create an illusion of depth and dimensionality; through 10/14. Donahue, 560 Broadway (226-1111).

Rafael Ferrer—A survey of works on paper from 1969 to 1995, including pieces from his ice installations of 1969, his "Isla" watercolors of the seventies, portraits and landscapes from the eighties, and recent paintings on paper inspired by Wifredo Lam; through 10/18. Hoffman, 429 W. Broadway (966-6676).

Gunther Forg—Large-scale black-and-white photographs of buildings in Moscow that were designed by avant-garde architects in the twenties and thirties and whose current condition reveals an indifferent attitude toward culture in contemporary Moscow; through 10/21. Luhring Augustine, 130 Prince St. (219-9600).

Rainer Ganahl/Matthew McCaslin—Projections on the gallery's walls and floors that suggest a computer's moment of breakdown through the juxtaposition and layering of disparate images from technology and culture; through 10/8. Gering, 476 Broome St. (226-8195).

Lynne Golub Gelfman—Abstract paintings whose patterns suggest light as it filters through filigreed metalwork; through 10/14. Goldstein, 39 Wooster St. (431-0314).

Felix Gonzalez-Torres—A photographic installation; through 10/14. Rosen, 130 Prince St. (941-0203).

Nancy Graves—Hand-painted print editions dating from 1972 to 1991; through 10/21. Senior, 375 W. Broadway (941-0960).

Robert Harms—Gestural abstract paintings and works on paper whose subtle colors and quiet underlying compositions are based on the landscape surrounding the artist's home in the Hamptons; through 10/7. Beitzel, 102 Prince St. (219-2863).

Holly Hughes—Abstract paintings; through 10/14. Arstark, 568 Broadway (431-7334).

Bill Jensen—Though the artist's references to landscape are nearly absent in his recent paintings, several of the works feature a horizonlike line that divides each canvas into blocks of richly layered bright color; through 10/21. Boone, 417 W. Broadway (431-1818).

Ronald Jones—An installation titled *the pflanzenzucht tango;* through 10/14. Metro Pictures, 150 Greene St. (925-8335).

Robin Kahn—Paintings that mix images of Superwoman, Leda, the Gibson Girl, and other heroines with layers of female body parts and symbols; through 10/28. Inglett, 100 Wooster St. (343-0573).

Wolfgang Laib—An installation of large beeswax ships raised on aged wooden beams; through 10/21. Sperone Westwater, 142 Greene St. (431-3685).

Lilla LoCurto and Bill Outcault—A collaborative installation that explores the media's distortion of the body image; through 10/14. TZ'Art, 28 Wooster St. (966-9059).

Kerry James Marshall—The Chicago artist's latest paintings transform public housing and its inhabitants into narratives that suggest a paradise lost; through 10/7. Shainman, 560 Broadway (966-3866).

Matthew McCaslin—A video installation; through 10/14. Klein, 40 Wooster St. (431-1980).

Michael Mulhern—New abstract paintings that continue the artist's exploration of mark-making using black, white, and aluminum paint; through 10/14. Rosenberg + Kaufman, 115 Wooster St. (431-4838).

Antonio Muntadas—Ten photo-based works that depict images from the media that are cropped and subsequently exaggerated into monumental scale; through 10/28. Kent, 67 Prince St. (966-4500).

Paul Pagk—Six large-scale oil-on-linen paintings, each of which is dominated by a simple geometric pattern; through 10/21. CRG, 93 Grand St. (966-4360).

Raymond Pettibon/Sigmar Polke—Complex ink drawings that combine text fragments with images derived from American mass culture and literary sources/Twenty-five early works on paper—in ballpoint pen, gouache, and pencil—from the sixties. Through 10/14. Zwirner, 43 Greene St. (966-9074).

David Rabinowitch—Sculptures from his "Box Trough Assemblages" series of 1963 that consist of 60-by-40-inch steel sheets positioned as lying, burdening, and supporting elements; through 10/28. Blum, 99 Wooster St. (343-0441).

Robert Rauschenberg—Painted and silkscreened vertical aluminum panels from the artist's "Vydock Series," 9/23–10/21 at Gagosian, 136 Wooster St. (228-2828); freestanding works titled *Reefs* that are painted, silkscreened, and mounted in mirrored hallogen-lit housing, 9/23–10/21, at 65 Thompson Street Gallery, 65 Thompson St. (228-2828).

Michael St. John—Paintings of exaggerated imagery that use a literal and conceptual structure of black and white; through 10/21. Golden, 39 Wooster St. (274-0080).

Alison Saar—Hand-carved female figures that incorporate found objects and draw on African and Haitian folklore, contemporary African-American culture, Catholicism, voodoo, and mythology; 9/23–11/4. Kind, 136 Greene St. (925-1200).

Kiki Smith—Recent sculptures based on the female body; through 10/21. PaceWildenstein, 142 Greene St. (421-3292).

Tabboo!/McWillie Chambers—Acrylic-and-glitter paintings of flowers in a variety of styles and formats/Paintings of male models as sex objects. Through 10/14. Grand Salon, 83 Grand St. (226-1861).

Ron Taylor—Airbrushed watercolors and gouaches that simultaneously bring to mind street art and the nineteenth-century Symbolist Odilon Redon; through 10/14. Anderson, 476 Broome St. (431-8547).

Elisabeth Toubro/Morten Straede—Recent sculpture by two young Danish artists; through 10/14. DCA, 420 W. Broadway (334-3331).

Alessandro Twombly—Paintings based on rarified impressions of places the artist has visited, particularly the desert landscape of Turkey, and on the desert flowers he collects and grows; 9/21–10/14. Kasmin, 74 Grand St. (219-3219).

Andy Warhol—Sixty unpublished prints that the artist created for his own personal use, such as *Chocolate Easter Bunny* (1983) and *Christmas Poinsettias* (1983), which were made as holiday gifts; through 10/14. Feldman, 31 Mercer St. (226-3232).

Chris Wilder—An environment that is modeled on "chill out" rooms in nightclubs and is the setting for the artist's silver paintings and accompanying musical composition; through 10/21. Merians, 76 Greene St. (334-9099).

Jackie Winsor—Small-scale inset wall sculptures that evoke intimacy despite their minimal, non-referential forms; through 10/21. Cooper, 155 Wooster St. (674-0766).

Other

Joseph Stashkevetch/James Makins—Large-scale drawings based on photographs of abandoned docks, railway depots, and amusement parks/Recent pottery. Through 10/8. Morris Healy, 530 W. 22nd St. (243-3753).

Group Shows

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

Beacon Hill—980 Madison Ave. (734-3636). Paintings from the thirties and forties by members of the American Abstract Artists group, including Biederman, Ferren, Gallatin, Mason, Storrs, others; 9/22–1/18.

Photograph courtesy of CRG Art.

Knoedler—19 E. 70th St. (794-0550). "American Interiors," with works by Avery, Bourgeois, Cornell, Diebenkorn, Pousette-Dart, Smith, Westermann, others; through 10/7.

Wildenstein & Co.—19 E. 64th St. (879-0500). Paintings of women by Couture, Gerard, Le Brun, Roslin, Vouet, others; through 10/13.

57th Street Area

Babcock—724 Fifth Ave. (767-1852). An exhibition celebrating the seventy-fifth anniversary of Bernard Leach and Shoji Hamada's founding of the Leach Pottery, with ceramic works by Hamada, Johnston, Leach, MacKenzie, Matsuzaki, Shimaoka; through 10/14.

Lelong—20 W. 57th St. (315-0470). "Color + Structure," with works by De Maria, Mangold, Scully, Tuttle, others; 9/21–10/28.

St. Etienne—24 W. 57th St. (245-6734). Social Realist works made in Russia and Germany between 1920 and 1940, by Arntz, Grosz, Heartfield, Kollwitz, Overbeck-Schenk, Wegner, others; through 11/4.

Snyder—20 W. 57th St. (262-1160). "1937: American Abstract Art" features paintings that were executed in 1937—the year that the American Abstract Artists banded together in New York—by the "second wave" of American modernists, among them Charles Biederman, Ilya Bolotowksy, Balcomb Greene, Harry Holtzman, and Charles Shaw; through 10/28.

Spanierman—45 E. 58th St. (832-0208). American paintings and works on paper from the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries, by Benton, Carles, Davies, Duveneck, Luks, Walkowitz, others; through 11/14.

SoHo and TriBeCa

Art in General—79 Walker St. (219-0473). "new York STATEments: ten artists," with works by Brett, DeGroot, Duff-Bohrer, Lin, Luce, Miller, Phelan, Stewart, Tsao, Volonakis; "Adirondack-Land," a collaborative installation by Betsy Brandt and Susie Brandt; through 10/28.

Artists Space—38 Greene St. (226-3970). "Somatogenics," with works by Buffum, Van Lamsweerde, Legros, Sterck and Rozo, Urbanski, White; "Project Space: Greg Lynn"; through 10/28.

Berman-E.N.—138 Greene St. (431-1010). "Fresh Paint," with paintings by Goodman, Lau, Messer, Snyder, Wray, others; 9/21–10/20.

Cristinrose—395 W. Broadway (431-1862). A collaborative project by Mary Heilmann and Elizabeth Cannon, plus works by Todd Watts and Jason Young; through 10/15.

Drawing Center—35 Wooster St. (219-2166). "Pierced Hearts and True Love: A Century of Drawings for Tattoos"; through 11/11.

Gladstone—99 Greene St. (431-33334). Sculpture by Fabro, Flavin, Merz, Pascali; through 10/28.

Knowlton—568 Broadway (966-2625). The gallery's inaugural show, with works by Beauchamp, Gandolfi, Hansen, Kahn/Selesnick, Masters, Palacio, Piccillo, Saar, others; 10/8.

Martz—580 Broadway (334-3348). "The National Security State," with works by Ashkin, Eshoo, Green, Kalpakjian, Mulfinger; through 10/8.

Quartet Editions—568 Broadway (219-2819). Prints of tattoo images by Fitzpatrick, Hardy, Klauba, Paschke; through 10/29.

Room—25 Thompson St. (226-1831). "apart; a whole" features works that deal with representation of the body, by Bradford, Komarin, Weiss, Wolff; through 10/8.

Space 504—670 Broadway (473-0505). Geometric abstract paintings by 19 New York-based artists; through 10/14.

Swan—545 Broadway (334-3361). Portraits of artists, writers, musicians, and others, by Amos, Barboza, Close, Cruz, Dine, Gross, Ringgold, Tabachnik, others; through 10/7.

Weber—142 Greene St. (966-6115). Works by Antonaci, Boetti, Flavin, Haacke, McCollum, Ryman, others; through 10/14.

Wimmer—560 Broadway (274-0274). "Women on the Verge (Fluxus and Not)," with works by Blondel, Frank, Knowles, Kusama, Ono, Pondick, Schneeman, Wye; through 10/21.

Other

Deep Space—60 Broad St. (966-1825). Recent works by Harris, Hatchett, Kessler, Shultz; through 10/13.

White Columns—154 Christopher St. (924-4212). "Update 1995," with works by eighteen artists who received solo White Room exhibitions during the 1994–1995 season, among them Ahern, Bowman, Butler, Irazabal, Mellyn, Simon; through 10/8.

World Financial Center—225 Liberty St. (945-2600), Tues., Thurs., Fri. 11–6, Wed. 12–7, Sat. and Sun. 12–5. "Outsider Art," with works by the self-taught artists Bessie Harvey, Earl Wayne Simmons, Mary T. Smith, Jimmy Lee Sudduth, others; through 10/8.

Photography

Dieter Appelt/Edward Weston—Self-portraits by the German photographer whose retrospective is currently on view at the Guggenheim Museum SoHo/Vintage prints. Through 10/14. Pace/MacGill, 32 E. 57th St. (759-7999).

Eugene Atget/Walker Evans—Anonymous views of Paris and its environs by this photographer (1857–1927) whose works were admired for their unmediated clarity/Images of American life from the thirties; 9/20–11/25. Zabriskie, 724 Fifth Ave. (307-7430).

Baldacci—41 E. 57th St. (826-4210). Photographs that explore the existential aspects of photography, by Gerber, Henle, LeGray, Misrach, NASA, Ruff, Sommer, Stieglitz, Sugimoto; through 10/7.

Bill Burke—Photographs taken in Southeast Asia between 1982 and 1991 that appear in his recently published book *Mine Fields* (Nexus Press); through 11/4. 292, 120 Wooster St. (431-0292).

Imogen Cunningham—A survey of still lifes, abstractions, landscapes, and portraits; through 11/4. Greenberg, 120 Wooster St. (334-0010).

Jimmy De Sana—A survey of photographs from 1970 to 1990; through 10/14. Hearn, 530 W. 22nd St. (727-7366).

Jim Dow—Color photographs of specialty shops in England; through 10/16. Borden, 560 Broadway (431-0166).

Neil Folberg—Photographs of historic synagogues throughout the world; through 10/20. Aperture, 20 E. 23rd St. (505-5555).

Andrea Gentl—Mysterious portraits of children taken in the summer at dusk; through 11/12. Rice, 325 W. 11th St. (366-6660).

Frank Horvat—Black-and-white photographs of street scenes and celebrities taken in Paris and London between 1955 and 1962; 9/22–10/21. Staley-Wise, 560 Broadway (966-6223).

I.C.P.—1130 Fifth Ave. (860-1777); Tues. 11–8, Wed.–Sun. 11–6; $4, $2.50 students and seniors. "Nagasaki Journey: The Photographs of Yosuke Yamahata"; through 10/1. . . . "*Life:* The Pacific War"; through 10/1.

I.C.P. Midtown—1133 Ave. of the Americas (860-1783), Tues. 11–8, Wed.–Sun. 11–6. "The Garden of Earthly Delights: Photographs by Edward Weston and Robert Mapplethorpe"; "Pleasures and Possibilities: A Selection From the Permanent Collection"; "His Bedroom: An Installation by Dale Kistemaker"; through 11/26.

Karl Lagerfeld—Landscapes and portraits by the fashion designer; through 10/11. Leica, 670 Broadway (777-3051).

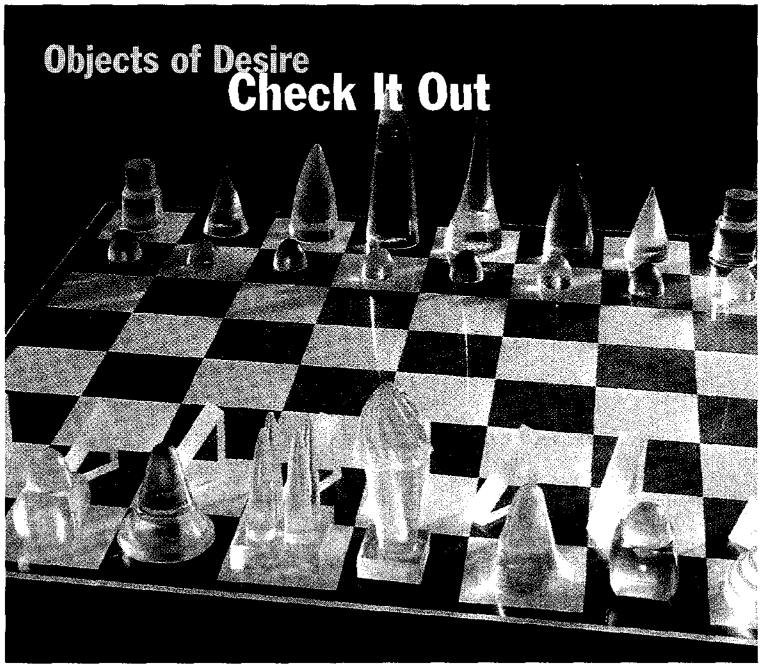
Sally Mann—Recent photographs of the artist's children posed nude; through 11/4. Houk Friedman, 861 Madison Ave. (628-5300).

Tanya Marcuse—Two recent bodies of work, one of which, a "wedding album," documents the photographer's wedding attire for her recent marriage; through 10/21. Yoshii, 20 W. 57th St. (265-8876).

Eric Meola—A retrospective of works from 1972 to 1995 by this photographer whose images of far-off places have appeared in *Life*, *Time*, *Travel & Leisure*, *Esquire*, and other magazines; through 9/30. The Time Is Always Now, 476 Broome St. (343-2211).

Miller—138 Spring St. (226-1220). Ray K. Metzger's black-and-white photographs made between 1957 and 1965, whose multiple rhythms, repetition, and lyrical juxtapositions anticipate his later *Composites;* "Inside-Outside: Photographs by Sculptors," with works by Coyne, Graham, Hunt, Kelly, Knowlton, Lewitt, Miss, Rockburne, Snelson, Wilke; through 10/28.

Richard Misrach/Harold Edgerton—New photographs of the American desert/Photographs of everyday objects in the process of being exploded by arrows, bullets, hammers, and explosives;



Maureen Connor, Mark Hadjipateras, Tom Otterness, and Ursula Von Rydingsvard are among the 28 artists who've created their own versions of chess and checkers for a show at Exit Art's Apartment Store. Some, like Hadjipateras's (above), are functional; others are less so. September 23 through November 18, 548 Broadway.

Photograph courtesy of Exit Art.

through 10/21. Danziger, 130 Prince St. (226-0056).

Tina Modotti—Photographs taken between 1923 and 1929, when she was living in Mexico, including portraits, street scenes, documentation of Mexican murals, and a photo essay on the puppeteer Luis Bunin; through 11/4. Throckmorton, 153 E. 61st St. (223-1059).

Willy Ronis—Black-and-white photographs from the past five decades that record daily life in Paris and Provence; through 10/28. Witkin, 415 W. Broadway (925-5510).

Karl Struss—More than 100 photographs of New York City and Hollywood by the last and youngest member of Alfred Stieglitz's Photo-Secession and the first person to be honored with an Academy Award for cinematography; through 10/14. Equitable, 787 Seventh Ave. (554-4818).

Mann—42 E. 79th St. (570-1223). The gallery's tenth-anniversary exhibition, with works by Balog, Guarino, Misrach, Verburg, others; through 10/21.

Penelope Umbrico—Images of man-made objects and the body that are blurred and altered to the point of abstraction; through 10/14. Saul, 560 Broadway (431-0747).

Todd Webb/Andrew Moore—Views of New York City taken in 1946/Photographs from the ongoing series "New York Variations." Through 10/15. Richardson, 560 Broadway (343-1255).

World Financial Center—North Bridge, West St. between Liberty and Vesey Sts. (945-0505), open 24 hours. "Eyewitness 1995," an exhibition of press photographs that were the winners of the 1994 World Press Photo competition; through 10/8.

Museums

Alternative Museum—"Fragmented Images." Recent works by the photographers S. A. Bachman, Hope Sandrow, and John Schlesinger; 9/26–11/18. . . . "James Balog: *ANIMA*"; 9/26–11/18. . . . "Hiromitsu Morimoto: Recent Works"; 9/26–11/18. 594 Broadway (966-4444); Tues.–Sat. 11–6.

American Craft Museum—"Marriage in Form: Kay Sekimachi and Bob Stocksdale"; through 10/1. . . . "Junichi Arai: Post-Industrial Craftsman"; through 10/1. . . . "Facets of the Same Nature: A Survey of Contemporary Dutch Ceramics"; through 10/1. . . . "Diane Itter: A Retrospective"; through 10/1. 40 W. 53rd St. (956-3535); Tues. 10–8, Wed.–Sun. 10–5; $5, $3 students and seniors.

American Museum of Natural History—"Art in the Service of Science." An assemblage of works by renowned naturalists and artists (Mon.–Fri. 10–5); through 12/30. . . . "Botanical Art From the Hunt Institute Collection"; through 1/15. Central Park West at 79th St. (769-5100); Sun.–Thurs. 10–5:45, Fri. and Sat. 10–8:45; $6 suggested contribution, $4 students and seniors, $3 children.

Brooklyn Museum—"More Room for a View: Large-Scale Works on Paper"; through 11/5. . . . "Nardo di Cione in Context: Early Renaissance Paintings From the Brooklyn Museum"; through 1/30/96. 200 Eastern Pkwy., Brooklyn (718-638-5000); Wed.–Sun. 10–5; $4 donation, $2 students, $1.50 seniors.

Dia Center for the Arts—"European Couples, and Others: Works by Dan Flavin"; through 6/23/96 . . . . "Gerhard Richter: Atlas"; through 6/23/96. 548 W. 22nd St. (989-5912); Thurs.–Sun. 12–6; $3 suggested contribution.

Frick Collection—"English Reproductive Prints in the Frick Collection." A selection of English mezzotints that were collected by Henry Clay Frick in the early 1900s; through 10/22. 1 E. 70th St. (288-0700); Tues.–Sat. 10–6, Sun. 1–6; $5, $3 students and seniors; children under 10 not admitted.

Guggenheim Museum—1071 Fifth Ave., at 88th St. (423-3500); Sun.–Wed. 10–6, Fri. and Sat. 10–8 (Fri. 6–8, pay what you wish), closed Thurs.; $7, $4 students and seniors.

Guggenheim Museum SoHo—"Dan Flavin"; through 11/30. . . . "Dieter Appelt." The first retrospective of works by this German photographer; through 11/5. 575 Broadway (423-3500); Sun. and Wed.–Fri. 11–6, Sat. 11–8; $5; $3 seniors and students.

Jewish Museum— "Russian Jewish Artists in a Century of Change, 1890–1990"; 9/21–1/28/96. . . . "A New England Wooden Synagogue: Building Temple Israel, Greenfield, Mass." Photographs, drawings, and models illustrating the conceptualization and design of Temple Israel by architect M. Louis Goodman; through 1/14/96. 1109 Fifth Ave. (423-3200); Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs. 11–5:45, Tues. 11–8; $7, $5 students and seniors.

Metropolitan Museum of Art—"John Singleton Copley in America." Before the artist left America to live in England in 1774, he was already widely admired for his paintings, sixty of which constitute this exhibition; 9/26–1/7. . . . "Goya at the Metropolitan." The museum's entire collection of the Spanish artist's drawings, prints, and paintings; through 12/31. . . . "French Drawings of the Sixteenth Century From the École des Beaux-Arts, Paris"; through 11/12. . . . "Pages of Perfection: A Trove of Islamic Painting and Calligraphy From St. Petersburg, Russia"; through 12/31. . . . "Swords Into Ploughshares: Military Dress and the Civilian Wardrobe"; through 11/26. . . . "An Ancient Egyptian Bestiary: Animals in Egyptian Art"; through 10/15. . . . "Annenberg Collection of Impressionist and Post-Impressionist Paintings"; through 11/30. . . . "Modern Glass in the Metropolitan Museum of Art"; through 10/29. . . . "American Relief Sculpture"; through 10/16. 1000 Fifth Ave., at 82nd St. (879-5500); Tues.–Thurs. and Sun. 9:30–5:15, Fri. and Sat. 9:30–9; $7 contribution, $3.50 children and seniors. The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park (923-3700); Tues.–Sun. 9:30–5:15 (closes at 4:45 between October and March).

Pierpont Morgan Library—"From Jackson to Lincoln: Democracy and Dissent"; through 1/7. . . . "Fantasy and Reality: Drawings From the Sunny Crawford von Bülow Collection"; through 1/7. 29 E. 36th St. (685-0008); Tues.–Fri. 10:30–5, Sat. 10:30–6, Sun. noon–6; $5 suggested donation, $3 students and seniors.

Museum for African Art—"Animals in African Art: From the Familiar to the Marvelous"; through 12/31. 593 Broadway (966-1313); Tues.–Fri. 10:30–5:30, Sat. and Sun. noon–6. $4, $2 children, students, and seniors.

Museum of American Folk Art—"Norwegian Folk Art: The Migration of a Tradition"; through 1/7. 2 Lincoln Square (595-9533); Tues.–Sun. 11:30–7:30; free.

El Museo del Barrio—"AMANAPLANACANALPANAMA: An Installation by Luis Camnitzer"; through 1/7. . . . "Four Corners/Cuatro Esquinas: Recent Paintings and Drawings by José Morales"; through 1/7. 1230 Fifth Ave. (831-7272); Wed.–Sun. 11–5, Thurs. 12–7; $4, $2 seniors and students.

Museum of Modern Art—"Alfred Stieglitz at Lake George." Photographs taken by Stieglitz at his family's summer home at Lake George, New York; through 1/2/96. . . . "Light Construction." More than 30 recent projects by architects and artists from eleven countries that reveal a new interest in transparency and translucency; 9/21-1/2/96. . . . "Selections From the Gordon and Nina Bunshaft Bequest." Through 10/10. . . . "The Human Figure: A Modern Vision"; through 9/26. . . . "Leon Levinstein." Works by this New York photographer known for his images of people and street life in New York, Haiti, Mexico, and India; through 10/10. . . . "The United Nations in Perspective"; through 9/26. 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480); Sat.–Tues. 11–6, Thurs. and Fri. noon–8:30, closed Wed. $8; $5 students and seniors; Thurs. and Fri. 5:30–8:30, pay what you wish.

Museum of the City of New York—"New York Now: Contemporary Cityscape Paintings"; through 12/31. . . . "Union Settlement Association: 100 Years of Leadership in East Harlem"; through 11/5. . . . "Ladies' Mile: Emporia and Entertainments"; through 10/22. 1125 Fifth Ave., at 103rd St. (534-1672); Wed.–Sat. 10–5, Sun. 1–5; $5, $3 students and seniors.

National Museum of the American Indian—Three exhibitions featuring approximately 500 Native American objects from the museum's collection. 1 Bowling Green (668-6624); daily 10–5; free.

New Museum of Contemporary Art—"Temporarily Possessed: The Semi-Permanent Collection." An exhibition of artworks acquired by the museum since its founding in 1977; through 12/30. 583 Broadway (219-1222); Wed., Thurs., Fri., Sun. 12–6, Sat. 12–8 (free 6–8); $4, $3 artists, students, and seniors.

New-York Historical Society— "Perspectives on New York: Selections From the Map Collection of the New-York Historical Society"; 9/20–11/7. 2 W. 77th St. (873-3400); Wed.–Sun. noon–5; $3, $1 seniors and children.

New York Public Library—"Writers in Wartime: Looking at World War II From the Berg Collection"; through 10/7. . . . "What Price Freedom?" A selection of objects from the library's collections that exemplify moments in history when people took great risks to express themselves freely; through 1/6/96. Fifth Ave. and 42nd St. (869-8089); Mon. 10–6, Tues.-Wed. 11–6, Thurs.–Sat. 10–6; free.

Queens Museum of Art—"Live/Work in Queens." Works by eight artists who live or have studios in Queens; through 10/22. New York City Building, Flushing Meadows, Corona Park, Queens (718-592-9700); Wed.–Fri. 10–5, Sat. and Sun. 12–5; $3; $1.50 seniors and children.

Studio Museum in Harlem— "The Listening Sky: An Inaugural Exhibition of the Studio Museum in Harlem Sculpture Garden"; through 8/25/96. . . . "From the Studio: Artists-in-Residence, 1994–1995." An exhibition of recent works by Petrona Morrison, Rudzani Nemasetoni, and George R. Smith; through 10/1. 144 W. 125th St. (864-4500); Wed.–Fri. 10–5, Sat. and Sun. 1–6; $5; $3 students and seniors.

Whitney Museum of American Art—"Florine Stettheimer: Manhattan Fantastica." A retrospective of paintings by this chronicler of thirties and forties New York intellectual and bohemian life; through 11/5. . . . "Views From Abroad." The first of three exhibitions organized by directors of European museums that looks at the artistic relationship between America and Europe during the twentieth century; through 10/1. . . . "Edward Hopper and the American Imagination"; through 10/15. . . . "Gazing Back: Shigeko Kubota and Mary Lucier"; through 9/24. 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (570-3676); Wed., Fri., Sat., Sun. 11–6, Thurs. 1–8; $8, $6 students and seniors (free Thurs. 6–8).

Whitney Museum of American Art at Philip Morris—"Carmen Lomas Garza." Prints and paintings by the Mexican-American artist that celebrate the Chicano community and experience; through 9/22. 120 Park Ave. (570-3633), Mon.–Fri. 11–6 (Thurs. 11–7:30); free.

Auctions

Christie's—502 Park Ave. (546-1119). 9/21 at 10: "The Hardy Collection of Early Chinese Ceramics and Works of Art From the Sze Yuan Tang." On view from 9/16. 9/21 at 2: "Important Chinese Ceramics and Works of Art From an American Private Collection." On view from 9/16. 9/21 at 4:30 and 9/22 at 10: "Fine Chinese Ceramics and Works of Art." On view from 9/16.

Christie's East—219 E. 67th St. (606-0400). 9/21 at 1: "Decorative Pictures." On view from 9/16.

Doyle—175 E. 87th St. (427-2730). 9/21 at 10: "Important Estate Jewelry." On view from 9/16.

Sotheby's—York Ave. at 72nd St. (606-7000). 9/20 at 10:15: "Korean Works of Art." On view from 9/16. 9/20 at 10:15 and 2: "Arcade Asian." On view from 9/16. 9/21 at 10:15 and 2: "Indian and Southeast Asian Art." On view from 9/16. 9/22 at 2 and 9/23 at 10:15 and 2: "Chinese Art." On view from 9/16.

Swann Galleries—104 E. 25th St. (254-4710). 9/21 at 10:30: "Sets & Bindings, 19th-Century Literature." On view from 9/16.

in concert

Icelandic Arias...*Waterzooi*...Bowles's Tunes

Classical Music

Tuesday, September 19

The Music of Paul Bowles—Eos Ensemble performs the premiere of *Secret Worlds,* text by Paul Bowles, Jane Bowles, and Gertrude Stein; orchestrated by Jonathan Sheffer. First night of a three-day celebration. *Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center Plaza (721-6500), at 7:30; $15–$35.*

Kristjan Johannsson, Tenor—This Icelandic performer sings works by Grieg, Kalalóns, Isólfson, and Puccini, accompanied by pianist Lára Rafnsdottir and folksinger Johann Johannsson. *Hunter College, Sylvia and Danny Kaye Playhouse, 68th St. bet. Park and Lexington Aves. (772-4448), at 8; $20.*

American Brass Quintet—Revives Elliott Carter's Brass Quintet, along with works by Brian Fennelly and Eric Ewazen. *Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St.(362-8719), at 8; $5–$9.*

A Night at the Opera—Solos, duets, and ensembles from operas by Bernstein, Bizet, and Strauss, among others. *Holy Trinity Church, 316 E. 88th St. (289-4100), at 8; $10–$15.*

Wednesday, September 20

Gala Concert—Werner Klemperer narrates Saint-Saëns's *Carnival of the Animals* with musicians from the Juilliard School. *Bryant Park, Sixth Ave. bet. 40th and 42nd Sts. (922-9393), at 12:30; free.*

The Music of Paul Bowles—Symposium includes a screening of a documentary about Paul Bowles and chamber-music performances. *The New School, 66 W. 12th St. (229-5690), at 5; $10.*

New York Philharmonic—Opens with soprano Jessye Norman; Kurt Masur, conductor. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 8; $500 tickets for concert and gala reception still available.*

Thursday, September 21

Noonday Concert Series—Tuyo, playing original instruments, performs GROSSO a piccolo. *St. Paul's Chapel, Broadway and Fulton St. (602-0747), at 1; $2.*

American Landmark Festivals—Featuring the Orfeo Duo, violin and piano. *Green Auditorium, 40 W. 68th St. (866-2086), at 1; free.*

Bargemusic—Featuring music by Mozart, Martinu, and Debussy. *Fulton Ferry Landing, next to the Brooklyn Bridge, Brooklyn (718-624-4061, for reservations and complete directions), at 7:30; $23.*

The Music of Paul Bowles—Eos Ensemble performs Bowles's incidental music for *The Glass Menagerie,* with narration by Tom Hulce; his *Mediodia* and works by Glanville-Hicks and Revueltas. *Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center Plaza (721-6500), at 8; $15–$35.*

New York Philharmonic—Pianist Cécile Ousset performs Strauss and Wagner; Kurt Masur, conductor. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 8; $15-$60.*

Friday, September 22

New York Philharmonic—See 9/21.

New Juilliard Ensemble—Featuring the first live performance of Ludovico Einaudi's *Suite From "Salgari"* and works by Marlos Nobre, Reza Vali, and Stefan Wolpe. *Juilliard Theater, 60 Lincoln Center Plaza (769-7406), at 8; free, but tickets required.*

Sejong Soloists—This twelve-member string ensemble, with guest violinist Livia Sohn, performs works by Vivaldi, Rossini, and Shostakovich. *Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center Plaza (721-6500), at 8; $15–$22.50.*

Saturday, September 23

New York Philharmonic—See 9/21.

Sunday, September 24

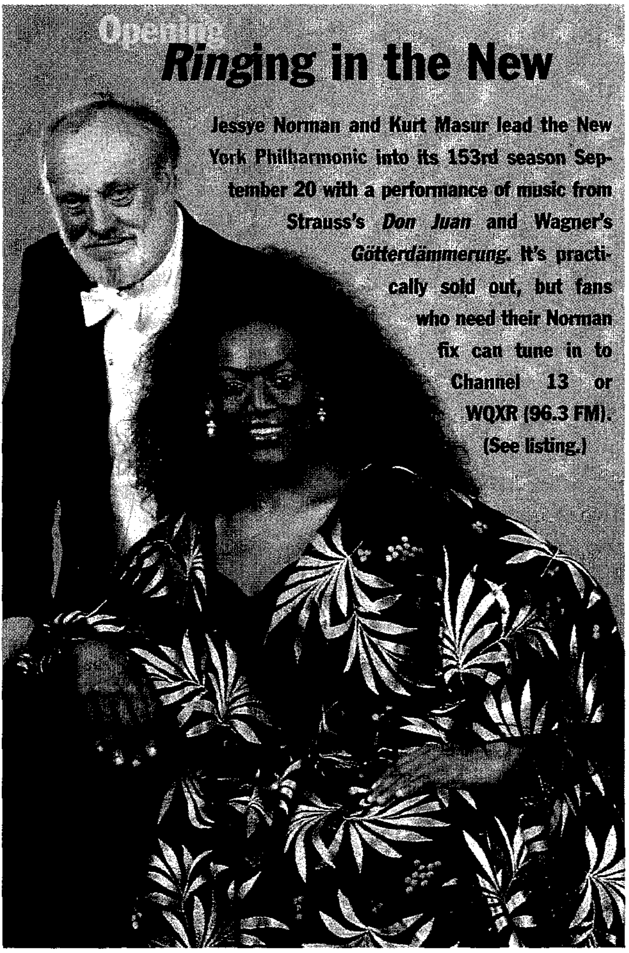
Orpheus Chamber Orchestra—This eight-member ensemble performs Mozart, Chopin, and Brahms. *Kosciuszko Foundation Concert Hall, 15 E. 65th St. (734-2130), at 3; $15.*

Bargemusic—See 9/21; at 4.

Youth Choirs—The Australian Youth Choir and the Philadelphia Boys Choir perform the premiere of Joe Fitzmartin's *Concert Mass. Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800), at 8; $12–$25.*

Ground Rules:

This section emphasizes classical concerts, recitals, and public square/park performances (but only the premeditated ones), and includes the occasional jazz concert if it is held, say, outdoors or in a public space. For rock concerts and club information, see "Nightlife."



Opening

*Ring*ing in the New

Jessye Norman and Kurt Masur lead the New York Philharmonic into its 153rd season September 20 with a performance of music from Strauss's *Don Juan* and Wagner's *Götterdämmerung.* It's practically sold out, but fans who need their Norman fix can tune in to Channel 13 or WQXR (96.3 FM). (See listing.)

Photograph by Christian Steiner.

Monday, September 25

New York Viola Society—Misha Amory and Hsin-Yun Huang play works by Maza, Hindemith, and Reger. *Concert Hall, Mannes College of Music, 150 W. 85th St. (580-0210), at 8; $5–$10.*

Nicholas Angelichi, Pianist—The gold medalist in the 1994 Gina Bachauer International Piano Competition performs a program of Ravel and Rachmaninoff. *Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center Plaza (721-6500), at 8; $15–$20.*

Opera

New York City Opera—Hindemith's *Mathis der Maler,* 9/20 at 8; Mozart's *Don Giovanni,* 9/21 at 8; Verdi's *La Traviata,* 9/22 at 1:30; Gilbert and Sullivan's *The Mikado,* 9/23 at 1:30; Verdi's *Rigoletto,* 9/23 at 8; Bizet's *Carmen,* 9/24 at 1:30. *New York State Theater, 20 Lincoln Center (870-5570); $17–$78.*

Amato Opera—Puccini's *Tosca,* playing through 10/8. 9/23 at 7:30, 9/24 at 2:30. *319 Bowery (228-8200); $18.*

Dance

Compagnie Maguy Marin—A two-week engagement, featuring *Waterzooi* through 9/24, and *May B* through 9/30. 9/19 to 9/23 at 8, 9/23 and 9/24 at 2, 9/24 at 7:30. *The Joyce Theater, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. (242-0800); $30.*

Human Arts Ensemble—New works by Kalya Yannatos with guest choreographer Tamar Rogoff. 9/21 to 9/23 at 8:30, 9/24 at 7:30. *St. Mark's Church, 131 East 10th Street (674-8194); $12.*

Hot Pink—Benefit for the Pink Ribbons Project/Dancers in Motion for Breast Cancer, featuring performances by Jane Comfort, Ann Carlson, and Claire Porter. 9/21 and 9/22 at 8. *Bessie Schönberg Theater, 219 W. 19th St. (924-0077); $25–$250.*

Angela Caponigro—Performs *Changing the Direction of the Wind,* 9/22 at 9, 9/23 at 8. *Merce Cunningham Studio, 55 Bethune St. (718-596-2457); $10.*

Sasha Waltz & Guests—Berlin erotic dance theater *TRAVELOGUE— Twenty to Eight.* 9/23 and 9/24 at 7:30. *La MaMa's Annex Theater, 74A East 4th St. (475-7710); $15.*

restaurants

Tomatoes…World Trade Market…New Chef

Dough Boys

What's new and cheap and very Italian?

It's a pizzalike bread from Rimini perfect for stuffing and layering. And now, it's also a small, modest, amiable trattoria on West 10th Street run by two guys from that seaside town in Emiglia-Romana. Get your piadina at Piadina stuffed with tomato and mozzarella, or dream up your own combination, just $5 and perfect to share. We liked the chewy crostini with varied savory toppings, panzanella salad with chickpeas, the impeccable risotto, and luscious stuffed calamari. (57 West 10th Street.)

Manhattan

Lower New York

Alison on Dominick—An impeccably turned-out room with blue banquettes and tender lighting. Perfectionist owner Alison Becker Hurt makes sure that all is well. *38 Dominick St., nr. Hudson St. (727-1188). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

American Renaissance—The dining room of Eric Blauberg's grand restaurant in the American Thread Building looks like the monastery of the order of Saint Liberace. Chef Blauberg uses very of-the-moment infusions to create some of the freshest and most carefully prepared food in town. *260 W. Broadway, two blocks south of Canal St. (343-0049). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Arqua—Traditional Northern Italian fare served in a dining room that is as spare and elegant as downtown gets. Watch out—the big guy in the apron is an inspiring tenor disguised as a waiter, and he's been known to break into conversation-stopping song without warning. Owner Leo Pulito has an impressive wine cellar. *281 Church St. (334-1888). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Baluchi's—Indian fare served in a cozy, comfortable atmosphere in the center of SoHo. Have a seat on a patchwork chair amid fantastic imported treasures. *193 Spring St., bet. Thompson and Sullivan Sts. (226-2828). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Bo Ky—This very basic Chinatown spot has been dishing up delicious noodle soups to the neighborhood since before the Mees and Tang Tangs sprouted uptown. Expect to share a table. *80 Bayard St. (406-2292). (I) ($).*

Bouley—Born to French parents and raised on his grandparents' farm in Connecticut, David Bouley knows the basics of classic French cooking, but he's given them his own signature style. Reserve weeks in advance, especially for Friday or Saturday night. There's a prix fixe at lunch and a six-course degustation at dinner. *165 Duane St., nr. Hudson St. (608-3852). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Capsouto Frères—Landmark French bistro with talked-about soufflés. Flemish-style building hosts local business folks at lunch. Dinner is a New York mix of neighborhood regulars, tourists, and trekkers from uptown. Brunch on Saturday and Sunday is great. Yes, that was Bruce Weber. *451 Washington St. (966-4900). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Cascabel—An elegant dining room with a rotating art collection, at a now-bustling intersection on the eastern border of SoHo. Chef Tom Valenti's inventive rustic, Italian-accented American offerings continue to wow. Pastry chef Lincoln Carson's peppermint bombe provides an explosive close to the meal. *218 Lafayette St., nr. Spring St. (431-7300). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Chanterelle—Spare and elegant, virtually religious, this TriBeCa restaurant is a favorite among those who want a Big Deal. Chef David Waltuck runs a grand kitchen—seafood sausage, cold fruit soups, and anything he does with truffles in season. Wife Karen runs the front room with class and warmth. *2 Harrison St., at Hudson St. (966-6960). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

The Cub Room—Fighting back from the scorching bar scene his restaurant became last summer, chef/owner Henry Meer (from Lutèce)—doing penance for the butter and cream of the past—is dishing up contemporary American fare to an impossibly diverse crowd. Yes, that was Ethan Hawke. *131 Sullivan St., at Prince St. (677-4100). (M) AE only.*

Ecco—A beacon in the wilderness that is Chambers Street. Old-world charm and an excellent seasonal antipasto offering. The very charming, narrow booths line the east wall and tile floors take you back to the Gilded Age. *124 Chambers St., nr. Sixth Ave. (227-7074). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

F.illi Ponte Ristorante—A former longshoremen's hotel, newly renovated with a spectacular view of the Hudson River and New Jersey beyond. Join the throng—made men and gawking hangers-on—for fine Italian fare. *39 Debrosses Street (226-4621). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Hudson River Club—From this Frank Lloyd Wright–ish dining room in the World Financial Center, you can see the Statue of Liberty. But then, the Hudson River figures prominently so many ways here. Chef Waldy Malouf uses farmers and their produce from along the Hudson River valley to re-invent traditional American fare. *4 World Financial Center (786-1500). (E) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Kelley and Ping—The type of classy noodle house that could only exist—and thrive—in SoHo. *127 Greene St., nr. Prince St. (228-1212). (I—M) AE, MC, V.*

L'Ecole—This modern French bistro is unique in that its chefs are students from the French Culinary Institute. Special three- and five-course menus are available, so come with either an empty stomach or a doggie bag. Private parties. Closed Sundays. *462 Broadway, at Grand St. (219-3300). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Le Pescadou—This innovative Provençal bistro serves fresh seafood enhanced by a variety of infused oils. Oyster fans will find a wide variety of fresh ones. *18 King St., at Sixth Ave. (924-3434). (M) AE, MC, V.*

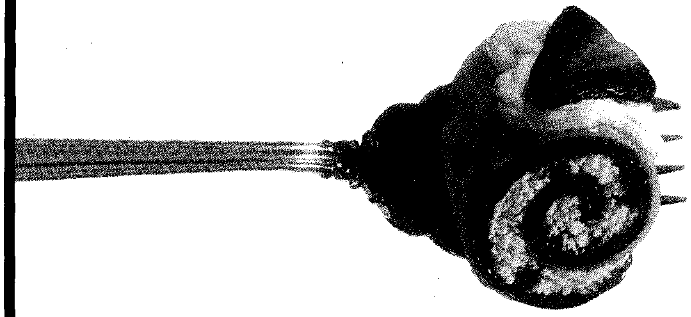
Montrachet—Owner Drew Nieporent now has three places in New York, including Nobu and Tribeca Grill, and another in San Francisco. But this is his

Ground Rules:

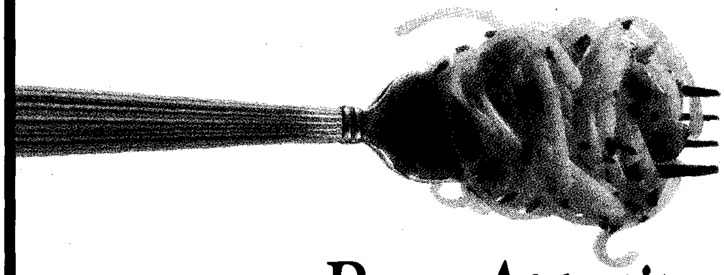
Here lie a few hundred of the city's more noteworthy restaurants, some *New York* advertisers among them. The price guide, admittedly imperfect, is as follows: (E) = expensive, $35 and over per place; (M) = moderate, $15–$30 per place; (I) = inexpensive, $15 and under per place.

Following each listing there is also a code indicating acceptable methods of payment: ($) = cash only, AE = American Express, CB = Carte Blanche, DC = Diners Club, DS = Discover, M = MasterCard, TM = Transmedia, V = Visa. "AE only" indicates that American Express is the only accepted charge/credit card.

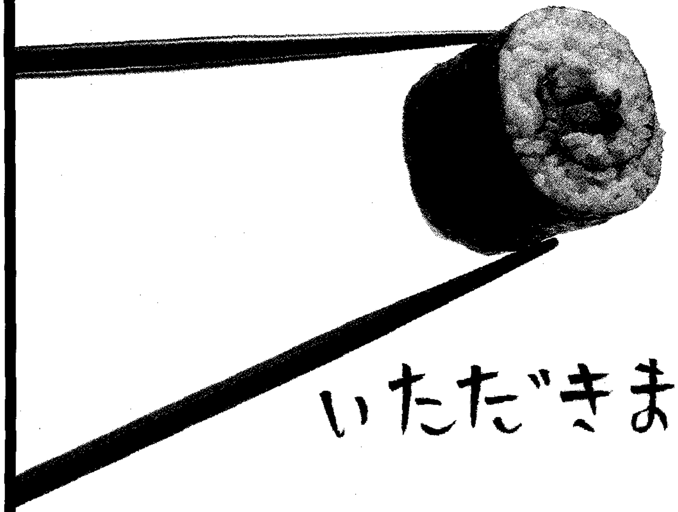
Photograph by Tara Sgroi.



Bon Appétit



Buon Appetito



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baby—attractive, lively, and one of the first truly great restaurants in lower Manhattan. There's lunch on Fridays—try the Roquefort-and-pear salad—and dinner Monday through Saturday. *239 W. Broadway, nr. White St. (219-2777). (E) AE only.*

Nick and Eddie—If every neighborhood had a corner comfort-food port like this one, most of us would never leave. So we travel to this muted room with the other strivers, hustlers, strictly business types, and family-night-outers who flock to feel like part of the woodwork. *203 Spring St., at Sullivan St. (219-9090). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Nobu—The great Nobu Matsuhisa—actually, he's young, good-looking, and incredibly hip—has arrived in TriBeCa. And New Yorkers haven't tasted Japanese cooking like this—unless, of course, they've visited Matsuhisa's restaurant in L.A. *105 Hudson St. (219-0500). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Odeon—Downtown has fallen in love all over again with this TriBeCa institution. The bar's out of Dashiell Hammett, and the dining room gets everyone from the banker, his wife, and their 2-year-old to movie stars, artists, and assorted big-deal celebrities. *145 W. Broadway, nr. Thomas St. (233-0507). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Pierino—An Italian dining room full of businesspeople and city politicians for lunch and dinner for the bankers on their way uptown offering meta-traditional dishes like lobster and steak. Yes, that was Peter Vallone. *107 Reade St. (513-0610). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Raoul's—The dull roar in this cave-like bistro—aging gracefully amid the high-strung Thoroughbreds of SoHo's restaurant racetrack—is a heartwarming sound. *180 Prince St., nr. Thompson St. (966-3518). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

SoHo Kitchen and Bar—Grape nuts celebrate the 96-spigot Cruvinet, ordering flights of Cabernets or seven Pinot Noirs to taste and compare, but SoHo neighbors love it, too—for all those beers on tap, for the thin-crust pizza, for a glance at the game on the TV overhead. *103 Greene Street., nr. Prince St. (925-1866). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Tennessee Mountain—An 1807 landmark farmhouse, this BBQ joint serves up chicken and ribs that you're not likely to forget. Bring those breath mints and Handi-Wipes for all-you-can-eat on Monday night. *143 Spring St. (431-3993). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Tribeca Grill—Though this spacious, brick-walled restaurant sometimes serves as canteen for the film execs (and movie stars) in offices upstairs, the creative American cuisine and lively bar scene make it a popular downtown destination. Known for its roasted meats and fish specials. *375 Greenwich St., at Franklin St. (941-3900). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

South Street Seaport

Cafe Fledermaus—Soups, salads, sandwiches, and other cold fare served in a glass-enclosed dining room on the promenade, with a view of the passing herd and the occasional street performer. *1 Seaport Plaza (269-5890). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Macmenamin's Irish Pub—If you're not impressed by a magnificent view of the harbor from the outdoor deck, there's pub grub, a wide selection of beer, and televised sports. *Pier 17, 3rd floor (732-0007). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

North Star Pub—Stocked like a London pub, frequented by Wall Streeters and homesick tourists. Fish and chips and bangers and mash just about as close as you'll get to the real thing. *93 South St. (509-6757). (I) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Sgarlato's Cafe—Italian cooking and a view of the three bridges that span the East River south of 59th Street. *Pier 17, Promenade Level. (619-5226). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Below 14th Street, East

Apple Restaurant—This Village restaurant features two kitchens: one for vegetarians, one for carnivores. And a Vietnamese menu. *17 Waverly Pl. (473-8888). (I) AE, MC, V.*

Baby Jake's—If hipster food isn't grilled, it's fried. Try the po'boys. Innovative booth deployment in the front of the room gives you a window view. *14 First Ave., nr. 1st St. (254-BABY). (M) AE only.*

Casanis—A shrine to French barroom bric-a-brac in the basement. A bistro that is as Paris was in the sixties. Yes, that was Jean-Paul Belmondo. *54 E. 1st St. (777-1589). (M.) ($).*

Elephant & Castle—This eclectic American restaurant moved from SoHo to NoHo, but the menu still offers such favorites as steak frites with pesto, honey-charred chicken, and smoked-chicken salad. *6 Bond St. (254-9604). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Gotham Bar & Grill—Alfred Portale's kitchen, with its architectural ingenuity and whimsical creativity, serves as a finishing school for the city's all-star chefs before they launch their own careers. This awesome dining temple has long been a staple. *12 E. 12th St. (620-4020). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Knickerbocker Bar and Grill—A subdued steak house with vintage items on the walls—Hirschfelds, copies of the *Saturday Evening Post*, and nineteenth-century curios. A sophisticated combination of gastronomics and history. *33 University Pl., at E. 9th St. (228-8490). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Rose Cafe—This quiet and casual American bistro draws a diverse crowd. One of the only places where you can go and sit on Fifth Avenue and not break the bank. *24 Fifth Ave., at 9th St. (260-4118). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Below 14th Street, West

Andalousia—This relatively undiscovered Village Moroccan rightly prides itself on its roster of tagines and couscous specials. B'stilla is a standout. *28 Cornelia St. (929-3693). (I) MC, V.*

C3 Restaurant—Henry James's Village was never like this: crawfish-and-turkey-sausage paella, coconut-curry salmon and lobster-and-shrimp ravioli are some of the dishes on the eclectic menu. Traditionalists can stop in for tea after a stroll through Washington Square Park. *103 Waverly Place (254-1200). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Greenwich Cafe—Open around the clock with a menu that crosses every border. Try the veal couscous and the Mediterranean antipasto plate. *75 Greenwich Ave. (255-5489). (I—M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Jane Street Seafood Cafe—Can you imagine a first-rate seafood grill in the middle of Ohio? That's the feel of this Greenwich Village favorite. Some of the best prepared but least imaginatively presented fish in town—try the pompano whenever it's available. *31 Eighth Ave., at Jane St. (242-0003). (M) ($).*

Nine Muses Cafe—Cheerful Greek newcomer transforms this corner of the West Village into Mykonos, especially after a glass or two of ouzo. Try the fresh grilled octopus and fish brochettes. *569 Hudson St., at W. 11th St. (741-0009). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

One if by Land, Two if by Sea—Elegant Village restaurant situated within an eighteenth-century carriage house previously owned by Aaron Burr. Four fireplaces and nightly piano music enhance a fine menu of American specialties like beef Wellington. *17 Barrow St. (228-0822). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Sevilla—Regulars flock to this popular old-world Village spot for its famed paella à la Valenciana and chicken Villarcy. Be prepared to overdose on garlic. *62 Charles St. (929-3189). (M) ($).*

Villa Mosconi—Peter Mosconi and his brood offer a menu as reliable as traditional Italian home cooking. Find this old-world anachronism in the heart of Greenwich Village. *69 MacDougal St. (673-0390). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Shopping

Low-Pressure Cooker

Like bankers and brokers, chefs, when they decide to retire from the workaday grind, frequently opt to become consultants or go into business for themselves. And after a manic career running high-powered kitchens like Tavern on the Green and his own Michelin-starred Au Quai des Ormes in Paris (as well as counseling restaurateurs like Drew Nieporent and Eli Zabar), French chef Georges Masraff was particularly in need of a change. So two months ago, he bought his own market, the former Murray's Chelsea, which is rechristened this week as People's Gourmet (198 Eighth Avenue, at 20th Street). "What's great," says Masraff about his return to the kitchen—albeit a makeshift, subterranean one—"is you go in at eight for *fourteen hours, and there's no pressure. Your adrenaline's* not going up twice a day, at twelve and six."

He *couldn't have picked a more deserving neighborhood.* Chelsea is so bereft of gourmet food stores (the closest, Balducci's, is three quarters of a mile away) that the arrival of Murray's last year provoked great expectations. Where it succeeded, with fresh loaves from Amy's and Tom Cat and a plethora of cheeses, Masraff will continue. "I'm French," he says. "I know about cheese." He's already introduced small-town touches, like freshly baked cinnamon doughnuts and croissants, and a selection of organic produce. If all goes according to plan, he'll take over the lease on *the deli next door and turn it* into his own bakery. Everything, ultimately, will be made from scratch, from fig jam to Bolognese sauce to daily dinner specials—comfort food like meat loaf, or roast lamb with grilled broccoli rabe and pesto mashed potatoes. "There's a word in French, *traiter,*" says the chef, who first trained to be a pediatrician. "It means to treat people. This place is another way of reaching their souls."

ROBIN RAISFELD

Photograph by Warren Salowe.

14th–42nd Streets, East Side

Alva—Bare lightbulbs evoke Thomas Edison, the namesake of this sleek spot invented by Charles Palmer and designer Fernando Saralegui, but the food is all very twentieth-century: crispy shrimp cocktail, cod-and-salmon cakes, veal stew, an exciting cheese course. *36 E. 22nd St. (228-4399). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Bolo—There's nothing discreet about Bobby Flay's neo-Spanish cooking. In a room that reminds you of Gaudí by way of Pee-wee Herman, Flay turns out fiery, bold dishes like paella with duck as well as a perfectly cooked rack of lamb. *23 E. 22nd St. (228-2200). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Brew's—As casual and comfortable as a burger joint gets. This two-story landmark always pleases. Great beer selection and the always hospitable longtime owners, the Brew family, make this an oasis in the desert above 14th Street. *156 E. 34th St. (889-3369). (I) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Cafe Beulah—Delightful southern specialties prepared by chef-owner and former baritone opera singer Alexander Smalls. Petal-yellow walls and high wainscoting soothe, and wonderfully private banquettes against one wall make dining on sophisticated southern fare a delight. *39 E. 19th St. (777-9700). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Campagna—The *Late Show With David Letterman* crowd is at one table, Time Warner honchos are at another, and isn't that . . .? Despite the frenzy of having become Media Central, this smart little trattoria serves some of the most satisfying Italian food in Manhattan. Chef Mark Straussman is to thank for dishes like rabbit in polenta, gnocchi with wild mushrooms and truffle oil, and grilled tuna with beets. *24 E. 21st St. (460-0900). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Les Halles—Even though it hasn't been around forever, this utterly perfect re-creation of a Left Bank bistro seems like it has. This is the place to come for onion soup, steak frites, celeri rémoulade, crème caramel—that sort of thing. *411 Park Ave. So., bet. 28th and 29th Sts. (679-4111). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Live Bait—Southern-style home cooking that sticks to your ribs. Used to be that everyone and his mother had the baseball cap from this joint. Well known for a bar that reminds some of those bright college days. *14 E. 23rd St. (353-2400). (M) AE, TM.*

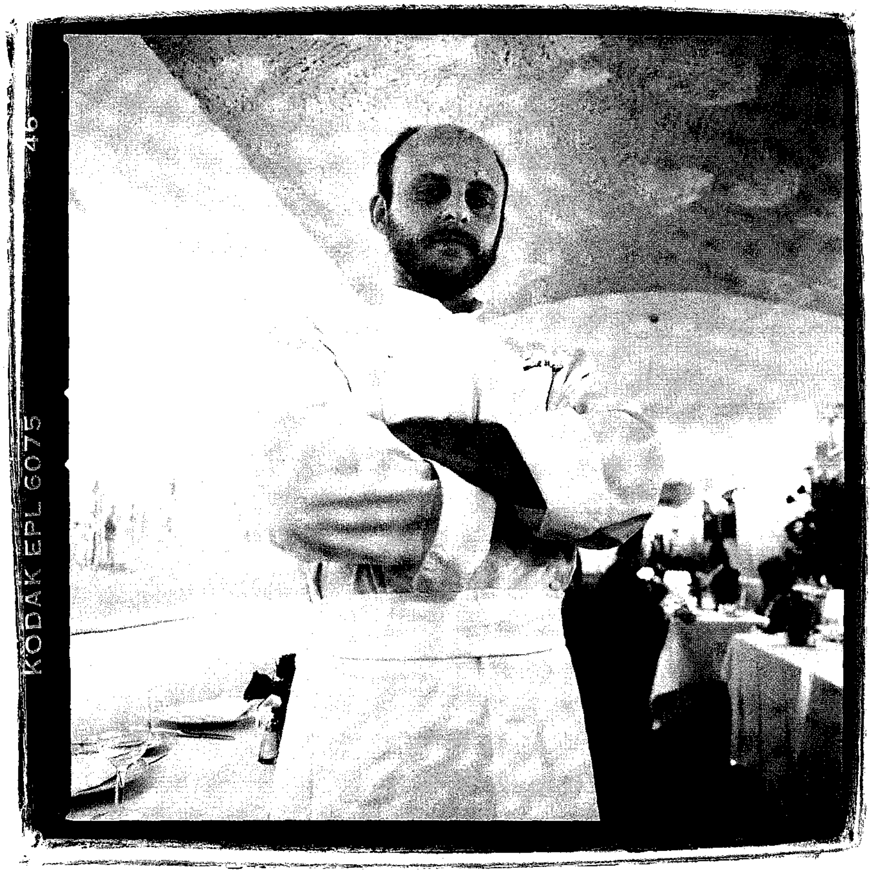
Metropolis Cafe—Good people-watching in this converted turn-of-the-century bank, with an outdoor cafe and contemporary American fare featuring steak, duck, and swordfish. There's jazz nightly, and a classical-music brunch. *31 Union Square W. (675-2300). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Park Bistro—Provençal offerings prepared and served with notable agility in an intimate—sometimes crowded—setting. *414 Park Ave. at 28th St. (689-1360). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Patria—Zesty Latin American fare brought to you in a festive high-energy atmosphere. The three-story dining room suits the changing mood of diners: bright and airy by day and warm and earthy by night. Chef Doug Rodriguez comes from Miami via a childhood in Brooklyn. Really. And Ariel Lacayo may be the coolest maître d' in town. Try the Mojito, Patria's signature drink made from sugarcane. *250 Park Ave. So., nr. 20th St. (777-6211). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Union Square Cafe—The careful service, human-scale dining rooms, and peerless California café cuisine make this one of the best restaurants in the city. *21 E. 16th St. (243-4020). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Water Club—The setting and view from this East River barge is what all the fuss is about. The American fare is fine. *500 E. 30th St. (683-3333). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*



Institution
Il Parle Français

Erik Maillard, late of Mark's and Les Célébrités, is La Caravelle's first French-born chef in a decade (first, Michael Romano broke the French hegemony, then Tadashi Ono infused the classics with Asian accents). This week, Maillard concocts a menu of sixties originals and modern renditions to launch the landmark's thirty-fifth anniversary celebration. (33 West 55th Street.)

Photograph by Steffen Thalemann.

14th–42nd Streets, West Side

Bright Food Shop—A Chelsea luncheonette with an innovative, healthy Mexican menu with Asian influences. Excellent desserts and a great selection of Mexican fruit sodas. *216 Eighth Ave., at 21st St. (243-4433). (I—M) ($).*

Bryant Park Grill—This long-awaited restaurant on the edge of the city's prettiest pocket park has been mobbed from day one. Go at an off hour for Caesar salad, New York steak, soft-shell crabs, and scallion pancakes. *40th St., between Fifth and Sixth Avenues (840-6500). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Cafe Americanstyle—An ideal rest stop for Lord & Taylor shoppers, whether they're simply grabbing a bite or resting their weary feet for hours. American fare in a simple setting. A welcome respite from the unruly retail throng. *424 Fifth Ave., nr. 39th St. (391-3344). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Da Umberto—Low-key Chelsea façade belies the extraordinary Italian offerings inside. Getting a table is no small task, especially in the evening. This is a Euro/New York crossroads. A mad cacophony of laughter and chatter in Brooklynese and Roman. Don't dress down. *107 W. 17th St. (989-0303). (E) AE only.*

L'Acajou—This casual French bistro, serving regional specialties like escargot, steak au poivre, and venison, also curates art shows. *53 W. 19th St. (645-1706). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Luma—Luma used to be famous for its nutritional asceticism: no meat, no fat, no fun. Now, the only restriction is the chef's efforts to use organic ingredients. Butter, beef, and crème brûlée abound. Enjoy. *200 Ninth Ave., at 22nd St. (633-8033). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Moran's—Charming and timeless New York City pub that's been around for 38 years. The friendly staff is, you guessed it: Irish. *146 Tenth Ave., at 19th St. (627-3032). (M) V, MC, AE, DC.*

Simply Pasta—A casual, Northern Italian spot that claims to have the best tiramisu in town, as well as a host of pasta specialties. Try the black fusilli with seafood in a marinara sauce. *120 W. 41st St. (391-0805). (I) AE, DC, MC, V.*

37th Street Hideaway—Restaurant and supper club in the former home of John Drew Barrymore. Dance between courses from the Italian and Continental menu. *32 W. 37th St. (947-8940). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Zip City Brewing Co.—Flatiron brewpub with American pub fare, known especially for its burger. *3 W. 18th St. (366-6333). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

43rd–56th Streets, East Side

Ambassador Grill—Contemporary cuisine with global accents befitting the U.N. bigwigs who stop by for lunch. Friday-night seafood fest offers an unlimited raw bar. Yes, that was Jacques Cousteau. *44th St. in the U.N. Plaza–Park Hyatt (702-5014). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Bull & Bear—As the name suggests, a good-old-days watering hole and steakhouse for a strictly business crowd. The dark-wood club ambience draws a well-suited crowd for dinner that stays for drinks at the bar. *301 Park Ave., entrance on Lexington Ave. at 49th St. (872-4900). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Cafe Centro—A big, shiny brasserie-cum-café in the lobby of the MetLife Building; there's inventive cooking going on here, and the joint is as fun and good as non-expensive midtown gets. In the loud little Beer Bar, get one of the best hamburgers in town. Closed Sunday. *200 Park Ave., 45th St. at Vanderbilt Ave. (818-1222). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Denim & Diamonds—Above all else, this countrified dance hall is a destination if you're in midtown

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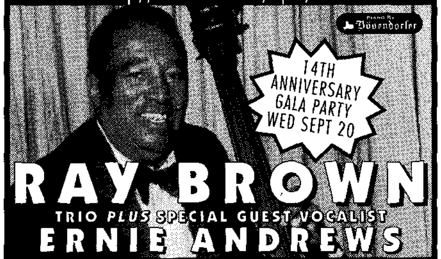
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and fancy a hoedown. The Texas-style barbecue is there if you work up an appetite. *511 Lexington Ave., nr. 48th St. (371-1600). (I) AE, MC, V.*

The Four Seasons—Philip Johnson designed this cathedral of modernity. Picasso did the tapestry. And the place remains a classic 30 years later. The Grill Room is where the term *power lunch* got its start in the seventies. The pool room is where the rest of us go for achingly expensive fare like foie gras and figs and chocolate velvet. *99 E. 52nd St. (754-9494). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Fresco—It's a family affair: the Scottos, including broadcasting star Rosanna, have created a room where you'll find stars at your feet and hearty portions of modern Tuscan fare (rich homemade pasta, thin and crispy grilled pizza, chops and fish) on the table. *34 E. 52nd St. (935-3434). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Lespinasse—Marie Antoinette, where are you? This ultra-formal dining room in the St. Regis Hotel—think Versailles and you get the rococo drift—is where you'll find Gray Kunz's inventive Franco-Oriental cooking. The $46 prix fixe at lunch is a gentle introduction to exactly what wonders chef Kunz can perform. *2 E. 55th St., in the St. Regis Hotel (753-4500). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Lutèce—The name is still synonymous with dishes like Dover sole, cassoulet, and rack of lamb. After three decades of defining traditional French cuisine, master chef André Soltner ceded the reigns to relative innovator Eberhard Müller. The kitchen still astonishes. *249 E. 50th St. (752-2225). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Oceana—A formal setting and fish-savant Rick Moonen's extensive and excellent seafood menu make this room a favorite for business lunches and romantic evenings alike. *55 E. 54th St. (759-5941). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Otabe—Customers are ministered to by their own chefs in the private teppan-grill rooms. The cool, contemporary décor—beige tones and wood paneling—in the main dining room brings serenity to midtown. *68 E. 56th St. (223-7575). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

San Martin's—Continental cuisine with big, squishy booths. Eurocafé feel bolstered by a selection of foreign dailies on the tables out front. *143 E. 49th St. (832-0888). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

San Pietro—A popular midtown Southern Italian, with a comprehensive menu and a chef who renders fine renditions of fish, pasta, and wild game. *18 E. 54th St. (753-9015). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Shinbashi—Authentic Japanese cuisine, including tempura, sukiyaki, teriyaki, and sushi, served in elegant surroundings. *280 Park Ave., at 48th St. (661-3915). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Smith & Wollensky—Carnivores keep this popular steak house jumping. All wood and brass, it has the look of a private men's club, the noise of a locker room, and a serious wine cellar. *Third Ave. at 49th St. (753-1530). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Tatou—Gilded-plaster satyrs, bubble-toting cherubs, jazz onstage, and American fare with Continental touches. The dinner crowd comes to rubberneck and dance. Wednesday through Saturday there's a carnival-inspired cabaret. *151 E. 50th St. (753-1144). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Tropica—Always packed at lunch, but squeeze in at the bar and order the salmon and a glass of tropical iced tea. The dining room serves the most imaginative seafood in town, but be sure to go on a weekday—the restaurant, located in the lobby of the MetLife Building, is closed Saturday and Sunday. *200 Park Ave., nr. 45th St. (867-6767). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Trump Tower Café—Light Italian cuisine to replenish energy expended shopping in this gilded emporium. Salads, pastas, sandwiches, and risotto served on two garden terraces five floors up. *725 Fifth Ave., at 56th St. (754-4450). (I) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Vong—Wow! This is Thai to die for. Chef Jean-Georges Vongerichten's little Third Avenue-by-way-of-Bangkok palace was designed by architect David Rockwell, and it's a showy temple indeed—there's gold leaf on those walls. The menu's full of wonders, starting with the crab rolls and coconut-milk-and-galangal soup. *200 E. 54th St. (486-9592). (E) AE, CB, MC, V.*

43rd–56th Streets, West Side

Adrienne—The Art Nouveau elegance and hush make this a perfect spot for an illicit tryst or a business lunch. A United Nations of flavors. *700 Fifth Ave., at 55th St., in the Peninsula. (247-2200). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Algonquin—Draws on its history as the fabled stomping ground of literary giants. The wood-paneled sitting-room-like lobby still holds many imaginations captive. *59 W. 44th St. (840-6800). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

American Festival Cafe—Lunch inside this glamorized eatery with rotating American folk art. Skaters in winter and a garden in the summer and early fall make for fierce window-seat competition. Seven hours' free parking after 5:30 P.M. *Rockefeller Plaza, 20 W. 50th St. (246-6699). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Broadway Joe—Located in a townhouse on Restaurant Row, this steakhouse serves a fourteen-ounce prime rib but also delivers fresh seafood and pasta for the omnivore. Hirschfeld caricatures cover the walls, so come find your NINAS while you dine. Free dinner parking. Private parties. *315 W. 46th St. (246-6513). (M–E) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Century Cafe—Theater-district cafe popular among actors and fans alike, with a prix-fixe menu and American fare like filet mignon and grilled salmon. *132 W. 43rd St. (398-1988). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Restaurant Charlotte—Offers a refuge from the hub-bub and hustle of Times Square. Consistent American cuisine in a postmodern setting. *145 W. 44th St., in the Hotel Macklowe (789-7508). (M—E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Ciao Europa—Midtown Italian in an elegant, castle-like setting, with ceiling-high murals painted in 1937. Regulars swear by the pasta and desserts. *63 W. 54th St. (247-1200). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Cité—An extravagant French steak house, marble and pewter with blazing chandeliers, and a more affordable grill next door. *120 W. 51st St. (956-7100/726). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Felissimo Tea Room—A new take on department-store dining, with a "haiku tea" and tarot-card readings on the top floor of a turn-of-the-century townhouse. *10 W. 56th St. (956-0082). (I) AE, MC, V.*

"44"—Still the first stop for the officers of the Condé Nast empire. Deeply plush, windowless décor feels like the center of the Earth. Given the theatricality, surprisingly terrific food. *44 W. 44th St., in the Royalton (944-8844). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Halcyon—Elegant setting and carefully presented food. Pretheater dinner is a bargain. *151 W. 54th St., in the Rihga Royal Hotel. (468-8888). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

La Bonne Soupe—Checked tablecloths, steak frites, onion soup, and crème caramel to fall in love with. Twenty years ago, long before New Yorkers knew they loved casual French dining, this midtown mainstay set the pace. *48 W. 55th St. (586-7650). (I) AE, MC, V.*

La Primavera—Theater-district Northern Italian offering prix fixe dinners and house specials like veal porcini, fettuccine salmonati, and scallopine con porcini. *234 W. 48th St. (586-2797). (E) AE, MC, V.*

La Reserve—Justifiably crowded during pre-curtain times; stop by during odd hours for sophisticated French offerings and environs. *4 W. 49th St. (247-2993/299). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

La Veranda—Northern Italian food. A popular spot in the theatre district offering generous portions of fish, seafood, veal chops and pasta. *163 W. 47th St. (391-0905). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Langan's—American cuisine in a clublike setting. Food ranges from steaks to crab cakes and seafood. A trendy, well-heeled crowd at the much-frequented bar mixes with theatergoers in the dining room. *150 W. 47th St. (869-5482). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Lattanzi—Reliable Italian in a romantic garden. Go when there's no danger of a curtain rising or falling soon for special attention. *361 W. 46th St. (315-0980). (M) AE only.*

Le Bernardin—French-born Eric Ripert carries forth the quest of his predecessor, the late Gilbert Le Coze, for the world's most spectacular seafood. His ambitious signature dishes—scallops and foie gras with truffles, Spanish-style mackerel in Jerez vinegar, saddle of monkfish—have already won a very loyal following. *155 W. 51st St. (489-1515). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Les Pyrenées—French Provençal cuisine. Cassoulet from Toulouse recommended, as well as filet mignon and frogs' legs. A rustic atmosphere. A lot of theatergoers. *251 W. 51st St. (246-0044; 24). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Patsy's—If it's good enough for Frank, it's good enough for you. Upscale Neapolitan eatery rooted in the glorious fifties. *236 W. 56th St. (247-3491). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Pig and Whistle—This is midtown's answer to an Irish bar. A business clientele and a coming-and-going-to-the-theater crowd can find Irish specialties—both solid and liquid—here. *165 W. 47th St. (302-0112). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Rainbow Room—"Where troubles melt like raindrops," boasts this perch in the sky. The restaurant is 65 stories up and more than 60 years old; and its stellar views of New York give it reason to gloat. Romantic, with a solid Continental menu. Jacket and tie required. *30 Rockefeller Plaza (632-5000). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

One-Shot **Best not to snack before the Marketplace Tasting, the annual opportunity for us all to taste what farmers, cheesemakers, bakers, and brewers (as well as a smattering of star chefs) are doing with the local agriculture. For kids, there's a petting zoo, a scavenger hunt, and cooking lessons (One World Trade Center; September 23).**

The American Institute of Wine & Food SUPPORT LOCAL AGRICULTURE 10th Annual Marketplace Tasting New York

Ruth's Chris Steakhouse—A steak cooked in butter is the centerpiece of this successful upscale chain's take-no-prisoners march east across the country. Steak served in a series of connected, muted, and wood-paneled dining rooms. *148 W. 51st St. (245-9600). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Shaan—A comprehensive, if voluminous, menu. Northern Indian in a spacious floral dining room in Rockefeller Center. *57 W. 48th St. (977-8400). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Siam Inn—Traditional Thai food served in a Thai-style dining room that is cozy and candlelit. A perfect neighborhood spot when you can make it only as far as the corner for dinner. *916 Eighth Ave., at 54th St., and 854 Eighth Ave., nr. 51st (489-5237). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Stage Delicatessen—A landmark deli that serves gigantic sandwiches, every one of which is worth returning for. *834 Seventh Ave., nr. 54th St. (245-7850). (I) AE, MC, V.*

'21' Club—The new, old, younger '21' has lost its hauteur at the door but not its toys in the artfully restored saloon. Club classics alongside contemporary whimsy at prices that stagger, but from 10:30, supper is a bargain. *21 W. 52nd St. (582-7200). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

57th–60th Streets

Akbar—Newly renovated, this Indian restaurant is cozy and colorful, with a stained-glass ceiling overhead. Business-minded types abound. *475 Park Ave., nr. 57th St. (838-1717). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

California Pizza Kitchen—With its 27 varieties of wood-fired pizzas from the open kitchen, CPK has finally arrived in New York City. Of course, those varieties include Thai-chicken and BLT pizzas. There is also a kid's menu. All menu items are under $10. *201 E. 60th St. (755-7773). (I) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Contrapunto—Join the queue in this good-looking, second-story pastaria for slightly Americanized Italian classics. *200 E. 60th St. (751-8616). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Dawat—You can't miss with tandoori—cooked before your eyes in the big ovens in the back—or any of the more unusual regional specials. *210 E. 58th St. (355-7555). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Fifty Seven Fifty Seven—The country's entertainment-industry glitterati make themselves right at home at I. M. Pei's monumental dining room. Susan Weaver is one of the only working chefs to combine contemporary presentation and technique with classic Provençal on one plate. The weekend bar scene puts the concept-hotel bar scene to shame. *57 E. 57th St. (758-5700). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Les Célébrités—Plush and old-fashioned, this imposing dining room in the Essex House on Central Park South also happens to have a very fine kitchen. Dinner only. *160 Central Park So. (484-5113). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

The Manhattan Ocean Club—Savor your seafood in an elegant dining room decorated with Picasso ceramics and Brazilian-red-cherry floors. *57 W. 58th St. (371-7777). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

March—This small townhouse feels homey and romantic. Try confit and grilled duck touched with sweet and savory chutneys or Atlantic salmon with Middle Eastern spices and aïoli. *405 E. 58th St. (754-6272). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Pamir on 58th Street—Upscale Afghan food (that's delicate blends of saffron, cardamom, raisins, and pistachios) in—surprise!—a tentlike setting. *1065 First Ave., at 58th St. (644-9258). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Petrossian—Fast food for the very rich in an Art Deco setting with carved frosted glass, mink-trimmed banquettes, and period bronzes—lean flappers with leaner wolfhounds. *182 W. 58th St. (245-2214). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

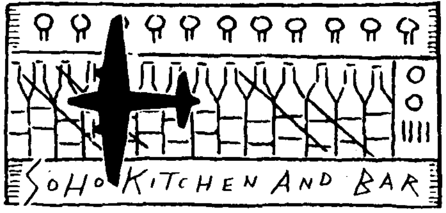
Rosa Mexicano—Did someone say "fresh-pomegranate margarita"? Yes, someone did. What's more, this spot prepares your guacamole tableside (a south-of-the-border hibachi?). Some of the tastier gourmet Mexican in the city. *1063 First Ave., at 58th St. (753-7407). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

The Russian Tea Room—Hollywood's commissary in Manhattan and a Carnegie Hall hangout, too. But does that make staff rudeness obligatory? Stick to the caviar and blinis with icy vodka. And come for tea. Cabaret upstairs. *150 W. 57th St. (265-0947). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

San Domenico—Toques off to owner Tony May, who may have done more for the cause of serious Italian cooking in New York than any other single restaurateur. His dining room is formal, and the food is wonderful. *240 Central Park So. (265-5959). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Above 60th Street, East Side

Arizona 206—Innovative southwestern, situated amid a cluster of movie theatres, and spitting distance from Bloomingdale's. Adobelike setting with fireplace and active sort-of-singles bar. Ideal spot for a drink or a feast. *206 E. 60th St. (838-0440). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*



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Cafe Crocodile—A French Mediterranean bistro with dishes ranging from Provençal to Moroccan. An intimate, romantic restaurant in a townhouse crowded with flowers and oil paintings. Serious foodies from the neighborhood and the occasional gaggle of well-informed Euro-tourists. *354 E. 74th St. (249-6619). (M) AE.*

Campagnola—Country-style Italian fare for the neighborhood—the whole neighborhood. *1382 First Ave., at 74th St. (861-1102). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

China Fun—Bustling noodle house, with authentic Chinese dim sum, seasonal specials, and weekend brunch. Perfectly situated for post-movie dining. *1239 Second Ave., at 65th St. (752-0810). (I) AE, MC, V.*

Ci Vediamo—Almost like two restaurants in one, this Northern Italian has a modern downstairs that caters to a younger crowd and a cozy upstairs where the older crowd likes to linger. Good-size portions and reliable food make this an Upper East Side staple. *1431 Third Ave., at 81st St. (650-0850). (M) AE only.*

Dakota Bar & Grill—Casual, contemporary American with creative renditions of standard dishes like herb-grilled chicken with roasted garlic sauce, mashed potatoes, and pumpkin seed brittle, and grilled salmon with a green-horseradish-and-honey glaze. Award-winning wine list and an excessively long bar. *1576 Third Ave., nr. 88th St. (427-8889). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Demi—This brownstone turned restaurant is one of the cozier spots along Madison Avenue. Candles and roses abound. And there's a fireplace for chilly winter eves and an outdoor terrace for balmy summer nights. *1316 Madison Ave., at 93rd St. (534-3475). (M) AE, MC, V.*

540 Park—Named for its address, this American grill at the Regency Hotel has a soothing atmosphere. Pretty and soft muted colors and décor make this room the ultimate lullaby. *540 Park Ave., at 61st St. (759-4100). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Hi-Life Restaurant & Lounge—A seamless fusion of a steakhouse and an ocean-liner lounge. The dining room's landscape is speckled with round booths so big and luxurious that they seem structural. This place has two gears: As the evening wears on, the young-moms-with-strollers eatery gives way to an East Side hot spot complete with a sushi bar. *1340 First Ave., at 72nd St. (249-3600). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

JoJo—The grilled chicken with chick-pea frites is a great dish. But then, Jean-Georges Vongerichten doesn't make many mistakes in this elegant, jewel-like dining room situated on two floors of an East Sixties townhouse. Lunch upstairs, overlooking the street, is especially lovely. *160 E. 64th St. (223-5656). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Le Cirque—In the heady eighties, *haute* fashion, finance, and cuisine collided here. Owner Sirio Maccione still orchestrates a lively scene, and Sylvain Portay still believes in the magic of foie gras and crème brûlée. *58 E. 65th St. (794-9292). (E) AE, CB, DC.*

Le Relais—Ask the folks at this French meta-eastsider serving a proud gaggle of fashionable internationals what to expect from their bistro, and they'll tell you they are the "heart and soul of Madison Avenue." They may well be right. *742 Madison Ave., at 63rd St. (751-5108). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Letizia—Upper East Side neighborhood Italian that treats everyone like a local. Try unusual pasta dishes like the half-moon ravioli filled with shrimp and broccoli rabe. *1352 First Ave., nr. 72nd St. (517-2244). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Lex—A spot for ladies who lunch, in exactly the right neighborhood. Lots of comfy food like club sandwiches, pot pies, beef stew, and brownies. *133 E. 65th St. (744-2533). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Mark's—Decked out like an English library, with plump, tasseled pillows to nest against. Fine East-West cooking and first-rate desserts. *25 E. 77th St., in the Mark Hotel (879-1864). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Marti Turkish Restaurant—Kebabs 'R' Us, and the stuffed cabbage is good, too. A dining room that seats 200 people, complete with live music and wandering belly dancers. There is also a "special party room." *1269 First Ave., nr. 68th St. (737-5922). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Mo's Caribbean—Pack your bags, sweetie; we're going to the islands. Close enough. This festive spot serves Caribbean fare like jerked chicken and coconut shrimp—all in a dining room with real palm trees and reggae music. There's American food for your timid country cousin, too. Leave with a suntan. *1454 Second Ave., at 76th St. (650-0561). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Mulholland Drive Cafe—A very singles-bar scene that breeds a room full of regulars who stay for Italian-accented American meals with a California feel. Settle into comfortable banquettes and listen to live jazz. Yes, that was Patrick Swayze, but that figures—he owns the place. *1059 Third Ave., at 63rd St. (319-7740). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Napa—This candlelit dining room, with mosaic tiles and wine racks, features an eclectic American menu with highlights like macadamia-crusted salmon and oysters with rice-wine vinegar and sesame dipping sauce. *245 E. 84th St. (517-7068). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Park Avenue Cafe—A polished, countrified American café for business lunches and off-duty get-to-know-yous in the evening. Chef David Burke makes the tired catchall "American fare" sing, and keeps the *haute* neighbors rapt with signature dishes like rack of lamb and his swordfish chop. *100 E. 63rd St. (644-1900). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Post House—Clubby and comfortable, this handsome dining room specializes in good quality and big portions. The peppery Cajun-style steak is a favorite, especially with a side order of French fries or onion rings. There are dishes with decidedly less cholesterol—poached salmon, say, or lemon chicken—but this isn't a place to watch your waistline. Seriously. *28 E. 63rd St., in the Lowell Hotel (935-2888). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

The Restaurant at the Stanhope—You're standing on

The Last Local Tomatoes

If the predictions of an early frost come true—and temperatures bobbed near 30 last week in the Hudson Valley—the end of tomato season will come sooner rather than later this year, which is why it would be wise to try Gotham Bar and Grill's Greenmarket-tomato salad while it's still on the menu. Exquisitely ripe specimens are offset—but not overwhelmed—by dabs of ricotta salata and tapenade, an herbal thatch of baby arugula sprouts, chervil, tarragon, and basil and two (sparingly applied) vinaigrettes. (12 East 12th Street.)

Photograph by Jeff Harris.

the steps of the Metropolitan Museum, parched, exhausted, and in search of that perfect watering hole. The Stanhope is back, serving tasty American fare. *995 Fifth Ave., at 81st St. (288-5800). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Sel & Poivre—Stanching the flow downtown for bistro fare. Regulars find what they are looking for in this elegant, muted space. *853 Lexington Ave., bet. 64th and 65th Sts. (517-5780). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Sign of the Dove—Because the room is lush and romantic, this restaurant has sometimes been overlooked in the pantheon of memorable New York institutions. Right now, chef Andrew D'Amico is among the city's best, turning out eclectic cuisine that draws from influences all over the world. The prix fixe lunch is a good way to test D'Amico's talents. *1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (861-8080). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Trois Jean—A cozy French bistro, as every corner needs. *154 E. 79th St. (988-4858). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Above 60th Street, West Side

Cafe des Artistes—A smartly run, wonderfully romantic bistro with frolicking nudes on the walls. Open and serving all the time. Stop in before or after a jaunt to Lincoln Center. *1 W. 67th St. (877-3500). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

China Fun—Oodles of noodles, every which way, plus dim sum and Cantonese barbecue dishes. Try the Shanghai weekend brunch. *246 Columbus Ave., nr. 71st St. (580-1516). (I) AE, MC, V.*

Ernie's—Lively Northern Italian restaurant with soaring ceilings and floor-to-ceiling windows, serving a variety of pizzettes, pasta, and meat dishes. *2150 Broadway, nr. 75th St. (496-1588). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Hi-Life Bar & Grill—Big-city brasserie with retro feel. During the week, the mahogany French doors, an overstuffed banquette, and the oversize goldfish tanks provides a cozy refuge for the neighborhood. Fine food that ranges from steamed dumplings to strawberry sundaes. After dinner every weekend, a D.J. tilts the place toward a party. *477 Amsterdam Ave., at 83rd St. (787-7199). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Hunan Park—A standard Chinese restaurant on the Upper West Side, but when you have the craving, get your fix here. Yes, that was Woody Allen. *235 Columbus Ave., nr. 71st St. (724-4411). Also, Hunan Park Two, 721 Columbus Ave., at 95th St. (222-6511). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Iridium—Amid every restaurant's struggle for uniqueness, this unusual American bistro has found its own. Its award-winning decor has been described as "Dali Meets Disney" and is based on musical movements. Late-night jazz and Sunday brunch specials make it a welcome complement to Lincoln Center. *44 W. 63rd St. (582-2121). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Picholine—Chef Terrance Brennan's French-Mediterranean cuisine is as beautiful to look at as it is delicious to eat. Try the risotto, smoky with tender duck and wild mushrooms, and velvety foie gras with peach coulis, and save room for a glass of port to accompany the amazingly rich and well-chosen cheese course. *35 W. 64th St. (724-8585). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Rain—Tamed for American consumption, the spices at this Upper West Side Thai restaurant are fragrant rather than fiery, but that doesn't detract from the appeal of dishes like pad Thai, prawn salad, and curried beef. *100 W. 82nd St. (501-0776). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Restaurant 222—Cozy and romantic, with the feel of a townhouse. Frank Valenza runs a tight ship at this neighborhood American dinner spot. *222 W. 79th St. (799-0400). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Santa Fe—If it's not the margaritas, then it's the pink *faux*-adobe walls and desert tones that give this southwestern spot such a soothing feel. One of the quietest Tex-Mex places in the city. *72 W. 69th St. (724-0822). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Sylvia's—A staple of the neighborhood, with a tradition and ambience strong enough to draw loyal customers from uptown and downtown. Live entertainment that truly aids digestion. *328 Lenox Ave., bet. 126th and 127th Sts. (996-0660). (I) ($).*

Wells—A talked-about chicken-and-waffle combination. One way or another, this restaurant has been a neighborhood mainstay for nearly 60 years. *2247 Adam Clayton Powell Jr. Blvd., at 132nd St. (234-0700). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

West 63rd Street Steakhouse—Mahogany tables and red suede walls make this nice-ified steak house less stultifying than its midtown brethren. Twenty-foot ceilings allow for a spectacular view of Lincoln Center, and there are seafood and pasta for those who enjoy the company of a meat-eater. *44 W. 63rd St. (246-6363). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Brooklyn

Cucina—A labor of love. Northern Italian in an elegant and very well appointed room. Sensational antipasti. *256 Fifth Ave., nr. Garfield Pl. (718-230-0711). (M) ($).*

Gargiulo's—On its own block, with a fortress to fend off the encroaching pathos of Coney Island. Great food and service passed down through the family. The 100-foot Styrofoam octopus is gone, a casualty of the recent renovation. When pressed, Louis Russo will tell you he cooked it. *2911 W. 15th St., nr. Surf Ave. (718-266-4891). (I) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Peter Luger's—Steak for one, steak for two, steak for four, and creamed spinach. Apply for your own house credit card, or bring cash. *178 Broadway, at Bedford Ave. (718-387-7400). (E) ($).*

The River Cafe—It's always worth crossing the bridge to sit waterside, enchanted by the skyline and a celebration of contemporary American cooking that predates the throng. Outdoor seating in season. *1 Water St. (718-522-5200). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Two Tom's—Firehouse-kitchen ambience and a waiter who tells you what you want to eat. The double-rib pork chops are peerless, and the escarole is great, too, but refuse the mercilessly overcooked pasta when it's offered. Eat early during the week and call ahead on weekends. Regular private parties make getting a table frustrating, but it's always worth the trouble. *255 Third Ave., nr. Union St. (718-875-8689). (I) ($).*

Queens

Elias Corner—Mix with the locals in Astoria as they queue up for a table at this Greek fish tavern. Don't wait for a menu; it won't come. Instead, eyeball the counter as you enter. If the offerings look like today's catch, they are. The owner fetches the fish each morning. Opt for the deep-fried, pinky-size bait fish over the squid. *24-01 31st St., at Astoria Blvd. (718-932-1510). (M) ($).*

Ralph's Italian Restaurant—Solid, hearty Italian food in a conventional restaurant setting. Dine under the chandeliers and try the osso buco, one of Ralph's specialties. *75-61 31st Ave., Jackson Heights (718-899-2555). (I) AE, DC, TM, V.*

Water's Edge—East River views floor-to-ceiling windows; every table has a view of Manhattan. Quiet and elegant. *44th Drive at the East River. (718-482-0033). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Bronx

Cafe Sevilla—A cozy Spanish restaurant that people travel to from as far away as Yonkers. Try the the chicken and rice and the seafood gumbo accompanied by sweet and garlicky plantains. *1209 White Plains Rd., nr. Westchester Ave. (718-792-3367). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Harry's Jerk Center and Restaurant—An authentic island experience; not that polished resort ambience, the dirt-road-in-the-hills thing. *296 E. Gun Hill Rd., at Burke and Wilson Aves. (718-798-4966). (I) ($).*

Staten Island

Aesop's Tables—Arrive by ferry or bridge to this charming bistro and garden that serves inventive, bold Mediterranean fare with an emphasis on handpicked fresh seafood. *1233 Bay St., Rosebank (718-720-2005). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

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Koch & Cortines *continued from page 55*

it. I mean, you know, he has repeatedly claimed I wasn't laying off the people that we agreed to—the 2,500. Where did he get the number? He picked it out of the air!

Roshan: Have you and the mayor ever gone out socially, or have you always met in a business context? Have you ever gone to lunch?

Cortines: No.

Koch: That, by the way, is a very important point. Because Giuliani, in private, when he doesn't think he's required to assert himself, is a very charming guy. But I think forcing Ray's resignation is the worst thing that he did as mayor.

Roshan: A lot of people are disappointed that you didn't choose to stay and fight.

Cortines: Well, I couldn't do it alone. Let me put it to Ed. . . . Why didn't more people stand up? Where were the advocates in this city . . . the leaders in the community? People know—if you speak out, you're blacklisted. No one wants to mess with him.

Roshan: Do you agree, Ed?

Koch: I was surprised that there wasn't an effort on the part of the business community and others to demand that the mayor ask Ray to stay. I fully expected that would happen. It didn't.

Cortines: And yet the business community and I had a good relationship. But then they didn't come through for me.

Roshan: Ed, you've made a point of saying that you're going to support the mayor in the next election. But you keep pointing out all the ways his hubris has hurt the city.

Koch: Nothing is written in stone, but I expect I'll continue to support him for one reason. There are no alternatives. But he won't be a *great* mayor unless he changes. . . . Because a mayor has to convey compassion, a sense that he is bleeding for you—and mean it! And Rudy doesn't know how to bleed.

Roshan: So what's going to become of you? You're moving back to San Francisco.

Cortines: Well, I'm going to accept a corporate-board position that will bring me back here five times a year. I like New York. I used to come here often. And I always thought, "God, I'd *love* to live here"—never thinking I ever would. Because I had put that behind me—education. Before I got here, I was ready to retire.

Roshan: Are you going to write a book?

Cortines: No. No book. I'm going to write a screenplay! [Laughs.]

Koch: Sell it to the movies.

Roshan: And Ed could review it.

Koch: *Play* in it.

Cortines: I'll get [Danny] DeVito to play me. It will be a light comedy—the *Real World* of the chancellorship. There's some great scenes. When I was in Pasadena, some parent walked into my office and just beat the hell out of me. . . .

Roshan: She literally beat you?

Cortines: Only out of frustration. And the next day she said, "I'd like to come and apologize to the superintendent." I said, "Tell her to write a note!" [Laughs.]

Roshan: What would you like to be remembered for after you leave?

Cortines: I believe we've started to show that things can improve, that the system can work. . . . The first week when I came to Brooklyn, there was a demonstration, a thousand people from a school district in Brownsville screaming obscenities and marching in the street. So I came downstairs from the tenth floor and I moved among the crowd—the security people went bananas—and I picked up the megaphone and promised them I'd visit the school.

So I did. I went to the school. I turned on the water, and it poured out rust for twenty minutes. The boys' stalls were so urinated on that the walls had pockmarks. So I closed down the school. This woman came up to me. She said, "Aren't you afraid to be here?" And I said, "No. Should I be?" And she said, "Yeah. No chancellor has ever been here before." And I said, "I promise you I'll be back. I'll be back again and again and again till this school works." That school reopened [this] September, and this same woman came up to me and said, "Do you remember me?" I said, "Yes." And she said, "I can't believe it. You've come back seven times." [His voice breaks.]

There should be no second-rate administrating in this city. Don't tell me people are poor. Don't tell me that the kids in that area, or the parents in those housing projects, are unsavable. Bullshit. Those kids are as talented as the ones across the border. All you need is a little imagination. That's what has kept me going. That's the legacy I hope I'm leaving behind.

Roshan: Many think that the mayor won't walk away from this fight without paying a price.

Cortines: Not at all.

Koch: Why don't you think so?

Cortines: Some people may be upset. But I will not allow them to use me politically. Before I resigned, a lot of people encouraged me to stay for their purposes—not mine. They wanted to pit me against him for political reasons. But I am not a puppet on a string. I won't be used as a pawn. There will be no marches. No good-bye dinners. No anything. I don't believe in that. I came here to do a job.

Koch: So *this* is the good-bye dinner?

Cortines: I'm afraid so.

Koch: [Loud laugh] This is a great moment for us. Right? The official send-off.

Roshan: We should have ordered champagne.

Cortines: You waited too long. I've already had three glasses of wine.

Strippers *continued from page 63*

besequined spins among the stripper elite, but instead, I spend most of the night clinging to the wall in fear. A lovely red-haired girl comes by and tells me that not only was she petrified on her first shift, but she went home in tears every night for the first two weeks. This club is more daunting than most because the stakes are so high. Girls are frequently tipped in fifty- and hundred-dollar bills, and until you discover what type of attitude, body language, and small talk will start the cash flow, you feel like you've been given a safe that contains a million bucks and you can't figure out the combination to open it.

My mood improves dramatically when Andy appears. He's an attorney from Connecticut, and it's his first time at Ten's, too. He's a total peach—funny, smart, and borderline worshipful. After showering me with tips, he says, "The girls are gorgeous here, but it's too sexless for me." But that's exactly the point. What is a Ten if not a piece of 3-D eye candy—preternaturally perfect and remote? The aim of a Ten's performer is not sexual gratification but set decoration. You don't delectate, you just admire.

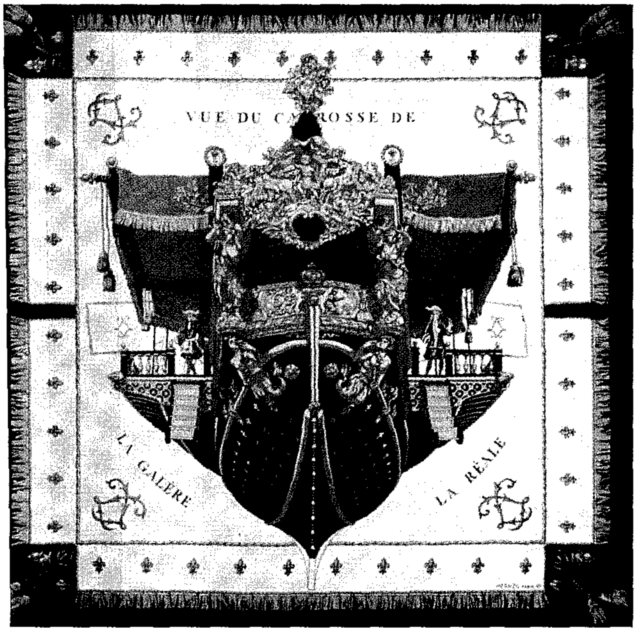
Which is, of course, what it's always been about—the arousal that comes from witnessing feminine flesh undulating at close range is, was, and probably always will be the core appeal of striptease—more so than any pitch to present it as a vehicle for sexual evolution or personal empowerment.

I've danced so much my waist is whittled down to 24 inches, and changed personae so often my brain is reduced to mush. It's become apparent that stripping in New York isn't very different from when I first started—it's still exhilarating and exhausting by turns, as well as occasionally depressing. And the sublime-to-ridiculous arc of club policies remains intact. It's nice that the upsurge of popular interest has lent a perk of legitimacy to the industry, but I'm betting any dancer would gladly trade some hipster cachet for universally improved working conditions.

And I'd also welcome another niche in the market. While there are clubs for sportsmen, celebrities, corporate dudes, working Joes, and downtown scenesters, there isn't one that caters to the horn-dog media elite. It seems only fitting that there should be a strip club that merges two of the city's fortes—middle/high-brow culture and low-down sleaze. A place where the tastemakers and movers and shakers can press their noses to the glass for a peek at the twirling rump of the Zeitgeist. I don't know that I'd want to work in such a club so much as patronize it, but show me a place that features Algonquin Round Table dancing, and I'm there.

the mix

nfant Terribles...Adult Ed...Dunne Again



On View
Square Dance

Knotted or wrapped or draped, the Hermès scarf has been a coveted accessory for the conspicuously demure since 1937. This week, it gets its own traveling show. Scarf Dance, a retrospective, sends 200 silk squares billowing in midair; it's at the National Academy of Design from September 24 to 30. (Call 369-4880.)

John Leonard's TV Notes

Divas (9/19; 8 to 10 P.M.; Fox) may not be *Rock Follies,* nor *The Commitments,* nor even *Dreamgirls,* but this Thomas Carter TV movie does have Khalil Kain going for it as a songwriting Seattle club-scene hustler, with an all-girl quartet that sings passable R&B while wearing the ugliest clothing this side of Marat/Sade—funk, waiting to catch a break like a lightning bug.

Her Deadly Rival (9/19; 9 to 11 P.M.; CBS) requires Harry Hamlin to look hangdog and also foam at the month for a couple of hours when wife Annie Potts not only refuses to believe his claim that he doesn't know the woman who leaves him fancy gifts and calls him with obscene messages but also ends up shot to death. A semi-surprise ending utterly dumbfounds Harry.

Bless This House (Wednesdays; 8 to 8:30 P.M.; CBS) asks us to believe in Cathy Moriarty and Andrew (No Dice) Clay as the *Honeymooners* of the nineties. She plays poker and drinks beer. He makes Post Office jokes. House-hunting, they mistake a bidet for a water fountain. I laughed once, and not at my own working-class origins: "Don't make fun of meat!"

The Crew (Thursdays; 8:30 to 9 P.M.; Fox) spends most of its time on the ground in South Beach, where four young flight attendants—tough Jess, from the wrong side of Philadelphia (Rose Jackson); maybe-Mormon Maggie, from Salt Lake City (Kristin Bauer); dumb-as-Gump Randy, a good ole Southern boy (Charles Esten); and a "heterosexually-challenged" Paul (David Burke)—worry about their romantic lives and try out polymorphous perverse mixed-grill combos. Maggie to Paul: "I hate show tunes. Who cares. We can make it work." No, they can't.

Dweebs (Fridays; 8 to 8:30 P.M.; CBS) has its risible moments once you get past the lazy stereotyping of all the guys (Peter Scolari, Stephen Tobolowsky, Corey Feldman, David Kaufman, and Adam Biesk) as maladapted computer nerds and the dreamboat gal they hire as their cyberbyte office manager (Farrah Forke) as, of course, a modern-day Luddite: "I don't do Windows." I especially like the trampoline.

Listening to Children: A Moral Story With Robert Coles (9/2; 9 to 10:30 P.M.; Channel 13) goes back 35 years with the Harvard psychiatrist to his first meeting Ruby, who at age 6 integrated the public-school system of New Orleans and has been teaching Coles ever since about conscience and courage. Ever since, he's also tried to get into the minds of children by asking them to draw. What he finds in these drawings, as if in Freudian dreams, suggests that children get their sense of right and wrong from parents, not from television. Their very "citizenship is at stake" as they model themselves on, or against, adults in their vicinity who also live in a real world of AIDS and racism; of broken-down neighborhoods, squalid schools, migrant labor, and unemployment; of domestic abuse, alcoholism, and busted families.

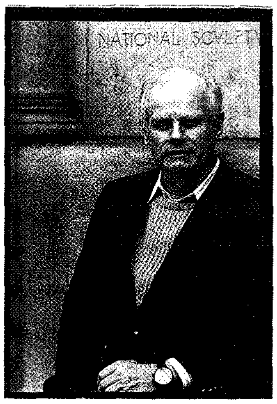
The Preston Episodes (Saturdays; 8:30 to 9 P.M.; Fox) asks the agreeable David Alan Grier to embarrass himself as a recently divorced ex-college professor who signs on as the house grammarian at a tabloid magazine called *Stuff* to earn his big-city keep while he writes a novel. At *Stuff,* he must come up with captions for photographs of David Hasselhoff on stilts. He must also listen to colleagues who say things like "If people around here don't start treating me better, I'm going to rub my armpits all over everything in the snack room." On the affectionate other hand, at the end of the day, he gets to toss his hat in the air, just like Mary Tyler Moore.

The Great Mom Swap (9/23; 9 to 11 P.M.; ABC) proposes that feuding former best friends Shelley Fabares, who moved out of a working-class neighborhood into serious money, and Valerie Harper, who stayed put to run a low-rent deli, swap their similarly feuding high-school daughters, one a mindless cheerleader, the other a brainy nerd. This is absolutely all you have to know about the movie except that Sid Caesar's also in it, full of grandfatherly folk wisdom.

Brotherly Love (Sundays; 7 to 7:30 P.M.; NBC) makes Joey Lawrence, from *Blossom,* and two of his real-life brothers pretend, on a sitcom, to be stepbrothers, so that they will need each other more while liking each other less in spite of wise guy mom-stepmom Melionda Culea, who's got a garage to run besides getting this jalopy family to sit down at the dinner table and eat "small woodland creatures." The youngest Lawrence, Andrew, also known as "the Wolverine," is the truly scary creature here, a "Far Side" Dennis the Menace.

Kirk (Sundays; 8 to 8:30 P.M.; WB), as if to punish those of us who missed his point in *Growing Pains,* gives us Kirk Cameron all over again, having removed himself from small-town Ohio to Burbank's idea of Greenwich Village where he paints billboards for a living and is joined immediately by three younger siblings. It's *Party of Five* with a lobotomy. There's a gorgeous third-year medical student across the hall whom he ought to recognize. She's Chelsea Noble, whom he romanced in *Growing Pains* and married in real life. There's also the obligatory best buddy, Louis Vanaria, who lives "the glamorous life of a blood donor" and comes on to women by telling them "I was that pilot who got shot down in Bosnia."

Almost Perfect (Sundays, 8:30 to 9 P.M.; CBS) with Nancy Travis as a producer of "the best of the phony cop shows" and Kevin Kilnee as the homicide detective she meets by accident on a blind date with somebody else, has some genuine pizzazz. Is sex possible in an age of beepers?



Reading

"Writing scripts and not wanting to direct them is like wanting to be a co-pilot," says novelist John Gregory Dunne. But Dunne moonlights as a non-directing screenwriter anyway, and time spent in the industry has served as field work in the way Hollywood conducts itself. *Playland,* his most recent novel, draws conspicuously on that field work and is just out in paperback. Dunne reads from it at Books & Co. on September 20. (Call 737-1450.)

Simon (Sundays; 8:30 to 9 P.M.; WB) sends implausible brothers Harland Williams and Jason Bateman to live in a Harlem walk-up, where Harland as Simon not only makes friends with suspect and suspicious natives like Clifton Powell, because he trusts them, but gets a high-paying job at the Vintage Television Network—whose slogan is: "Nothing We Do Is Original" (think Nickelodeon)—because his whole head is one big rerun of *The Bullwinkle Show, Lou Grant,* and Doug McClure in *The Virginian.* This is the Gumpest of the new sitcoms, and truly appalling.

Whose Daughter Is She? (9/24; 9 to 11 P.M.; CBS) pits stepmom Joanna Kerns against runaway mom Stephanie Zimbalist, after the man who married both of them is dead, in a contest for the affection and the possession of the children, who behave as if they might have some

Photograph: bottom, Quintana Roo Dunne.

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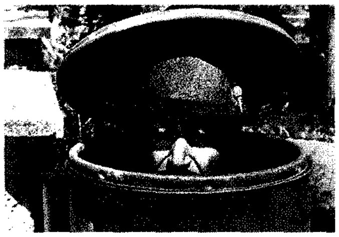


One-upping the Learning Annex and its mastery of the art of celebrity-based education, NYU has a veritable Who's Who of brand-name experts lined up to teach you, the non-undergraduate adult public, what's what. Register (before September 21) by phone, 998-7171, or fax, 995-3060. For additional information, call 998-7150. ALEXANDRA LANGE

SPOOKS Government Conspiracies and Cover-ups: The CIA X09.9533/$235
(Thursday 6:10-7:50 P.M., starts September 28, 8 sessions)

Post–Cold War operations! Secrets of the Warren Commission! Speakers include the Hon. Robert Torricelli, who thwarted a CIA cover-up of two recent murders in Guatemala; David Wise, author of the new book on Aldrich Ames's activities; and Charles A. Briggs, the former CIA executive director contracted to declassify Oswald documents.

SNACKS Food for Thought: At Table With the Experts X15.9101/$235
(Wednesday 6:10-7:50 P.M., starts October 18, 8 sessions)

Features mouthwatering discussions on all aspects of food production. Chefs Daniel Boulud (Restaurant Daniel) and Jean-Georges Vongerichten (Vong, Jo Jo, Lipstick Cafe) dish about New York's finest eateries. Eli Zabar and Giorgio DeLuca compare the uptown vs. the downtown yuppie palate. Florence Fabricant critiques food in print. And Julia Child teaches telegenic cooking techniques.

STYLES The Business of Fashion: Trends in the Nineties X09.9364/$265
(Tuesday 6:10-7:50 P.M., starts October 10, 10 sessions)

Moving from head to toe, topics and trendsetters include Grace Mirabella on the media; Josie Natori, Mary McFadden, *and Badgley-Mischka on apparel; and Kenneth Cole on shoes.*

rights to their own property. The more Solomonic of the two will, of course, prevail.

Rock & Roll (9/24 to 9/28; 9 to 11 P.M.; Channel 13) might seem a little daunting to anybody who didn't stay up all night watching HBO observe the dedication of the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame and Museum in Cleveland. But this ten-hour series, produced by David Espar, and a co-conspiration of the BBC, WGBH in Boston, the Corporation for Public Broadcasting, the National Endowment for the Arts, and Samuel Adams Boston Lager(!), is the best of several recent efforts to get the whole thing down on tape. You will—at least, I do—gripe that we never seem to hear a single song all the way through, but the nonmusical sound bites are exceptionally telling. And to be able in the very first hour to compare Little Richard's version of "Tutti-Frutti" to Pat Boone's is a structural anthropologist's orgasmic delight.

Radio Highlights

Symphony Hall—9/19: Poulenc's *Les Biches* and Mozart's Symphony No. 41 in C, K. 551. 9/20: Prokofiev's Piano Concerto No. 3 in C, Opus 26, and Schubert's Symphony No. 8 in b, *Unfinished*. 9/21: Holst's *The Planets*, Opus 32. 9/22: Mozart's Symphony No. 27 in G, K. 199 and Sibelius's Violin Concerto in d, Opus 47. 9/25: Bach's Keyboard Concerto in A, BMV 1055 and Shostakovich's Symphony No. 1 in f, Opus 10. 9/26: Gershwin's *An American in Paris* and *Porgy and Bess*. 9/27: Bach's Keyboard Concerto in E, BMV 1053, Liszt's Piano Concerto No. 2 in A and Addinsell's *Warsaw Concerto*. Every weeknight at 8; WQXR, 96.3 FM.

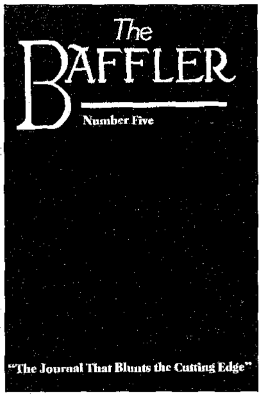
Sunday Night Opera House—9/24 at 8 P.M. D'Albert's *Tiefand*. With Paul Schoffler, Oscar Czerwenka, Gre Brouwenstijn, Judith Hellwig, Ruth Nixa, Kerttu, and the Vienna State Opera Chorus. Rudolf Moralt conducts. WQXR, 96.3 FM.

Saturday Afternoon Opera—9/23 at 1 P.M. Donizetti's *Lucia di Lammermoor*. With Monserrat Caballe, Jose Carreras, Claes H. Ahnsjo, Vicente Sardinero, Samuel Ramey, Ann Murray, Vincenzo Bello, and the Ambrosian Opera Chorus. Jesus Lopez conducts. WQXR, 96.3 FM.

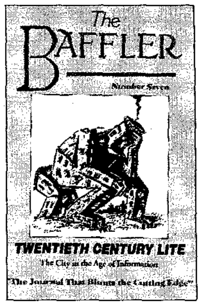
Casper Citron—9/23 at 10 P.M.: Wendell Minor, artist, talks about his book *Art for the Written Word: Twenty-five Years of Book Cover Art*, with

In Print
Baffled

“Begin with an individual, and before you know it you find that you have created a type,” Scott Fitzgerald wrote. “Begin with a type and you find that you have created—nothing.” In the middle of this century, a few sociologists made nothing into something. They took social types and turned them into bestsellers such as *The Lonely Crowd, The Organization Man, The Exurbanites,* and a little later, *The Culture of Narcissism.* The America of these books was apocalyptic, and the dark vision seemed to captivate, and influence, even the people who read only the reviews. Within a few years, the sociology had spawned a literature. I mean literature as in a body of work—all those memoirs framed as dispatches from the suburban battlefront (if big backyards and upwardly mobile parents and blithe football players are the stuff of hell, then why shouldn't growing up among them be called war?). The editors of *The Baffler,* a Chicago-based magazine dedicated to exposing cultural fraud whose seventh issue is just out, mean literature as in something of permanent value, and literature is what they call their journal.



That is something of a stretch for a magazine devoted to tarnishing the images of, among others, Vanilla Ice, Faith Popcorn, and Arby's. But the many enthusiastic reviewers of *The Baffler* have taken the editors at their word. “You'd have to look back at the fights between New York intellectuals in the fifties to find the sort of verbal firepower unleashed here,” wrote Elizabeth Pochoda in *The Nation.* The *Baffler* contributor does have a couple of things in common with the New York intellectual: He likes to be seen joking about cheap gin and he seems, in the words of Mary McCarthy, a mouth in search of an ear.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The City in the Age of Information
"The Journal That Blunts the Cutting Edge"

Other faults, however, are entirely *The Baffler's own.* It exists to fill an alleged critical vacuum in the media and then touts its breathless cultural discoveries as “critically acclaimed.” It features a lead article called “Why Johnny Can't Dissent,” and then follows it up with several Johnnys dissenting. Johnny sounds, by the way, like a sharp adolescent who wants everyone to know that “Styles of the Times” isn't only not hip, it's also not profound. A really deflating put-down, though, cannot proceed from a limping sentence like, “If there has been, as Christopher Lasch has argued, ‘a revolt of the elites'. . . .” Which leads us to the main problem. Often I like a writer but not all his opinions. With *The Baffler,* however, the opinions are generally acceptable (Peggy Noonan is more visible than her ideas are viable, fashion is masquerading as antifashion, cities should not be abandoned) and the writing is generally not. When was it decided that free-floating anger is a literary virtue? That carelessly chosen or stilted words subvert something besides communication? “The totalizing politics of Sony Wonder are allusive,” begins one *Baffler* sentence. “If the business of America *is* business, as some blowhard once observed . . .” begins another. Since the blowhard in question was Calvin Coolidge, one wonders just how much one can get away with in *The Baffler,* just how many distinctions go unmade in the name of invective. So doomed and unrealistic is the world suggested by this magazine that human reproduction might as well be asexual: Willy Loman can only beget Willy Loman, never Biff, and certainly never a boy who grows up to write for *The Baffler.*

***The Baffler* is an independent journal (“unapologetically independent,” it boasts, in another winning phrase), which makes its content that much more disappointing. If, freed to say anything at all, the magazine chooses to point out that *Details* is not *Walden,* then the Culture Trust or the Overclass or the New Establishment is more powerful than even these angry young folks think. I'm not persuaded that it is, only that *The Baffler* does not quite live up to its press kit.** LINDA HALL

Photograph by Archive Photos.

novelist William Martin, author of *Cape Cod*. David Litfin, columnist for the *Daily Racing Form*, tells about his book *Dave Litfin's Expert Handicapping: Winning Insights Into Betting Thoroughbreds*. Larry Linville, actor (the former Frank Burns on *M*A*S*H*), talks about his Off Broadway role in *Travels With My Aunt*. Freelance author Mark Schone speaks about the comeback of the southern chain gangs. WOR, 710 AM.

The Written Word

Anne Rice—9/20 at 7, a conversation with Michael Riley about vampires and writing. Symphony Space, 95th St. and Broadway. (864-1414); $25 general admission, $15 students with ID.

Anna Quindlen—9/22 at 8, reading from her new novel *One True Thing* at Barnes & Noble, Broadway at 86th Street. (362-8835); free.

Contact With America: An Evening of New Protest Songs and Rants—9/26 at 9, Benefit reading-concert for the Center for Democratic Renewal. Poets include: Ava Chin, Marcella Harb, Erica Hunt, Bobby Miller, Julie Patton, Wang Ping, and Todd Colby. Fez under Time Cafe, 380 Lafayette Street. (533-2680); $6.

Scott Spencer, A. M. Homes, Mac Wellman—9/27 at 7, Nightlight, The Drawing Center, 35 Wooster St., (580-7800); $6.

Sports

Captains Courageous—The night he broke the record for most consecutive games played, Cal Ripken Jr. remarked that he was honored to be mentioned in the same breath as Lou Gehrig while admitting that statistically he did not compare to the Iron Horse. Given the hostile criticism of much of the press toward Don Mattingly this season, it seems almost as heretical that the Yankee captain of the present was himself often mentioned in the same breath as the Yankee captain of the past. (Mattingly once said that he'd be satisfied with a career like Bill Buckner's, which today seems prescient.) As the batting champion in 1984 and the MVP in 1985, Mattingly was the linchpin in the Yankees' powerhouse offense of the mid-eighties, hitting between probable Hall of Famers Rickey Henderson and Dave Winfield. In the second week of September 1995, however, Mattingly's stat line read .278 AVG., 6 HR, 42 RBI, in 400-plus plate appearances. Predictions of Mattingly's future—his contract expires this fall—have taken on a life of their own in the dailies, with armchair semioticians interpreting his postgame comments as if they were the Dead Sea Scrolls. Despite the Yanks' recent winning streak against all the division leaders, the wild-card race is still too close to call and may not be determined until the final weekend of the season. And so, Sunday's game against the Tigers may be Don Mattingly's last at Yankee Stadium. It will also be Yankee fans' last chance to see the longtime double-play combination of Alan Trammell and Lou Whitaker (Trammell has announced he'll retire at season's end; Whitaker hasn't decided whether he wants to return for more *rebuilding*—there's that word again). At the Stadium vs. the Blue Jays Mon.–Thurs., 9/18–21, at 7:35; and the Tigers 9/22–24, Fri. at 8:05 and Sat. and Sun. at 1:35.

Goin' South—"The kids" visit the Atlanta Braves, who are one more playoff-series loss from becoming the Buffalo Bills of the National League, Mon.–Thurs. 9/18–21, at 7:40. Up next are the Marlins, in a battle for last place, 9/22–23, Fri. at 8:05, Sat. at 7:05, Sun. at 1:35.

. . . Before They Get Better—Though it's way too early in the season, one could make the simplistic argument that the Giants have actually gotten *worse* in the short time since Dan Reeves took over as head coach. His first season ended with an 11–5 record, a playoff berth, and the loss of the division title to the defending champion Dallas Cowboys on the last day of the season. His second season (9–7) featured a seven-game losing streak followed by a six-game winning streak (though not enough to get into the playoffs) and the emergence of a young quarterback who exhibited flashes of, well, not brilliance but clutch playmaking ability. This season, the Jints' losses in their first two games have provoked panic in the streets—er, parking lots—of East Rutherford. Well, not panic, not yet, but *concern*. What doomsayers fail to recognize, after all these years, is the method to G.M. George Young's madness; Giants teams always get worse before they get better (remember Bill Parcells's inaugural season as head coach, when they finished 3–13?), despite Young's uncanny, often brilliant, ability to assess talent. But Young's knack for choosing the right players is matched by his unbudging stance in contract negotiations with said young talent, which, paradoxically, often results in hampering the players' development and thus the Giants'. Expect more of the same: Co-owners Wellington Mara and Bob Tisch are reportedly eager to re-sign Young, whose contract runs out this year. New Orleans vs. Giants at Giants Stadium, Sun., 9/24, at 1. Jets at Atlanta Sun., 9/24, at 4.

Escape From New York—The New York Cycle Club's first "century" (100-mile bicycle ride). The ride starts at Grant's Tomb (122nd St. and Riverside Dr.), goes across the George Washington Bridge and through northern New Jersey and Rockland County, and returns to Grant's Tomb. Sat., 9/23, at 7 A.M. Registration on the day of event is $20. Call 886-4545 for more information.

The 29th Annual Mayor's Cup Race—Between 20 and 30 antique or classic sailboats will head out from the South Street Seaport between 9 and 10 A.M., Sat., 9/23, to Pier A at Battery Park, where the race will begin at 10. The boats will sail around New York Harbor to the Verrazano-Narrows Bridge and return to Pier A, the finishing point. A public spectator boat will follow the race around the Harbor ($15 for South Street Museum members; $25 for the general public). Call 748-8600 for more information.

Cue

Kim France
Editor

Maureen Callahan
Movies

John Dioso
Sports

Barbara Ensor
Kids

Linda Hall
Books
Events
Radio

Alexandra Lange
In Concert

John Leonard
Television

Edith Newhall
Art

Chris Norris
Nightlife
Popular Music

Robin Raisfeld
Restaurants & Bars

Randall Short
Theater
Cabaret

Illustration by Richard McNeel.

Online

Compulsive Procrastinator?—A. Roger Merrill, coauthor with Stephen R. Covey and Rebecca R. Merrill of *First Things First*, will be in the CompuServe Convention Center pulpit lecturing on time management: 9/18 at 10 P.M.

Dawn Steel—Former president of Columbia Pictures and Paramount presides over her post-China "For Women Only" conference on America Online: 9/19 at 10 P.M.

Garry Marshall—While at work, take the PG-rated-schlockmeister to task for *Pretty Woman*. On eWorld: 9/20 at 3 P.M.

Getting in Shape—Author Bill Pearl pumps you up in the Longevity Online Forum. He'll give out tips on how to keep the pounds off this winter. Live on America Online: 9/20 at 9 P.M.

Infertility Chat—Get answers from experts without having a face-to-face with your doctor. Or maybe you're one of the millions of Americans who have no doctor. *Jump* "Health" on Prodigy: 9/20 at 9 P.M.

Pavement—Stephen Malkmus and Mark Ibold, members of this lo-fi band, appear in the *Spin* Online lounge on America Online: 9/20 at 9 P.M.

Michael Crichton—Pushing his new book, *The Lost World*, on America Online. Ask for the movie rights. On CompuServe: 9/25 at 11 P.M.

Conferences last about one hour. Send comments and suggestions to runnette@emedia.net

Solutions to last week's puzzles

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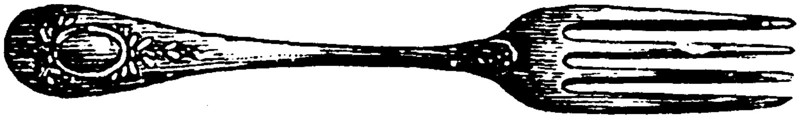

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Kids

Cha Lines...

Children's Events

Asphalt Athletics—What would a New York City childhood be without skellzies, hopscotch, box ball, and double-Dutch jump rope? Children can bone up on street games they may not know, and see some of the best players in action at the **New York City Street Games Festival.** Play street games at 1 P.M. The original Stickball Old-timers challenge the Battery Park City neighborhood team at 2 P.M. A demonstration by champion elementary- and junior-high-school double-Dutch jump-rope teams is at 3 P.M., followed by a workshop that will get the audience jumping. Hudson River Park, between Chambers and Vesey Street and the Hudson River (267-9700). ◉●

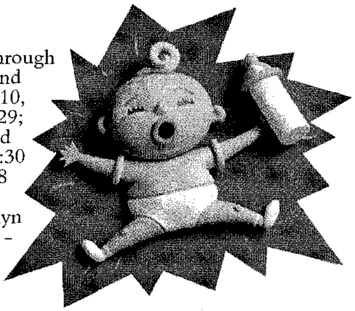
Parental Discretion—School may start the day after Labor Day, but efforts to figure out which private school is right for a child begin a full year earlier. Parents and schools begin eyeing one another in earnest next week at the annual Independent School Day open house sponsored by the **Parents League of New York,** where school representatives talk informally with interested parents. 10/2 from 4 to 6 at the Loyola School, East 83rd St., between Park and Madison. Boarding school representatives meet with parents from 4:30 to 6:30 at Wallace Hall on Park Avenue at 84th St. Families are also invited to attend panel discussions: "The Admissions Process to New York City Independent Schools" is at 6:15 at Marymount School, 1026 Fifth Ave. at 84th St. "The Boarding School Experience" is at 6:15 at Wallace Hall (see above for address). (737-7385). ●

Apples of My Eye—Apples are pressed into cider, and baked in apple pies at **Philipsburg Manor,** a 300-year-old demonstration farm and grist mill, 25 miles from the city. Apple fritters are available too, but the weekend is not exclusively apple-related. Visitors can also hear music of the period and learn how wheat was once separated from chaff, and corn ground into flour. Sept. 23 and 24 from 10 to 5 . Route 9 in North Tarrytown (914-631 3992). General admission $7, seniors $6, children $4. Children under 6 are admitted free.

Orchestrating—Next week's Little Orchestra Society Lolli-Pops concert with musical director Dino Anagnost is for children ages 3 to 5. Included on the program are exerpts from Haydn's "Surprise" symphony No. 94, from Moussorgsky's *Ballet of Unhatched Chicks*, from "Pictures at an Exhibition," and "Pop Goes the Weasel." 9/30 at 10:30 and 11:45 and 10/1 at 12:30 and 1:45. Florence Gould Hall French Institute/Alliance Francaise, 55 East 59th St. (704-2100). $32. Reserve.

Circus Berserkus—W. C. Fields, operator of "Circus Giganticus," makes a mad dash for the state line in ***You Can't Cheat an Honest Man,*** released in 1939, continuing **The Walter Reade Theater's** At the Circus festival. Sept. 16 and 17 at 2. Lincoln Center, 165 W. 65th St. (875-5610). $2. ◉

Children's Theater—The dial spins recklessly from outer space to a rodeo, and thence the deep jungle, in ***Radical Radio,*** a musical for families. 9/26 to 10/15. Playhouse 91, 316 E. 91st St. (831-2000) $20. ***The Snow Queen,*** an original one-act musical based on the Hans Christian Andersen story, runs through Oct. 8 at Bill Solly Children's Theater. Weekends at 1. 351 W. 46th St. (664-0911); $6. Reserve. ***The Left-Out Leprechaun,*** a musical about the only leprechaun in Ireland who is clueless as to the whereabouts of a pot of gold. For ages 4 and up. Weekends at 2 through Oct. 8. Queens Children's Theater, 256-21 Union Turnpike (718-343-1052). General admission is $6, children and seniors $5. Reserve. Lenny Suib Puppet Playhouse presents ***Aladdin,*** weekends at 10:30 and noon. Asphalt Green's Mazur Theatre (369-8890, ext. 111); $3.50 for children (ages 2 to 16), $4 for adults. Reserve. Puppetworks' farcical fall production of ***The Sorcerer's Apprentice,*** based on Johann Wolfgang von Goethe's ballad, includes a black-light ballet. Recommended for ages 4 and up. Performances are Saturdays through Dec.16 (and Sundays, Sept. 10, 17, 24; Oct. 29; Nov. 26; and Dec. 17) at 12:30 and 2:30. 338 Sixth Ave., at 4th St., Brooklyn (718-965-3391); $5 for children, $7 for adults. Reserve. ***Humpty Dumpty Falls in Love*** (at 1:30) and ***Cinderella: More Than Just a Pretty Face*** (at 3) are performed weekends through Nov. 19 at the Grove Street Playhouse (formerly the Courtyard Playhouse), 39 Grove St. (741-6436); $7. Reserve. Starting next week, the Papageno Puppet Theater presents ***Puff the Magic Dragon,*** starring a cast of hand and rod puppets. Weekend performances, starting Sept. 30, run through Thanksgiving weekend at noon. The Brownstone School, 128 West 80th St., between Columbus and Amsterdam Aves. (874-3297). Reserve. $6.



Reeling It In—Two events for the young angler: Dave Taft from the Jamaica Bay Wildlife Refuge will show how to make a fishing rod out of recycled tin cans which then kids can try out in the Harlem Meer. For ages 8 and up. 9/23 at 1. Master fisherman Sean Thorn teaches how to "tie a fly" for catch and release fishing at the Meer. Ages 9 and up. 9/24 at 1 and 2 . Space is limited. **The Charles A. Dana Discovery Center,** 110th St. near Fifth Ave. (860-1370).●

Fact Informs Fiction—"New York in Children's Books: Yesterday and Today" is an exhibit of children's books set in our fair city. Many of them are already favorites. Included are *The Cricket in Times Square,* by George Selden; *The Philharmonic Gets Dressed*, by Karla Kuskin; *Homeless*, by Bernard Wolf; and *From the Mixed-up Files of Mrs. Basil E. Frankweiler,* by E. L. Konigsburg. Through Sept. 30 at the Donnell Library Center Central Children's Room, 20 W. 53rd St.●

View Finder—Make a landscape viewer with which to frame your personal vision of **Wave Hill.** Sketch and then paint what you see. 9/24 from 1 to 4, Kerlin Learning Center, West 249th St. and Independence Ave., Bronx (718-549-3200).●◉

Red Light—Free clinics given by Central Park Skate Patrol volunteers instruct both adults and children on how to come to that all-important stop on in-line skates. Volunteers wear red shirts with white crosses. Children, ages 6 and up, must wear wrist guards and helmets to participate. Sat. and Sun. from 12:30 to 5:30, weather permitting. At 72nd St., both east and west entrances to Central Park.●

Entomology of Enormous Proportions—Six- and twelve-foot creepy-crawlies, some of them animated (two carpenter ants, a black-widow spider, a dragon fly, and a lunging-emperor scorpion) greet visitors in oversized backyard settings as part of a "Giant Insects" exhibit that includes live and mounted specimens from around the world. Displays allow visitors to experiment with remote-controlled bugs and learn how insects are being studied by engineers as models for walking machines. Sept. 17 through Jan. 9 at the **Staten Island Zoological Society,** 614 Broadway, Staten Island (718-442-3101).

Peace-Making—Paintings of peace symbols, people who seem to be trees, and animals singing are part of a collage of paintings and cartoons that form a shared vision of peace as visualized by Jewish and Arab children living in Israel. The exhibit, *Peace Through Art and Humor,* is on display through Oct. 15 on the North wall of the Nave Crossing. **Cathedral of St. John the Divine,** 1046 Amsterdam Ave., at 112th St. The cathedral is open daily from 7 A.M. to 5 P.M. (316-7540). ●

Ground Rules:

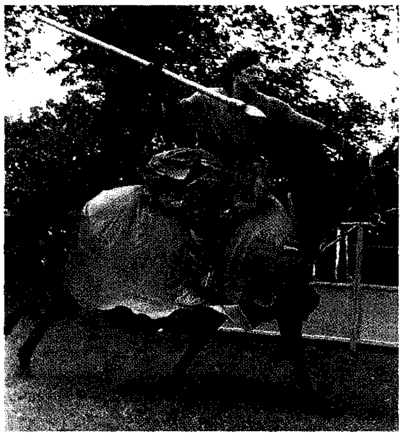
● = free

◉ = now or never (one-shot deal or final week)

Happening

Jousting About

My friend Nadja—age 7 back then—was a medieval princess for Halloween last year, a sartorial choice inspired by our visit to the annual Medieval Festival at Fort Tryon Park. The event is a cut above regular street fairs because the park, which is home to the Cloisters—itself a transplant of several real medieval abbeys—manages to draw the medieval hard core: accomplished falconers, lute strummers, and people willing to wear stainless-steel armor and corsets all day long. (Fairgoers who want to get into the act, or simply mortify themselves, can purchase hooded capes, long pointy shoes, and cone-shaped hats trailing gossamer fabrics, if they can't find anything quite ancient enough in their own closets.) By midafternoon, youngsters weary of watching manuscript-illumination and glassblowing demos gather in front of Punch-and-Judy puppet shows and magic acts. But the high point of the day arrives when two armored knights on galloping horses go at it with blunted lances and flags flying high, in a dramatic ritualized mêlée over "a maiden's favor." A bit corny—but thoroughly engaging. *September 24 from noon to 6. Rain date is October 1. The Grand Joust is at 5:15. Fort Washington Avenue and 190th Street; for further information call 795-1600. The event is free—though contributions, at wishing wells around the park, are encouraged.*



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NY Wine Cntry—Estate, deluxe 5-BR, 5-bth. Wknd/wk/mo. Oxbridge: **212-348-8100**

Vermont—Peter Eisenman "House II", on 106A. Lovely views. Near Stowe & lakes. $230,000. Watson Agency - Greensboro, VT 05841-0158. **800-732-4999**

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Smokin' (Literally) Redhead—24, smart, shapely, energetic, professional and fun-loving Wasp (but not Waspy), seeks her "Marlboro Man" (no Stetson, boots or cigs necessary), to 32, about 6', a little brawny as well as a little brainy, for fun and laughs. A photo would be appreciated - of you, not your horse! 2666 ✉

From Putting Up Skyscrapers—To kissing scraped knees - professional/mom. Slender, fit, feminine and very pretty. Ivy(s) educated, financially secure and emotionally sound. Can fix broken toilets, throw elegant dinner parties, enjoy gardening despite brown thumb and survive comments about not being "cool" or "intelligent" (from daughter, 11). Would love to find a compatible man with similar background for friendship/commitment. 2570 ✉

Be Mine Forever—Very successful Miami male, Jewish, 41, ex-New Yorker, is ready to fall in love. I've vastly exceeded my financial goals, but there's so much in my heart I want to share. I'm 5'1", attractive, stylish, fit and healthy, and want to spoil the love of my life. You're 25-35, very bright, very pretty, and have been intimidating men your entire life. You've been waiting to meet your match, your best friend. You love to travel, enjoy the arts, want kids, like shopping and cooking and ordering in Chinese food. Let's meet in NY or Florida. If you're like me, this wasn't the way you hought we'd meet. But then again, if you're like me, the time wasn't right until now. Send photo/phone. 2577 ✉

Una Bella Romantica—Slim, sweet talian-American professional, 40s - lived abroad, passionate about good food and comfortable conversation with friends. Seeks financially secure, post-grad-educated Christian man, 42-52, well-raveled (a plus), easygoing (please), and ready for a serious commitment positively). Photo/letter. 2639 ✉

Handsome, Articulate Professional—PhD, athletic, genuinely warm, Jewish, seeks slim, pretty, intellectually curious woman, 27-37. Photo please. 2661 ✉ ☎

Pretty, Midwestern-Valued Lady—Polished, 5'7", slim, late 30s, nonsmoking, nondrinking sales executive - loves NYC culture and travel. Seeks attractive, Caucasian Christian male, 35-52. You are a good communicator, see humor in life, are a successful professional who enjoys adventures and likes to relax, has similar values and is interested in a loving and committed relationship. Note/photo/phone. 2579 ✉

Exotic Artist/Professor—40s - looks 34, dark-haired beauty, intellectual, cultured, romantic. Seeks single male, race/religion unimportant, 38-49, successful, attractive, well-educated, cultured, caring, for meaningful relationship. Phone/photo. 2591 ✉

Media Buff—Very pretty, former broadcast journalist, transitioned to successful attorney, slim (5'4", 112), Jewish Ivy grad, ready for special relationship with a good guy (40s). If you are bright, love sports, the arts, countryside, reading, and have true values, please reply with photo. 2657 ✉

Sixtysomething? Seventysomething?—(I've tried men younger, but choose wisdom and experience.) We young-at-hearts can still live, laugh, talk, walk beaches/foreign streets, hold hands and care again. I'm a Jewish widow, multi-degreed professional, transplanted to NY. And you? Letter/phone please. 2676 ✉ ☎

Exciting, Fun, Intelligent—Highly educated, cute, professional, 34-year-old Jewish woman - who has traveled the world, danced on many beaches, rafted down many rivers, and sailed across the Atlantic - is now ready "settle down", start a family and experience more of life's great adventures. Seeking a Jewish man, 30-45, to join in the fun. 2628 ✉ ☎

Very Successful Entrepreneur—Handsome, stable, 5'10", good build, 33, loves to explore and travel. Wishes to meet a truly beautiful, younger woman who is sincere, humorous, and looking for a comfortable life. Photo/note, please. 2542 ✉

Successful, Handsome Executive—35, seeks attractive, free-spirited, open-minded woman, 21-35 years old. Must love exotic travel, hot beaches, limousines. You work hard but play harder. Photo/note/phone for reply. 2634 ✉

Come Celebrate Life!—With affectionate MD/entrepreneur with zest for living - giving, humor, extremely successful, good-looking and unpretentious, 40, muscular, tall, fit, no catches or baggage. Looking for warm, caring woman under 37, bright, sincere, tall, classy. Note with meaningful information/photo necessary. 2644 ✉

Diplomat? Journalist? Academic?—Beautiful writer/lecturer, extremely accomplished, sensual and cerebral, lyrical and analytical (35, 5'8", size 8), seeks similar man (to 45, 5'10" plus), equally accomplished, very educated, charismatic, self-knowing, resonantly humane. Describe background, etc. 2606 ✉ ☎

Trial And Error—Let me court you. I'm an attractive, fit, perceptive, 6'2", young 49, divorced Jewish attorney who will try to be brief. I have a quick, dry wit and enjoy oldies concerts, beach, movies, sports, politics, "Seinfeld" and the Sunday Times. I'm looking for a down-to-earth, attractive, warm, genuine, classy woman with a great sense of humor. She must be a nonsmoker who is witty and bright, with style. I'm seeking a best friend and more, who loves being hugged and wants to share my interests, values and life. If you want a sidebar conference, please send note and photo. 2571 ✉

Attractive, Kind, Gentle Female—Architect, competitive skater, passionate pianist, 42, seeks sincere, attractive man. Photo/note/phone. 2584 ✉

This Is Not Lucy's Vitameatavegamin—Symptoms: Trouble sleeping? Haven't had a really good time in months? Tired of the same old bland routine each day? Desperate for some good conversation about topics that really matter to you? Diagnosis: Chronic case of "Euneedamate" syndrome!...Affecting single white males in early to late 40s, living in NY/NJ area, who otherwise regard themselves as active, successful and generally well-rounded. Prescription: Answer at least one of these ads, preferably this one, where a 36-year-old, single white female, also afflicted with "Euneedamate" syndrome, awaits your note and photo. If unsure of necessary dosage, just sleep on it and write me in the morning. 2648 ✉

Attractive Brunette—5'1", bright, spontaneous, ability to laugh at herself, seeks male counterpart, 48 plus. A sense of humor a real plus. Photo optional. 2603 ✉

Slender Blond Wasp Beauty—35, 5'9", former preppie - now educated professional, outgoing, kind, freethinker, outdoors and animal lover - seeks smart, fit, fun fellow for... 2601 ✉

Good Man—Ivy lawyer/entrepreneur, good-looking, funny, 30s, seeks good woman. Photo please. 2583 ✉

Single Jewish Man—40, attorney, seeks sensitive, compassionate, long-haired Jewish woman with a good sense of humor and an interest in art and film. Note with phone and photo. 2532 ✉

Boston Chiropractor—39, Jewish, tall, dark, handsome, with blue eyes, athletic, down-to-earth, very perceptive, with New York wit - seeks bright, attractive, energetic Jewish woman for healthy lifestyle and marriage. Photo/note. 2560 ✉

Be A Part Of It—Very pretty, fit, classy widow, mid 40s, Jewish, nonreligious, smart, witty, with marvelous, fun-loving family, seeks intelligent, professional, family-oriented man, 42-53, who enjoys dining out, sports, good conversation, great coffee...and so much more. 2580 ✉

Looking For A Partner—Very pretty, well-educated professional, warm, fun, family-oriented, with many cultural and outdoor interests, seeks a tall, handsome, rugged, established man, 45-53, who is funny, affectionate and faithful, for a loving marriage. Photo. 2646 ✉

Published Author—With my first book in stores, this banker by day/writer by night, handsome, blue-eyed Jewish male, 31, is ready for love. Seek Jewish woman with looks, brains, personality, 23-32, for life's adventures. Photo. 2588 ✉

Successful, Handsome Entrepreneur—Jewish, 42, witty and charming, desires pretty, slim, bright, vivacious Jewish female, 32-39, for caring, long-term relationship. 2618 ✉ ☎

European—48, athletic male, loves theater, music, travel, politics, good restaurants and my couch (if not alone), likes to ski and hit some balls. You are open-minded, smart, a woman with diverse interests, and looking for a meaningful relationship. 2619 ✉

Warm, Witty—Italian-American - seeks sensitive Catholic man with soul, 38-47, who enjoys fine dining, NYC, the country, romance, quiet times, is fun-loving, fit and kindhearted, to share life's pleasures with best friend. 2596 ✉

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Athletic, Tall And Unencumbered—Semi-retired, widowed Jewish professional, late 50s, who is emotionally and financially secure - seeks nonsmoking female counterpart, 45-55, who is upbeat, trim and attractive, for friendship, companionship and romance. Note/photo/phone, please. 2627 ✉

Looking To Meet My Match—Are you my male counterpart - a true peer? Are you an extremely attractive man, late 30s-40s, who is financially secure, emotionally stable and physically fit, with a wacko sense of humor and a lot of energy? Would you like to meet a very attractive, highly educated, sexy, slim brunette, 5'5", who runs her own successful business, is smart, strong and funny, and loves film, theater, travel, horseback riding, dancing, animals, kids, and much more? If that's you out there, and if (and only if) you are ultimately interested in settling down into a real, loving, monogamous, intimate long-term relationship, please call and/or write. Photo preferred. 2594 ✉ ☎

Alluring, Very Attractive Woman—40s, auburn hair, dark eyes, slim, quick, unique, creative, successful and witty, seeks male, 6' plus (45-54), *who is very handsome, bright, eclectic,* extremely successful, adventurous, *emotionally and physically fit.* Photo essential, please. Phone. 2655 ✉

Cuddly Westchester Woman—Divorced Jewish professional, 41, 5'6", 120 lbs, seeks intelligent, handsome, fit partner for life. 2653 ✉ ☎

Stop Hiding—Very pretty and charming Jewish attorney who loves sports, movies and travel, seeks established professional man of fine character, 5'9" plus, 40-50, for the real thing. Note/photo. 2613 ✉ ☎

A Very Rare, Very Unique—And very successful, Park Avenue, beautiful ex-model, Wall Street investor, with big, beautiful, dynamic blue eyes, long auburn hair, with a great personality, zest for life... down-to-earth, bright, loyal, flexible, warm, open, charismatic, not jaded, emotionally secure, dependable, optimistic...global traveler who loves the arts, reading, sports, etc., etc. Looking for male counterpart, 48-55. 2610 ✉

Great With Kids, Wants His Own—Successful, well-loved and easygoing. 50 and trim. In the music business. Likes to listen. Is educated and quick to laugh. Looking for good-natured, trim and attractive woman who wants to have children and share a life. Many of the following would increase our chances of a good match: enjoys her work, has friends, is flexible, thoughtful, gracious and cultured, has patience, imagination and humor. No smokers. Note and photo helpful. 2651 ✉

Genuinely Rare—Trim, fit, attractive, zest for life, sandy-blond Jewish professional, 39, smart, kind, warm - seeks same in man, 35-45, who enjoys the great outdoors and the finer things in life...and short-haired collie dogs. Photo. 2650 ✉ ☎

A Former Broadway Critic—Now literary agent, wants leading man for fun and fidelity. She: pretty, affluent, cultured. He: NYC/nearby, 5'9" up, 65 up, monetarily up, and on the up-and-up. 2535 ✉

Would Some Charming—Energetic woman like to go exploring in Vietnam with a 75-year-old? Photo a must. 2637 ✉

Stylish, Tall, Independent—LI Jewish *female, psychiatric nurse (MS).* Kind, loyal, serious and playful. Enjoys movies, *theater, eating out,* NFL. *Seeking* a successful, reasonable man over 40, 6' plus, *for mutual love, laughter,* and to be a father to my adorable daughter, 7. 2643 ✉

Lady Wasp Without Sting—Friends say I'm "very attractive" - blond, blue-eyed, tall (5'10"), slender. A banker by day, I enjoy everything from Mendelssohn to the Mets in my spare time. Seek an unattached guy, late 30s-mid 50s (I'm 41), with nice looks, brains, good sense of humor. If the chemistry's right, everything else is negotiable. Please send a note. Photo appreciated. 2575 ✉

Do You Really Want To Have Fun?!—I mean really!! I'm a very cute age 34, and I like to laugh a lot. Sports fan (especially Rangers' hockey), racquetball, golf, ski, beach, dancing. Please do not hold it against me that I'm a hardworking, successful lawyer. I would prefer a call from a bright, funny, attractive professional male, 30-40. Talk to you soon! 2633 ✉ ☎

Live In The City—But heart in the country? Enjoy wearing a polar fleece and hiking boots...browsing at a bookstore... biking in the park...catching a concert or a movie? This thoughtful, easygoing, bright male teacher, 31, would love to meet a woman like you. 2623 ✉

Single White Male—32, attractive Catholic educator with values, living in Jersey. Into sports, fitness, beach, travel, the arts. Seeks fit, attractive, outgoing, down-to-earth female with similar interests. Note/photo/phone. 2589 ✉

Gay Jewish Male—*28 figures!...* "What the hell? Nothing else is working!" I'm *good-looking, in good shape, athletic.* I'm intelligent, funny, warmhearted, well-educated, *professional. I don't smoke,* don't do drugs, I'm not into reading other *people's auras, I don't belong to any* meditation groups. I am out of the closet *but nothing* is pierced or waxed. I have a small army of friends out there searching *for the* 26-33-year-old, *intelligent,* Jewish, good-looking, athletic, sincere profes*sional Manhattanite who's also out of the* closet but generally avoids wearing hot-*pink Lycra shorts in the work place.* My friends are doing their best. In the mean*time, I'm* trying this route. I'm *really* a nice guy and I'd love to hear from you! *Please* leave exact annual *income (including* tips if you're an actor), mother's maid*en name and all political-party affiliations* in your message (joke). Bye! 2538 ✉ ☎

Beautiful 5'9" Blond—Jewish female MD, 40, slender, mom of one, loves dancing and exercising. Seeks caring, nonsmoking, in-shape Jewish professional male, 40s. Photo helpful. 2673 ✉ ☎

Tall, Attractive NJ Wasp—53, loves blues, jazz, nature, travel - seeks very attractive, sensuous woman who's a bit crazy but not nuts. Note/photo. 2555 ✉

Very Attractive, Slim—36, seeks caring male, 33-38. Note/photo. 2572 ✉

No Plain Jane—Slender brunette beauty, 5'8", 36, smart, professional, outdoors lover, Jewish, seeks outgoing, intelligent, fit, great guy with sense of humor, 35-45, for fun and more. 2649 ✉

Musical, Vibrant, Pretty—Interesting, *sensual,* Rubenesque woman, 44, seeks passionate, cultured man. 2658 ✉ ☎

Nature's Gifts—Warmth, wit, energy abound in an outdoorsy beauty who desires a wonderful man (50s), for love, sports, travel, arts, music. 2581 ✉ ☎

CT Commuter—Vibrant gal, 34, seeks down-to-earth, *cute guy.* Photo. 2595 ✉

Rich Jewish Lady—Seeks same in doctor, law, businessman, 44-56. 2568 ✉

Head-Turner—Very pretty, slim, accomplished woman, Jewish, with warmth and classic style, seeks well-established, centered man (MD, JD, MBA), with integrity and heart of gold, 35-40. 2539 ✉ ☎

Premium Commodity—36-year-old, vivacious, voluptuous, bright brunette - seeking one very successful man with street savvy. 2609 ✉ ☎

Looking For One Good Man—28-45. Attractive, professional, single white female with great bod, sick of dating scene - seeking same for fun and games, plus the great outdoors. Must be attractive, educated, athletic and worldly. Love of animals and travel a big plus. Send photo and stats. 2524 ✉

The Real Deal—I am a handsome, honest, trusting, 36-year-young white male who is seeking a pretty white female, 28-40, for a long-term, wonderful relationship. Are you out there? 2675 ✉

Here's Your Chance—To meet a warm, vibrant, 31-year-old, 5'5", single Jewish female with great personality and looks to match. Seeking single Jewish male with same qualities, financially and emotionally secure, ready to commit. You'll be pleasantly surprised. Note/photo/phone. 2569 ✉

Desired:—A woman in mid 30s to early 40s, with a pretty face, an *active* brain, a trim body, a funny bone and a good heart. Offering: a cute, *humorous and offbeat* professional, late 40s, who has found my "voice", and wants to be with a woman who knows hers. Reward: have fun and build a life together. Note/photo.2604 ✉ ☎

Seeking Raven Hair And Almond Eyes—Maddeningly passionate, cultured, handsome, successful professional seeks slender, spirited, sensuous, exotic lady, 27-32, available for adventure and romance into the next millennium. Letter. 2631 ✉

Open-Minded Gentleman—Creative bent, seeks attractive female companion, 40s-60, with gray or white hair, denture wearer preferred - must be centered, good sense of humor. Serious inquiries only. Photo, please. 2559 ✉ ☎

Very Handsome Jewish MD—33, seeks soul mate. Photo, please. 2669 ✉ ☎

Very Pretty, Passionate European—28, in great shape (5'8", 126 lbs), and would like to meet tall, handsome, successful, single white male, 30-35, who is spiritual, adventurous, and ready for fun and romance. Please send note and current photo. 2590 ✉

Bright, Beautiful Woman—43, no knack for writing ads but great company. Seeking gentleman of strong intelligence, character and warmth, for lifelong friendship. Enjoy Manhattan, conversation, varied intellectual interests and a sense of fun. Phone. 2552 ✉ ☎

Tall, Dark, Handsome Jewish MD—46, slim, witty, aware and a serious lover of classical music - seeks an Asian-American female who's well-educated, responsible, attractive and in her 20s to mid 30s, for serious involvement and possible family. I'm divorced without kids. Photo required. 2636 ✉

Very Beautiful Teacher—Gym-fit, hip, passionate, classic, blue-eyed Italian American, 34, seeks cool, successful, loving, GQ-handsome guy. Photo a must. 2625✉

Successful, Attractive Blond—Green eyes, Jewish, 5'9", slim, 35 - loves skiing, cycling, running, travel and culture. Seeks male counterpart. Note/photo. 2659 ✉ ☎

Sensitive And Romantic Male—Ivy-educated and very successful, but would always put the right person first. Outgoing, energetic and fun, excellent appearance. Loves all sports but also enjoys quiet evenings at home. Enjoys right- and left-brain activities. Seeking a female, mid 20s-30s. Photo/note. 2621 ✉

Truly Special—Vivacious, slim, attractive Jewish female, seeking attractive, sincere and communicative, nonsmoking, Jewish professional male, 48-56, 5'10"-6', who enjoys tennis, golf, music, dancing, travel, the arts and life. Photo/phone. 2598 ✉

Pretty And Feminine—With tailored style. Gay woman, 32, 5'6", good shape. Established business owner, animal lover. Respectful of self and others. Seeks similar, 30-37, for friendship and/or more. 2565 ✉

Pretty, Petite, Green Eyes—Brown hair, Catholic, mid 30s, internationally traveled, seeks very good-looking, athletic, successful businessman with solid values, humor and style, 35-45, 5'7" plus. Note/photo. 2664 ✉

Mr. Right Available—Handsome and successful entrepreneur, 32, seeks intelligent, attractive Christian female who wants to be spoiled in a loving, laughing relationship. Photo. 2553 ✉

Attractive, Bright—Financially secure Jewish professional, 37, with many intellectual/cultural interests, seeks Jewish man with similar interests, for bonding relationship leading to marriage and children. Note/photo/phone. 2593 ✉ ☎

Fidelity Lights My Passion—Independent, Westchester, mid-40s, pretty lady (no children) desires to meet a Jewish widower, 45-60. I have traveled on the QEII and Orient Express. Hopefully we can journey to new frontiers together. Please include telephone number in your letter. 2550 ✉

NY Professional—Herpes, 40s, successful, good-looking, athletic; desires to meet sophisticated, sexy, trim, buxom woman, 25 plus, to enjoy life's experiences with someone who loves to live. Photo and note a must. 2617 ✉

Seeking Sweet, Smart, Classy Lady—With natural good looks and Republican outlook, in her 30s. I'm mid 40s, handsome, 5'9", fit, worldly, semi-preppie Jewish man with success, character, warmth and Paul Newman eyes. 2615 ✉

I Can't Believe I'm Doing This—Down-to-earth, professional, good-looking Jewish male, athletic, 6', 39, seeks unpretentious, bright, giving, pretty Jewish female, to mid 30s. 2654 ✉ ☎

Financially Secure—Independent Manhattanite man, 50, with a good outlook on life and a neat sense of humor. Wishes to meet classy, fun lady, 30-45, serious about love and marriage. Interests include film, food, beaches and travel. Manhattanite preferred. Photo/phone a must - best time to call. 2576 ✉

Single Male, Hindu—Southern Connecticut resident, 35, 5'10", 150, healthy, handsome, well read, traveled, successful chemical engineer, seeks female for lasting relationship. 2529 ✉

Self-Made Entrepreneur—With Ralph Lauren looks - tall, fit Manhattan resident, world traveled, late 40s, seeks a woman of class and beauty, for serious, committed relationship. Photo. 2567 ✉

Circle This Ad—Single Jewish doctor, 32, handsome and physically fit, seeks a sensitive, sweet, Jewish professional female, 24-30, attractive and physically fit. Note/photo/phone, please. 2656 ✉

Seeking Soul Mate—32, 6', TV exec - enjoys skiing, blading, movies, music. Seeks Jewish professional female, 27-34, to be maybe best friend, confidant, partner in life. Note/photo/phone. 2597 ✉

Sugar And Spice And...—43-year-old, tall, slim, pretty, auburn-haired professional desires dynamic man who, like me, enjoys indoor and outdoor sports, classical music, Newt-free politics, lively debates, ethnic food and slapstick comedy. Note/photo please. 2614 ✉

Seeking Upbeat, Handsome, Stable—And successful, divorced/widowed, white professional male (50-60), by recently divorced, on-the-go, very, very attractive, spirited professional woman. Please be tall (5'11-6'2"), trim and fun. 2622 ✉ ☎

Has It All, Does It All, Wants It All—43, blond ex-model, grown children, seeks new husband. Smarts, personality and success are vital. 2586 ✉ ☎

No Hype Wanted—Single white male (5'11", 170 lbs, mid 40s), into athletics (run, bike, tennis, ski), cultural events, weekend trips, seeks single white female to share interests and values. Like myself, you are outwardly oriented, aware of social issues, and can approach life with a sense of humor. You're wise enough not to be too caught up with yourself, and sensitive enough to place a high value on interpersonal development. Note and photo, please. 2528 ✉

Chemistry Is What Counts—Not the toys! The state of mind matters - not the age! This sexy, savvy, 60ish redhead has a fire burning in her soul. 2670 ✉

Classy, Upbeat Female "Shrink"—Attractive, slender, bright, energetic, caring. Seeks 60ish male counterpart. (914) area. Note/photo. 2587 ✉

Great Gal Looking For A Real Man—Pretty blond professional with blue eyes, looking for Mr. Right. He is 42-52, tall, attractive, successful, with family values. Conversation is a must, sex appeal is a plus. Telephone/note/photo. 2585 ✉ ☎

Italian Born And Bred—Handsome, bright, sensitive, thoughtful and shy 35-year-old, single Jewish professional; enjoys walks in the park, Sunday Times, dancing, Woody Allen, classical/rock concerts. Seeks Jewishly committed soul mate with heart of gold, for friendship and romance. Phone/photo appreciated. 2543 ✉ ☎

Tall, Striking Model Type—Brunette, feminine, Ivy attorney, cordon bleu chef, passion for exotic travel, nature, skiing, sailing, entertaining, hugging... seeks accomplished, widely traveled romantic counterpart, 48-60. 2667 ✉ ☎

Let's Play Together—Gently sparkling, sultry, savvy, (212) writer/creative director - easy to look at, easy to love, ready to cherish a caring, secure, nonsmoking, health- and marriage-minded mensch, 40s-50s. Note/photo/phone. 2645 ✉ ☎

Handsome Executive—48, Connecticut resident, Westchester business, down-to-earth, nonsmoking Jewish gentleman... seeks lovely lady, 30-45, to share the future. Enjoys movies, tennis, golf and fine dining. Looking forward to your response. Note/phone/photo please. 2671 ✉

Vivacious, Cute, Bubbly—Warm, fit and realistic, divorced, Jewish professional woman, 48, who loves basketball, skiing and animals, and has a lot to offer to a sensitive, caring, in-touch professional man who wants to have a good, honest relationship. Kids a plus. No smokers, please. 2582 ✉ ☎

You, I, And An Island—Trim Eros, 5'9", 58, seeks curvy Venus. Music! 2662 ✉

Handsome, Successful—Italian JD, nonsmoking, physically fit, seeking Latin, Asian or Italian, attractive, fit, nonsmoking single female, 23-35. Note/photo. 2540 ✉

Gay White Male—49, looking for that person to sit at a table for two. Sincerity and a sense of humor are important. Note with phone number. 2566 ✉

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Share Life's Everyday Joys With Me!—Smart, pretty, professional Jewish woman, 46, 5'8", seeks male kindred spirit to build a happy life together. Let's read the Sunday Times over bagels and coffee, crunch autumn leaves, visit museums, play Scrabble and laugh 'til we cry. Be kind and sincere. Note/photo/phone. 2600 ✉ ☎

Normal, Professional, Romantic Man—Intelligent, handsome, normal and successful attorney, 38, 5'9", seeks woman who is attractive, witty, and not "bent out of shape by society's pliers". It could be a "fantabulous night for a moondance," if we give it a try. Note/phone/photo appreciated. 2549 ✉ ☎

Great-Looking, Vibrant—Tall, fit, 50s, love my work. Looking to share adventure, travel, humor, theater, outdoors, ideas and affection with kind, prosperous, cultured, enthusiastic man, interested in the spiritual as well as the material. Photo/note, please. 2641 ✉

Gay Indian/White male—28, 5'11" wanted for long-term friendship. 2551 ✉

Tall Blond Wasp—Well-traveled and well-read, amateur gardener/chef/pianist, slender, 44, grown children, professional, serene. Seeks tall male Wasp, 40s, father, likes cats, warm and fun-loving, with character, integrity and charm. Note/photo, please. 2536 ✉

Italian Jewess—32. Cabbies say I'm more beautiful than Pakistan's prime minister (before tipping). Seeks smart, sexy, successful male partner, 30-40. Tightwads and machos call gal below. Photo. 2574✉☎

Heart Of Gold—Very sweet ex-model, Asian-American, cultured yet down-to-earth, early 30s, seeks romantic, tall, good-looking, financially secure Christian man, 32-42, with integrity and solid values. Note/photo. 2652 ✉

Julietstein!, Julietstein!—Wherefore art thou, Julietstein? It's me, Romeowitz, an attractive Jewish male, 31, surgeon, in search of a bright, beautiful, slim, in-shape Jewish female, 25-32, to share all that life has to offer. Note/photo/phone. 2672 ✉

Gay Sensual Man—47, seeks Mr. Right, over 40, for warm and quality times. Photo! POB 36, FDR Station, NYC 10150

Asian Lady—Pretty, educated, seeks professional male - intelligent, successful, 32-42, for forever. Note/photo. 2611 ✉

Complete Package—Petite, adorable, adventurous, athletic Jewish female, 37, seeks nice, educated, attractive, honest, financially secure Jewish male with good sense of humor, 36-46. Photo. 2630 ✉ ☎

Handsome, Athletic, Sexy—Jewish, 6', 170, 34, down-to-earth, seeks unpretentious yet extremely attractive female, 22-35, for friendship/romance. Photo. 2602 ✉

Tender, Striking—Spiritual, sexy, Jewish entrepreneur/artist, 40s, 5'8", seeks affectionate, (com)passionate, playful, centered nonsmoking man, to 58. Photo. 2620 ✉

Distinguished-Looking Gentleman—Rogue, maturely virile, busy exec, Jewish, divorced, 5'10", Brooklyn resident. Romantic and ready for solid romance with a witty, curvy, sensually youthful female of any age. Photo. 2548 ✉ ☎

British Royalty I'm Not—But Di said to put this ad in anyway! Pretty, English, cultured brunette, Jewish (nonreligious), mid-30s lady - seeks attractive, intelligent professional, Jewish, 5'8"-plus male, 37-45, to share all that NY has to offer. Great sense of humor a must. Photo/note. 2632 ✉

I Love Younger Women—Tall, handsome 52, gentleman, nonpracticing Jewish, divorced, nonsmoker, fit, young-looking executive, interests in the arts, travel, entertaining, dining, outdoors. Would like to meet attractive lady, late 30s, preferably divorced, with similar interests - professional, financially secure, and wants to live, enjoy life and be a partner for life. Phone. 2592 ✉

Good-Looking/Kindhearted—Single white male, 45. Successful art director. Youthful attitude, mind/body. Loves kids/travel/hiking/cars/motor-cycles/art/nature/alternative music/animals. Seeks adventurous/unpreten-tious/considerate woman who likes love poems and movies with happy endings. Note/photo. 2607 ✉

Enjoy The Future Of Marriage—With a kind, caring, professional Jewish male with a positive attitude towards life. Seeks that special female, to 39, to share our common goals. Photo. 2638 ✉

Blond, North Shore LI Beauty—Christian professional, 40s, unencumbered, adventuresome, romantic, seeks tall, very successful, warm, good-natured, terrific guy, 45-56. Photo/note. 2544 ✉

Strictly Personals

Sex Symbol Seeks Nice Jewish Man—Tall, attractive, warm, witty 47-year-old professional seeks male for loving, committed relationship. 2660 ✉ ☎

Cool, Hip, Funky—And feminine, vibrant jazz fan, seeks tall male, 40s - race, religion unimportant. Must appreciate Billie, Monk and Miles. An offbeat sense of humor is a plus, but you should be on the beat and upbeat. 2640 ✉

Handsome, Unpretentious Gentleman—Dentist, 39. Seeks pretty, sweet, intelligent lady. Photo/bio. 2561 ✉

Asian Male—Mid 30s, 5'6", lawyer, handsome, fit and honest, seeks a white female, Christian or Catholic, for romance. Photo appreciated. 2642 ✉

Beautiful Brunette—Young-looking 40, *Jewish Manhattanite - cultured, sophisticated, down-to-earth, shapely. Seeks good-looking, marriage-minded professional gentleman, 30s-40s, for serious romance. Kids okay. Note/photo/phone.* 2525 ✉

NBA, USTA, CD 101.9, MoMA—The Great White Way, NYC. If you are an attractive, white Jewish male, 40-55, and can ID most of these, then this alluring, bright woman may be for you. Honest letter/photo. 2531 ✉

If You See The Funny Side Of Life—This very attractive, mid-30s, single white Jewish female is for you. Looking for attractive, successful, tall, caring, all-around great guy, 30s-40s. 2573 ✉ ☎

Style/Dignity—Very attractive, classy, considerate lady - loves travel, theater, music, good restaurants...is involved in life, work and family. Would like to meet a classy gentleman (50-60) to share the beauty of life and the pleasure of each other. Note/photo appreciated. 2557 ✉

Genuinely Nice Guy—With a dash of the devil, 6'1", 200, dark hair, lawyer, spiritual, romantic, seeks slim, sweet, well-educated woman, 30s, who enjoys good company, travel, Enya and Annie Lenox. Note and photo a must for reply. 2626 ✉

NYC Woman—Late 30s, smart, pretty, funny, down-to-earth lawyer, seeks an intelligent, caring, emotionally stable *man with sense of humor and fun.* Prefer doctors, veterinarians and men in law enforcement, but all others happily considered. Note/photo, please. 2558 ✉

Engaging Woman—50ish, attractive, unpretentious, romantic, reflective, fun-loving...and looking for financially secure male friend/lover amenable to upstate New York, who fits above description and loves to dance. Photo/note. 2530 ✉

Works Hard, Plays Easy—Or is it: works easy, plays hard? Loving, likable, good-looking Jewish lawyer, prime of his life, 47, 5'8", brown hair, green eyes, seeks companion (wife?). Photo. 2665 ✉

Handsome, Youthful—60ish, 5'7", cultured, romantic, artistic, affluent, in exceptional shape. Interests include *biking, rollerblading, marathons,* museums, movies, travel, good food and wine. *Seeks thin, athletic, cultured,* stunning woman, 45-55, with similar values, for loving, committed relationship (and you too are financially secure). Note/recent photo/phone, please. 2647 ✉

Yes, Brooklyn Is Home—For this handsome, loving, educated professional, nonreligious Jewish man, 42. Seeking attractive, caring woman, 25-40, with developed heart and mind, for honest, meaningful relationship. *All* replies answered. Note/phone/photo (optional). 2629 ✉ ☎

Slim, Attractive Wasp—Publishing exec, 5'7", 41, seeks CT/NY/NJ Christian gent, 40-50. The mother of a toddler, I'm loyal, caring, smart, liberal, and socially adept. I like foreign travel, art, boating, riding, skiing, movies and country weekends. The man of my dreams has wit, brains, looks, and is financially secure. He can cook, mix romance with family life, and make me laugh. Note/photo please. 2663 ✉

Back To Basics—Very pretty, shapely, green-eyed blond, mid 30s, travel editor, Upper East Sider, sensitive and kind, Catholic, never married - seeks a successful gentleman, any age, with a sense of morality and traditional values, interested in marriage. Please send letter, photo if available. Thank you. 2491 ✉ ☎

Pretty Woman Wanted—Good-looking, successful businessman, 49, seeks very pretty, slim, intelligent woman, 34-44, for good times and possible long-term relationship. Note/photo, please. 2534 ✉ ☎

Handsome, Successful—Jewish business owner, seeking marriage-minded, professional Jewish female under 38. 2527 ✉

Warming Up—This "slightly older" guy (single white male, 52) has lost something off his fast ball but has developed a terrific slider. Opera, classical music, politics... These are a few openers for conversation and communication. The closers? Reply and I'll make my pitch. You're up. 2612 ✉

Rich Old Mensch—Seeks spicy young wench. 2545 ✉

Stunning Redhead—Seeking male, 35-45, with: inquisitive mind (communicator), fit body (athletic), balanced life (prosperous days/passionate nights), easy face (handsome)...my equal. 2674 ✉

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Recently Separated—Attractive, straight female, 37, seeks straight females, 30-40, for clubs, shopping, friendship. 2624 ✉

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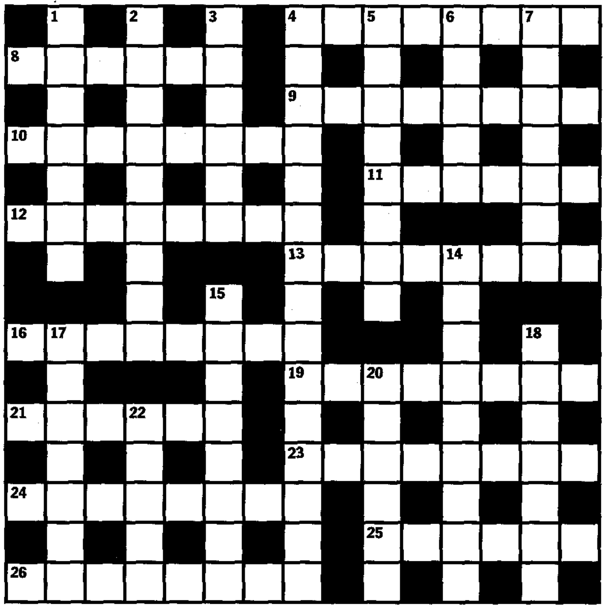
'Sunday Times' of London Crossword

ACROSS

4 A man bearing with inamorata, 18. (4,4)
8 Degree to which parasites can show spite. (6)
9 'Antigone' translation causing disagreement. (8)
10 Ailing—in pain—but composing. (8)
11 Gloomy sort of writing, a style that has its points. (6)
12 Lacking brains, she deals in erratic fashion. (8)
13 Evincing principle about people's housing. (8)
16 Official 15, corrupt without and within. (8)
19 Declining to place small advertisement in proper enclosure. (8)
21 The French bishop's responsibility for a tenant. (6)
23 A well-organised fuel supplier. (8)
24 High-minded individual, having the right to say 'Show-off!' (8)
25 This is a bit of an ordeal in Greater London area. (6)
26 Trim everything back—that's material. (8)



DOWN

1 Keeps men on board. (7)
2 When shifted around one's left put out. (9)
3 Military personnel grow weary, so withdraw. (6)
4 Invaders nod as the sharing out is effected. (7,3,5)
5 Quite agreeable, yet taking on. (8)
6 A group of musicians etc. to assemble. (5)
7 Feeling 15 should get moving. (7)
14 Someone exercises the animals. (9)
15 Relation possibly speaking Japanese? (8)
17 Article on superior though wrong-doing supporter. (7)
18 Tend to get into many a row. (7)
20 Rang up and gave a name. (6)
22 Refuse to drive before noon. (5)

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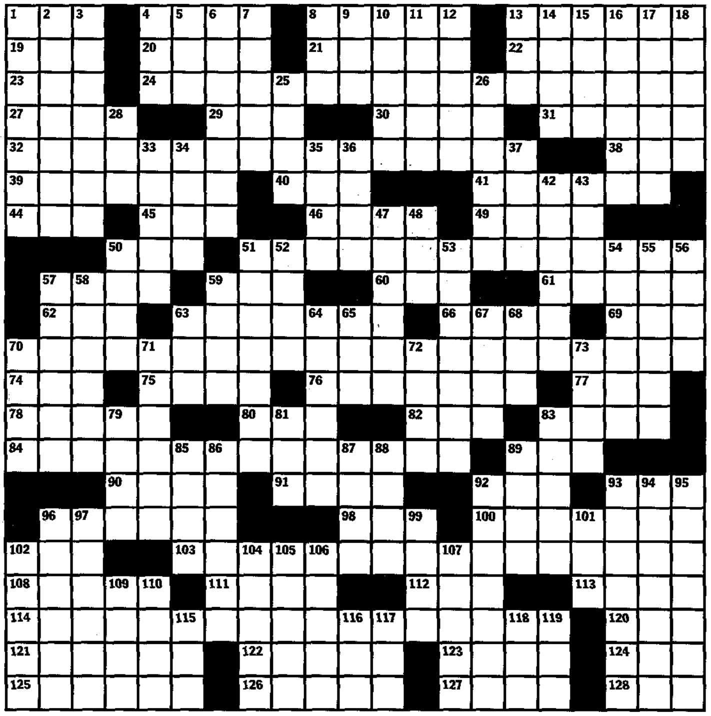
'Music Misinterpretation': 'Cue' Crossword • By Maura B. Jacobson

ACROSS

1 Soften the lighting
4 Bambi, eventually
8 "I —— That" ("Chorus Line" tune)
13 Evaluate
19 Caesar's omelet, basically
20 One of the Saarinens
21 Hunter constellation
22 Last of a quartet
23 Word with fink
24 Drunken incident in a Seville bar?
27 Not taken in by
29 —— Lingus
30 "Othello" villain
31 Papal vestment
32 Heavy-metal night music?
38 Clear after taxes
39 —— around (acting foolish)
40 Sea plea
41 Inebriates
44 Toady's reply
45 Soap ingredient
46 Effect a makeover
49 Praise
50 Singing cowboy Ritter
51 The "Danny Boy" song's back?
57 Stowe slavery novel
59 Kind of rap or steer
60 Maiden-named
61 Sign with the registrar
62 Singer Janis ——
63 Give the okay
66 Smoggy overcast
69 Burgle
70 Request for a purple dinosaur?
74 Hosp. staffers
75 "The Nazarene" author
76 Business gathering
77 Tax-deferred acct.
78 Standard of perfection
80 Lamb's mother
82 Perón's Mrs.
83 Direction for Greeley
84 Where one's Bug is?
89 Part of L.A.
90 Ending for sock or switch
91 Headliner
92 Mate of 80-Across
93 "Murder, —— Wrote"
96 Flash of lightning
98 Grande, e.g.
100 Painter's studio
102 Ho —— Minh
103 Frank's nocturne?
108 Israeli dances
111 Roman 1102
112 Gumshoe
113 Couples
114 Frau Bach's desire?
120 Between ready and fire
121 Kicked
122 Mexican timber tree
123 Director Kazan
124 S.M.U.'s rival
125 Tics
126 Iterate
127 Catch sight of
128 Pluralizing consonant

DOWN

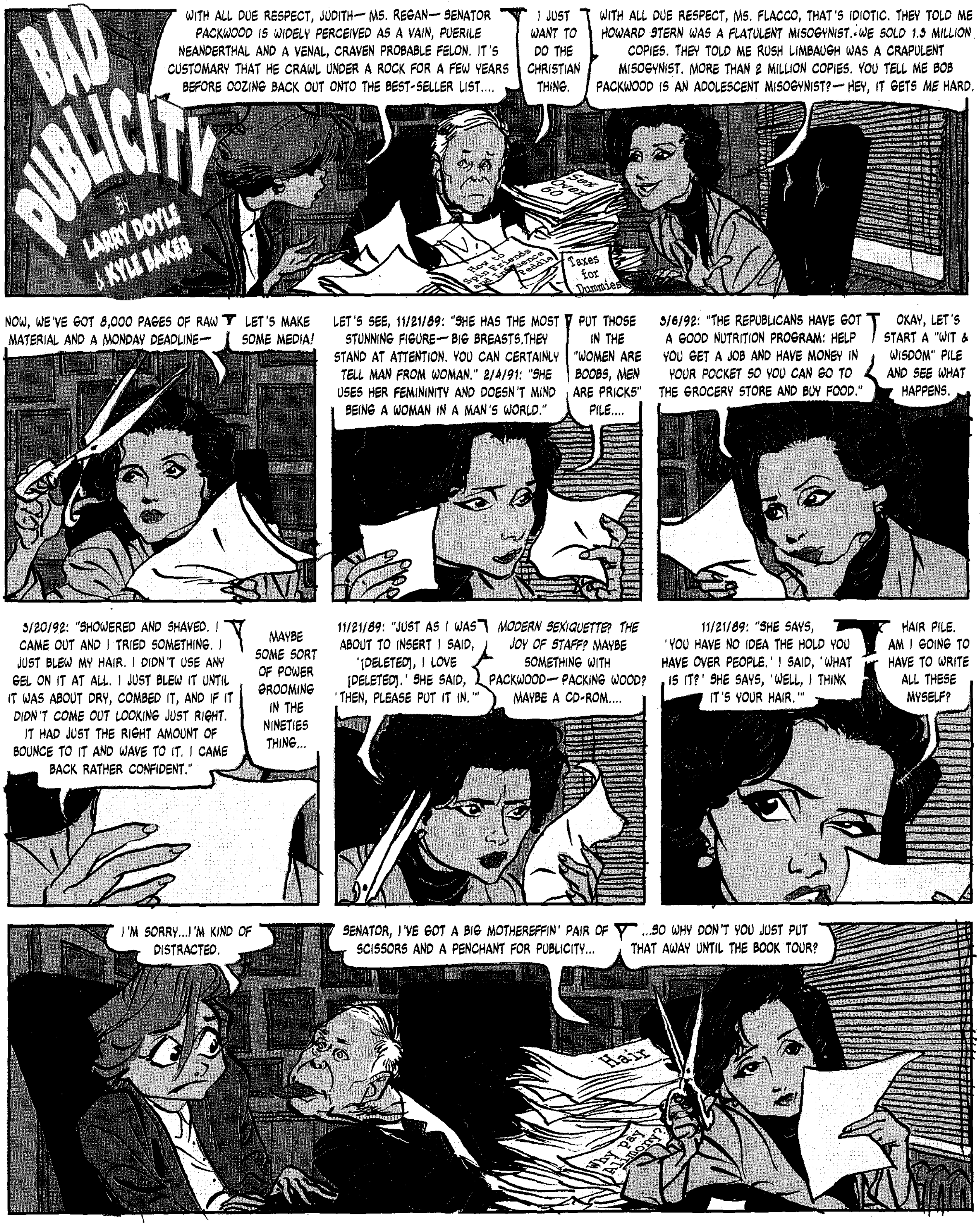
1 Hamill of the ice
2 Walter Scott hero
3 Is of importance
4 Like Chablis
5 Crumpets' go-with
6 Place in proper order
7 Hall-of-Famer Lefty
8 Jailbird
9 Gallery display
10 Nothing: Lat.
11 Florida golf tournament
12 Second-largest European lake
13 Fore's opposite
14 Lower Manhattan district
15 Plaintiff
16 Roving, as a knight
17 Modes
18 White-sale buy
25 Start of a cockney toast
26 Walk unsteadily
28 Passé: abbr.
33 Het up
34 Cameo gemstone
35 Forsaken
36 Secondhand
37 Annum
42 Without a doubt
43 Father of Thor
47 "—— Cruel," Presley hit
48 Yearling's age
50 South of Ky.
51 Midday meals
52 Siberian city
53 Keep from having
54 Bloopers
55 "—— the Top," 1959 film
56 Dresden's river
57 Tyrolean dress
58 Reared
59 Airline from Heathrow, formerly
63 Channel 2 in New York
64 Kelly the clown
65 Louis or Carrie
67 Karenina of fiction
68 Trouser half
70 Con —— (with spirit, in music)
71 Aplenty
72 "Up and ——!"
73 Stalemates
79 Declare
81 Once existed
83 NOW members
85 Good earth
86 Indiana city
87 Mata of spydom
88 Not a copy: abbr.
89 Notes of the scale
92 Scamps
93 Give a location to
94 Melodramatic behavior
95 Dutch theologian
96 Put in an appearance
97 Capital of Albania
99 "—— be in England . . ."
101 Lass's brother
102 Poker tokens
104 Yellow pigment
105 Mythical weeper
106 Actress Kedrova, et al.
107 Giggling sound
109 Aardvark's diet
110 Goblet feature
115 N.F.L. scores
116 Body blueprint, for short
117 Exultation
118 Quick swig
119 Negative vote



Solutions to last week's puzzles appear on page 156.

Packwood Parts

Power publicist Flacco and power editor Regan meet power kisser Packwood.


BAD PUBLICITY
BY LARRY DOYLE & KYLE BAKER
WITH ALL DUE RESPECT, JUDITH— MS. REGAN— SENATOR PACKWOOD IS WIDELY PERCEIVED AS A VAIN, PUERILE NEANDERTHAL AND A VENAL, CRAVEN PROBABLE FELON. IT'S CUSTOMARY THAT HE CRAWL UNDER A ROCK FOR A FEW YEARS BEFORE OOZING BACK OUT ONTO THE BEST-SELLER LIST....
I JUST WANT TO DO THE CHRISTIAN THING.
WITH ALL DUE RESPECT, MS. FLACCO, THAT'S IDIOTIC. THEY TOLD ME HOWARD STERN WAS A FLATULENT MISOGYNIST. WE SOLD 1.3 MILLION COPIES. THEY TOLD ME RUSH LIMBAUGH WAS A CRAPULENT MISOGYNIST. MORE THAN 2 MILLION COPIES. YOU TELL ME BOB PACKWOOD IS AN ADOLESCENT MISOGYNIST?— HEY, IT GETS ME HARD.
Sex Over 60
How to Spin Friends and Influence Peddle
Taxes for Dummies
NOW, WE'VE GOT 8,000 PAGES OF RAW MATERIAL AND A MONDAY DEADLINE—
LET'S MAKE SOME MEDIA!
LET'S SEE, 11/21/89: "SHE HAS THE MOST STUNNING FIGURE— BIG BREASTS. THEY STAND AT ATTENTION. YOU CAN CERTAINLY TELL MAN FROM WOMAN." 2/4/91: "SHE USES HER FEMININITY AND DOESN'T MIND BEING A WOMAN IN A MAN'S WORLD."
PUT THOSE IN THE "WOMEN ARE BOOBS, MEN ARE PRICKS" PILE....
3/6/92: "THE REPUBLICANS HAVE GOT A GOOD NUTRITION PROGRAM: HELP YOU GET A JOB AND HAVE MONEY IN YOUR POCKET SO YOU CAN GO TO THE GROCERY STORE AND BUY FOOD."
OKAY, LET'S START A "WIT & WISDOM" PILE AND SEE WHAT HAPPENS.
3/20/92: "SHOWERED AND SHAVED. I CAME OUT AND I TRIED SOMETHING. I JUST BLEW MY HAIR. I DIDN'T USE ANY GEL ON IT AT ALL. I JUST BLEW IT UNTIL IT WAS ABOUT DRY, COMBED IT, AND IF IT DIDN'T COME OUT LOOKING JUST RIGHT. IT HAD JUST THE RIGHT AMOUNT OF BOUNCE TO IT AND WAVE TO IT. I CAME BACK RATHER CONFIDENT."
MAYBE SOME SORT OF POWER GROOMING IN THE NINETIES THING...
11/21/89: "JUST AS I WAS ABOUT TO INSERT I SAID, '[DELETED], I LOVE [DELETED].' SHE SAID, 'THEN, PLEASE PUT IT IN.'"
MODERN SEXIQUETTE? THE JOY OF STAFF? MAYBE SOMETHING WITH PACKWOOD— PACKING WOOD? MAYBE A CD-ROM....
11/21/89: "SHE SAYS, 'YOU HAVE NO IDEA THE HOLD YOU HAVE OVER PEOPLE.' I SAID, 'WHAT IS IT?' SHE SAYS, 'WELL, I THINK IT'S YOUR HAIR.'"
HAIR PILE. AM I GOING TO HAVE TO WRITE ALL THESE MYSELF?
I'M SORRY...I'M KIND OF DISTRACTED.
SENATOR, I'VE GOT A BIG MOTHEREFFIN' PAIR OF SCISSORS AND A PENCHANT FOR PUBLICITY...
...SO WHY DON'T YOU JUST PUT THAT AWAY UNTIL THE BOOK TOUR?
Hair
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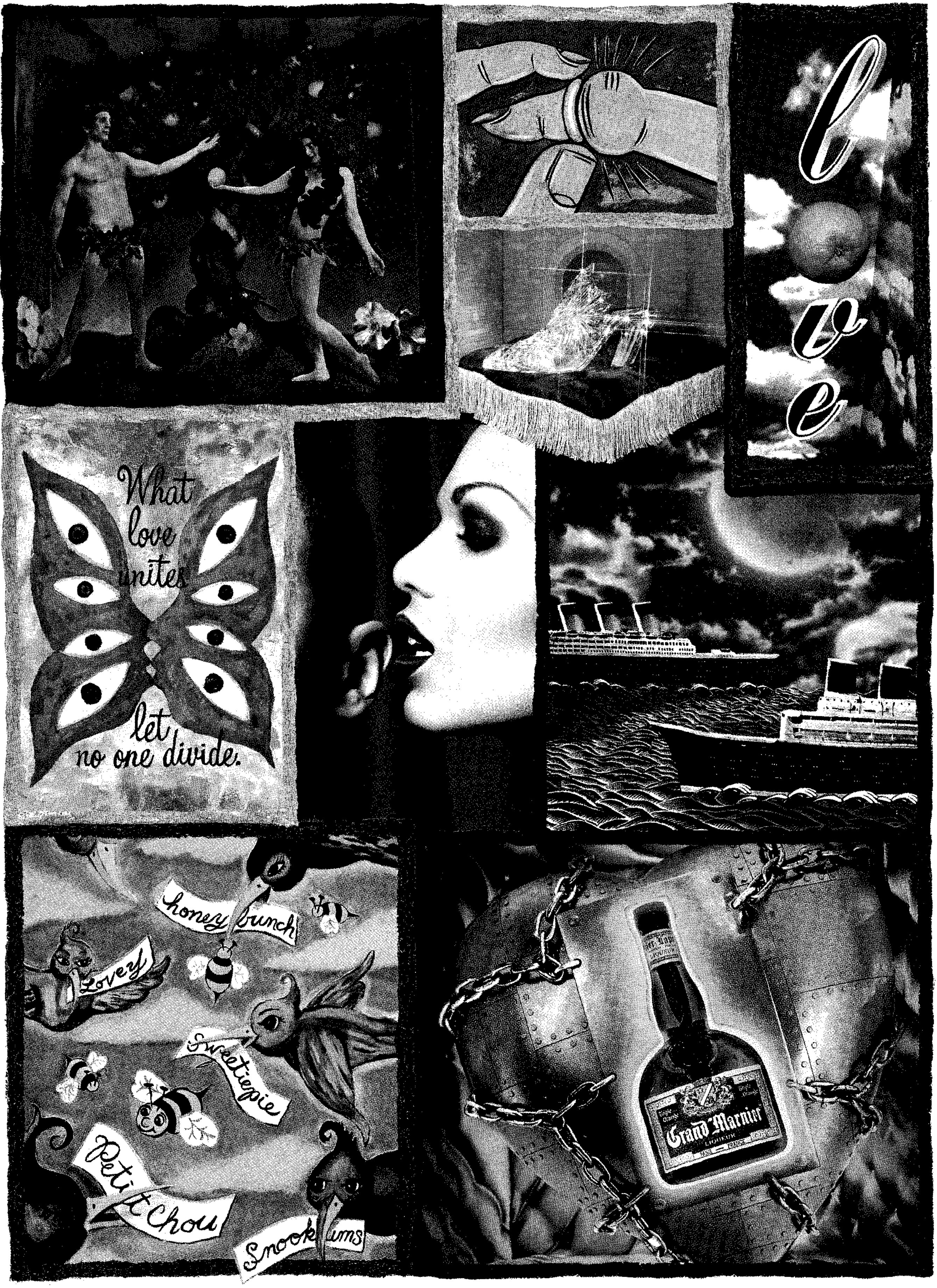
love
What love unites let no one divide.
honey bunch
Lovey
Sweetiepie
Petit Chou
Snookums
Grand Marnier
LIQUEUR
Grand Marnier, *slightly* less mysterious than love.